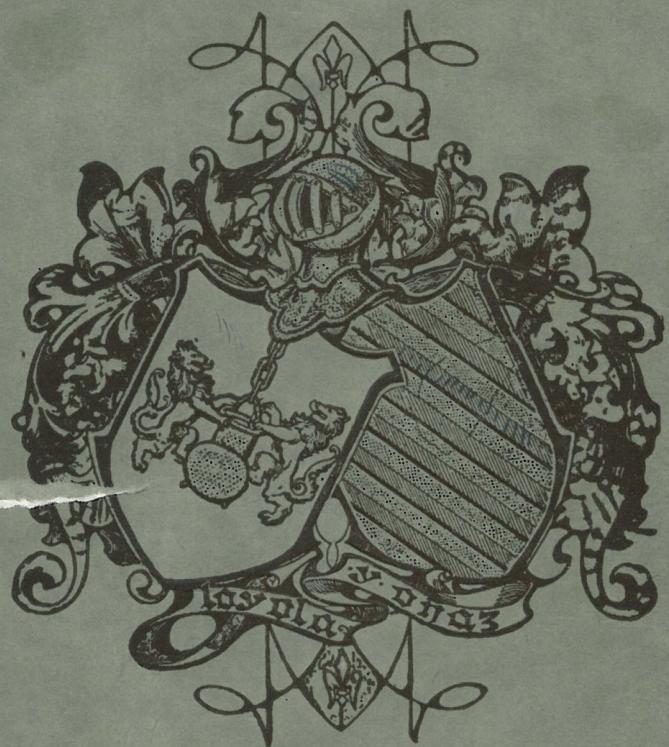


Doyola College Review



MONTREAL

JUNE, 1923

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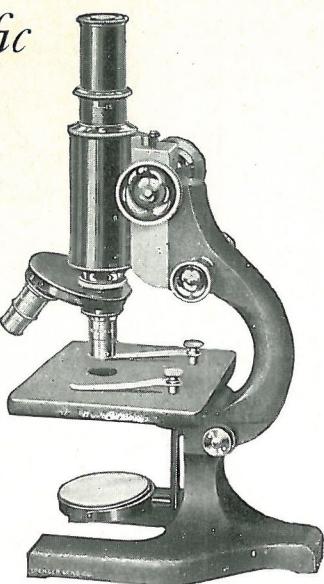
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LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW

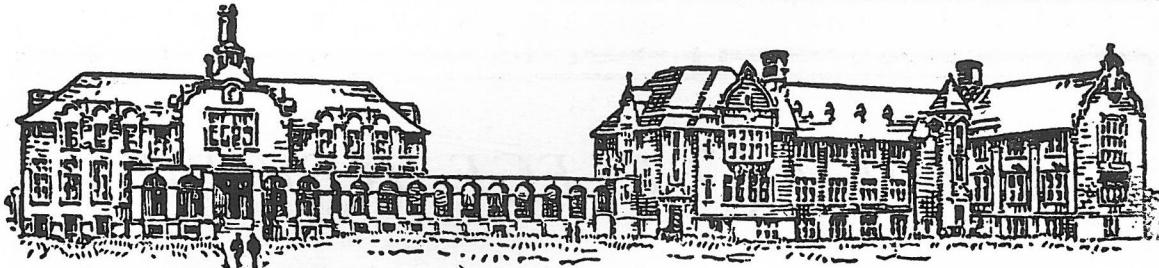
1923

MONTREAL, CANADA

No. 9

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"THEIR NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE"

In Alien Lands

What matters though afar in alien lands
Accursed War, in its unhallowed wave,
Has swept those lads into a graceless grave;
What matters though unkind are stranger hands,
And heedless feet tread o'er these soldier bands ;
The upland ploughman sings a thoughtless stave;
And the hum of cities' life o'er our dead brave
Beat ceaseless as the surf on broken sands.

What matters when, through all the golden years,
In hidden tombs within the hearts of friends
Are sealed the sifted remnants of their deeds.
Above their mangled limbs the cross appears,
The symbol of sweet sacrifice that mends
The human heart in every wound it bleeds.

JOHN WOLFE, B.A., '19

(Reprinted from 1919 LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW)

The Shrine

THERE is a place I know of, where
 The Virgin's statue stands;
 'Tis shrined on sylvan hillside fair
 O'erlooking fertile lands.

The statue in a grotto, grown
 With moss and scented flowers,
 Is made of costly wood alone,
 Which has no wond'rous powers.

But there in years no long gone past
 Our Lady thrice appeared.
 And, to a hermit dumb, aghast,
 She bade a shrine be reared.

And, from that time, such wond'rous things
 Have in that place been wrought,
 That help by peasants, priests and kings
 Has endlessly been sought.

The sick, the deaf, the dumb, the blind
 Sought mercy and her aid
 And miracles of every kind
 Thro' her sweet love were made.

Our Lady oft to us appears
 And shows her gracious powers
 To aid, in sorrow and in tears,
 These ingrate hearts of ours.

And she is in her shrine for e'er,
 To gain us to her Son;
 No sooner have we made our prayer
 Than is the favour done.

So let us to our Mother raise,
 From whom all mercy starts,
 Of honor, glory, love and praise,
 A Shrine within our hearts.

J. D. McCrea, Arts, '26.



LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW

Silver Jubilee Celebrations

THE year 1922 was a memorable one for Loyola in many ways. Not the least among these is the fact that during that time she celebrated her Silver Jubilee. Twenty-five years before, in the year 1896, the small group of students who had been attending a special English course at St. Mary's, were provided with an institution of their own. During this period, Loyola, which first took material shape on the corner of Bleury and St. Catherine Streets then after a brief stay of two years was transferred to Drummond Street and finally, in 1916, was moved to its present site, developed from an idea into the reality of to-day. We may well say that it has developed into a living, thriving, flourishing reality, occupying an important part in the education of the young English speaking Catholics of Canada. It is with fond pride and loving recollection, that the Alumni look back on these years of growth. It is with a strong sense of devotion and joy that the present students witness her development as recorded in the still few pages of her history. And it is with no less pride, no less devotion, coupled with the comforting satisfaction of accomplishment that the present Faculty and those members of former years who still live to view their lusty infant developing into a promising youth, review the success which has attended their efforts.

Is it little wonder then, that after a quarter of a century of steady progress the Alma Mater asked her students, past and present, together with all the friends of the College to join with her in her Silver Jubilee? Or can anyone marvel at the ready response to her call? When the

mother speaks, does the child ever hesitate?

The time allotted for the special activities of the Celebration was the last week of the Academic Year. For weeks previous the Loyola Old Boys' Association had been working with tireless energy locating several former students who had been out of touch with the College, and in making all their members more fully acquainted with the steady advance of the College. The Faculty was exercising its usual indefatigable zeal to get all in readiness and the students were co-operating in every way possible.

Sunday, the 18th of June, arrived with a general air of expectancy prevalent. If weather could be considered as an omen of success or failure, then the Jubilee Celebrations were to be marked by the most dark and dismal disappointments. The early part of the week had witnessed nought save the brightest sunshine and the bluest of skies. But with Friday came a change. The decorators were on the Campus getting ready for the outdoor parts of the festivities, when the sun became darkened, black clouds appeared out of the clear blue, and rain fell. It rained all the remainder of the afternoon and evening. Saturday brought no cessation and the torrents continued all day.

The Annual Field and Track Meet was scheduled to take place on this day, but owing to the inclement weather it had to be postponed. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the Academic Hall was the scene of a very interesting and impressive ceremony. Despite the unfriendly weather a large crowd had gathered to witness the event. Representatives were present from the two Montreal Universities to extend to young

Loyola the heartiest felicitations of her older lower brothers. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi was also represented in the person of Rev. Father O'Rourke, Professor Caldwell, speaking on behalf of McGill University, tendered the congratulations of the older institution with many expressions of praise and encouragement. He touched on the happy relationship existing between the Institution which he represented and the one in which he was at the moment, and stated that this whole-hearted co-operation of all engaged in one of the greatest works of all time—the quest of knowledge and the instilling of it into others—is bound to have the best results. He also spoke of the splendid record enjoyed by many students of Loyola who had later attended McGill. Dealing briefly with many world-wide problems he stated that undoubtedly the world was greatly in need of sound education.

Professor Atherton then offered the best wishes of the University of Montreal. Speaking of the ideals and faith common to the University he represented and to Loyola, he took occasion to express his strong admiration for the *Ratio Studiorum* as followed by the Faculty of Loyola. The training is one, he said, that is efficient, thorough and complete. He added that all the years of his acquaintanceship with the College had only served to deepen his respect for the institution, its students, and its professors.

The Rt. Hon. Chas. J. Doherty spoke for the Board of Trustees. He expressed his deep faith in Loyola and gave to the student body some very sound advice, which, coming from one so widely experienced, bore with it great weight.

Replying for the College, The Rev. the Rector W. H. Hingston, S.J., thanked the speakers most sincerely. He then briefly reviewed Loyola's history. A strong appeal to the present students to be diligent in their studies and to profit in the greatest degree possible from every branch of the training, not only for their own benefit, but also in order that they might thereby be worthy of their predecessors on the class-room benches and that they might

thus show their gratitude to the Professors and Institution which is equipping them physically, intellectually, and morally to take their places in the world.

Immediately following, tea was served in the College Refectories.

On Saturday evening the Loyola Old Boys' Association entertained at the Windsor Hotel.

On Sunday morning at 10.30, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel. The Rt. Reverend John Forbes, Bishop of Uganda, officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. J. M. Filion, S.J., Provincial of the Jesuit Order of Canada, and the Rev. W. H. Hingston, S.J., Rector of Loyola College. To better accommodate the large crowd expected the original intention was to sing the Mass in the open air on the Campus. However, several showers during the night and the presence of dark clouds in the sky, which scarcely predicted suitable weather caused this plan to be changed. The Chapel which was very tastefully decorated for the occasion was filled to capacity. A great many, unable to obtain seats were forced to stand at the back throughout the entire service. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was exceedingly well chosen and excellently rendered. The choir was under the capable direction of Prof. J. J. Shea, professor of music at the College. The scene was a most impressive one. The solemnity of the occasion, the picturesque robes of the Bishop, the inspiring ceremonies of the Church, the prevailing sentiment among all present, made the celebration one that shall not quickly pass from the memories of those who had the privilege of witnessing it.

On Sunday afternoon a large tablet commemorating all the Alumni and Students of the College who served during the Great War was unveiled in the Academic Hall before a large and intensely interested audience. The tablet is of bronze and on it are inscribed the two hundred and seventy-seven names of those who had enlisted for service overseas. Of these thirty-seven paid the supreme sacrifice. The tablet represents the sincere expression of

admiration and esteem which the studies of to-day have for their predecessors, who, hearing their country call, willingly and promptly responded. Patriotism is one of man's noblest natural virtues. For all who faithfully and loyally served their country in the hour of need we have the deepest respect. But for those of that heroic band who once sat with us at the same desks, who once trod daily the same corridors, who once struggled for the same inspiration on the Campus, who once imbibed knowledge at the same gushing fount, we have a special, a deeper, a greater respect. It is an incident such as the present one that most vividly brings home to us the lofty ideals, the noble traditions, the high standard of citizenship to which we are heir. We gaze with sorrow at the thirty-six names of those whose answer to duty led to death, but it is a sorrow that is mingled with pride, a just pride, a pride that instils in our hearts a fond ambition to be worthy of those who went before.

The Loyola College Contingent, Canadian Officers Training Corps, under the command of Major M. J. McCrory, and a detachment of the Loyola College Cadet Corps, acted as Guard of Honour. The Cadet Band furnished the music.

The presentation address was made by W. P. McVey, '22. He mentioned briefly the motives which prompted the giving of the memorial. We, writing almost a year after the presentation was made, may, I feel sure, say without vanity, that they were motives which the dead, if they could be given earthly voice for a moment, would endorse and approve as truly their own when they offered up their all on the altar of France's Fields as a sacrifice for suffering humanity. He also mentioned the fact that the students had been enabled to make the presentation by foregoing their allowances, and added apologetically that in a case where our duty was so evident it would have been childish for us to consider this a sacrifice.

The tablet was unveiled by Major George P. Vanier, D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C. to the Governor General. He had come from Ottawa, being a graduate of Loyola

and a former president of the Loyola Old Boys Association. His address was a masterpiece, worthy of the occasion. He treated chiefly of the noble acts to which the tablet was dedicated as a commemoration. Referring to gallant services performed by many whose names were inscribed on the tablet his words touched all present, but in a special way those who still mourned relatives and friends elevated to higher things by death during the Great War. He spoke of these men with a fervor and admiration arising out of daily contact with them in those awful days of struggle. Fighting shoulder to shoulder on the blood stained battlefields of Europe, where men knew each other for what they really were, where man's inmost soul was laid bare by the constant presence of naked death, he was truly in a position to judge of their deeds. The tributes, which he paid to them, were not unfounded. They were the tributes of a soldier to his fellows who had fought by his side in battle. They were tributes of a friend to friends whose true worth he really knew. They were the tributes of a student of Loyola to his fellow students who had united again in a cause, where their unswerving loyalty, their unfailing devotion and sterling patriotism, showed to all the world the character of their training.

An intensely emotional spirit prevailed. The Guard presented arms; the bugles blew the General Salute; the Union Jack was drawn aside and the names of the illustrious dead and of the gallant living were exposed to view. This tablet, which has immortalized in bronze these two hundred and seventy-seven, remains a testimony, to all who may view it, of Loyola on the Field of Duty.

The Rev. Fr. Hingston, S.J., thanked the students for their splendid gift, which he knew well represented real sacrifice on the part of a great many of them. He also thanked Major Vanier for his presence and for his address, especially for his references to the gallantry and bravery of Loyola students in the Field. Moreover, speaking from personal testimony, he expressed his admiration and pride in the

accomplishments of Loyola in this sphere.

Seated also on the stage was the Rt. Rev. John Forbes, Bishop of Uganda, who favoured the gathering with a few words.

The Annual Track and Field Meet was held on Monday, the nineteenth, on the College Campus. Very keen had been the disappointment among the students who had trained strenuously to get into condition for the scheduled date when the inclement weather of that day necessitated postponement. All who have any familiarity with physical training can readily understand that two days of enforced rest makes quite a difference. Nor was this all. The Campus had been gaily decorated with flags for the occasion and all was in readiness for a Lawn Social after the meet was finished. With the coming of the rain both of these naturally disappeared.

However, when the morning of June 19th dawned with a bright sun shining, foretelling very favourable weather, spirits again ran high. The preliminaries were held in the morning and the finals in the afternoon. Several new records were established. This fact, when we consider the sodden condition of the ground, reflects great credit upon the ability of the winners. Not a few old boys present saw the records they had established give way before the bursting strength of youth. The details of the various events, recorded elsewhere, show that many noteworthy times and distances were made. The event was entirely successful and, despite the postponement, was witnessed by a good crowd.

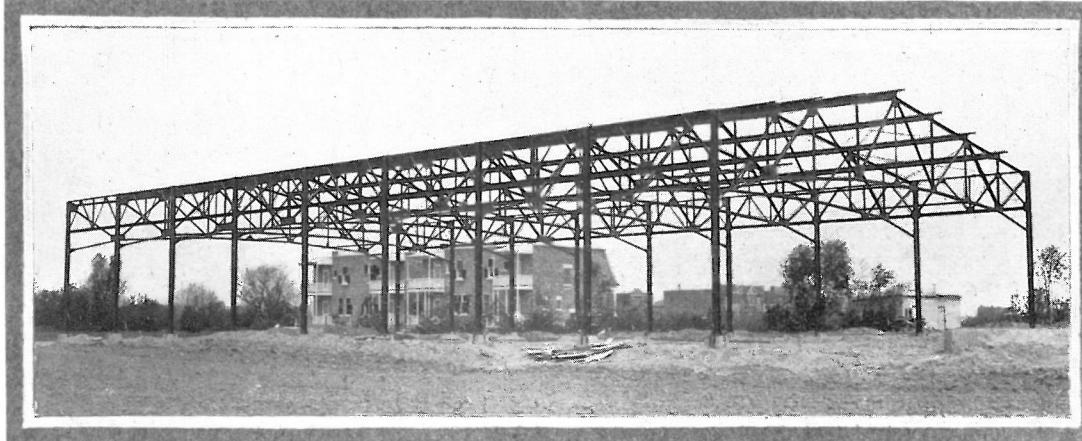
That evening at 7.30 o'clock a banquet was tendered to the Old Boys at the College. A large number were present in the anticipation of an evening rich in the reminiscences of former days. Nor were they disappointed. The evening was one which will be long remembered. Several fine speeches were made; speeches totally devoid of empty phrases and platitudes; speeches containing humorous references to incidents which happened many years before; speeches that revealed the affectionate regard and high esteem which every Old Boy has for his Alma Mater. Class-

mates united after long years of separation. Old friends renewed and strengthened their friendship by the recollection of happy days spent together within Loyola. The kindly spirit of comradeship prevailed. In proposing the toast "Our Alma Mater" Major Charles (Chubby) Power, M.C., M.P., expressed his delight at being privileged to be with so many of his former class-mates, with whom he had first learnt to play the game of politics. He further, recalled the fact of his being taught by the Rev. Fr. Gregory O'Bryan, S.J., that his first duty was always to be a Christian and a Catholic gentleman. Replying to this toast, Rev. Fr. Hingston, S.J., the present Rector, declared that he was sincerely gratified with the way in which the Old Boys were maintaining the traditions of Loyola. In the course of his speech Fr. Rector read messages of congratulations from His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, from the General of the Jesuit Order, the Very Rev. Wlodimir Ledochowski, and from his Eminence, Cardinal Begin, of Quebec.

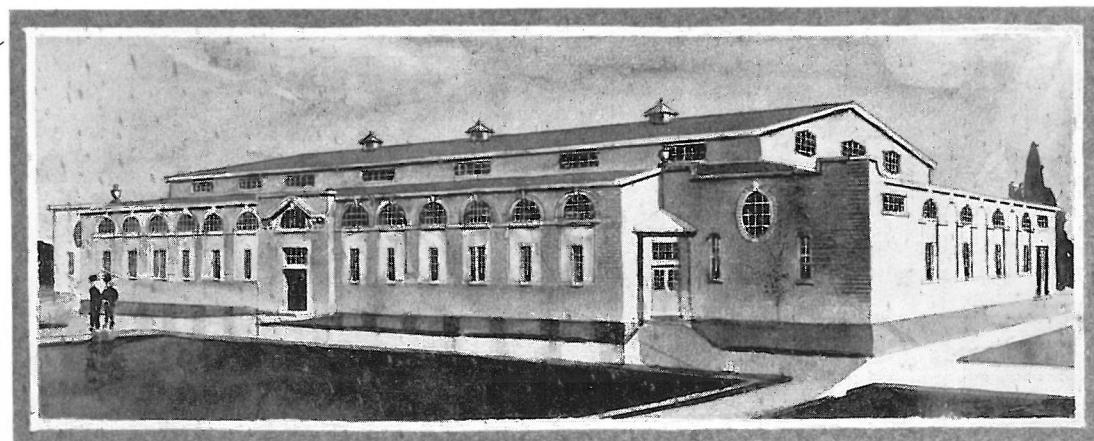
With reference to Fr. Quirk, S.J., who proposed the toast to the "Old Boys' Association" we could not do better than to quote from "Loyola Old Boys' Association Bulletin."

"Fr. Quirk was the hero of the evening. His brief, picturesque, and eloquent address brought everyone to the pitch of that spirit which should characterize an Old Boys' Re-union. His eloquence was a revelation. His devotion to the Old Boys and his affectionate tribute to the glorious dead struck a responsive chord. His jealousy for the preservation of the ideals of Loyola was an inspiration. He was the same Fr. Quirk of other days, but most of us discovered in him a personality that had escaped us in the days of the 'Black Book'".

This toast was very ably responded to by Mr. John Kearney, president of the Loyola Old Boys' Association. Brief speeches were also made by Very Rev. Fr. Filion, S.J., Fr. Corbett McCrae, Mr. J. T. Hackett, K.C., Dr. Conroy, and many others.



THE OLD BOYS' RINK—IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION



THE OLD BOYS' RINK—COMPLETED



In concluding we may say that the Silver Jubilee celebrations were a pronounced success. Despite the unfavourable weather conditions good crowds attended the various events. Nothing can dampen the spirit of an Old Boy towards his Alma Mater. The gratitude and devotion of the Old Boys was expressed by the promise of a large indoor rink to the College. This rink, possessing one of the largest ices surfaces in Montreal, and which in summer may be used for many other purposes, will indeed be a valuable addition to the College. To express the

thanks of the present students, words fail. We can only assure the generous donors of our heartfelt gratitude and of our deepest sense of appreciation. Their devotion towards our Alma Mater is an inspiration that we shall ever keep fresh in our memories, and when we, the present students, have received from Loyola the full measure of our training, and have become Alumni, we hope that we too shall be able to prove ourselves worthy of the College, and to be able to express our gratitude in an equally substantial manner.

Horatio P. Phelan, '25.

LATIN POEM

*She dwelt among untrodden ways
Beside the streams of Dove....*
—Wordsworth.

Vitam trahebat propter aquam Chii
Inter viarum non celeberrimam
Corinna, nullo praedicata,
Nemine amata puella pulchra,

Reducta vixit; sic violae solent,
Quas post petras quis invenit appetens,
Nitens ut in coelo profundo
Unica stella nitet serena.

Ignota vixit; mortua sic jacet
Corinna. Vivens semper erat mihi
Amica sola et gemma pura;
Mortua ea, mihi vita pondus.
—O. L., '16.

A Sisterly Scheme

ON THE beach near a summer hotel, down in Maine, where the canoes were drawn up in line, there stood one summer morning a curly-haired, young man—not so very young either—whose cheeks were uncomfortably red as he looked first at his own canoe, high and dry, loaded with rods and landing net and luncheon-basket, and then at another canoe fast disappearing down the lake. In that canoe sat a young woman. The young man turned away with a sigh, looked up and saw a saucy face smiling at him; 'twas a girl sitting on the sunny part of the dock, a girl, just now as pensive as a much older woman, for she evidently suppressed the mischievous twinkle in her large blue eyes. She was not the maiden of strict conventionality for she was doing something unpardonable in a young lady—not inexcusable perhaps in the case of a youthful tom-boy. She had taken off her canvas shoe, and was shaking some small stones out of it. "Your sister," ventured the young man with dignity, "was to have gone fishing with me, but she remembered at the last moment that she had a prior engagement with Joe Brown."

"She hadn't" said the girl. "I heard them make it up last evening after you had gone upstairs." The young man forgot himself entirely. "She's the most heartless coquette in the world;" he cried clinching his hands. "She is all that" said the young person on the sunny part of the dock, "and more too, and yet I suppose you want her all the same."

"I'm afraid I do," replied the young man miserably. "Well Morpeth, said the girl, putting her shoe on again and beginning to tie it up, "You've been hanging around Pauline for a year, and you are the only one of the men she keeps on a string who hasn't snubbed me; therefore I'm very well-disposed to you, and if you want me to, I'll give you a lift." "A what?" "A lift. You're wasting your time. Pauline has no use for devotion. It's a drug on the market

with her these last five seasons. There's only one way to get her worked up. Two fellows tried it, and nearly got there, but they weren't courageous enough to stay to the bitter end. I think you are able to and I'll tell you how it is to be done. You've got to make her jealous." "I make her jealous of me?" "You? No!" said his friend with infinite scorn; "Make her jealous of the other girl. Oh! you men are stupid." The young man pondered a moment.

"Well Flossy" he began, and then he became conscious of a sudden change in the atmosphere, and perceived that the young lady was regarding him with a look that might have chilled a furnace.

"Miss Flossy—Miss Belton"—he hastily corrected. Winter promptly changed to summer in Miss Flossy Belton's expressive face. "Your scheme" he went on, "Is a good one; only it involves the discovery of another girl."

"Yes, I know" assented Miss Flossy cheerfully.

"Well" said the young man, "doesn't it strike you that if I were to develop a sudden admiration for any one of these other young ladies whose claims I have hitherto neglected, it would come tardy—lack artistic verisimilitude, so to speak?"

"Rather" was Miss Flossy's prompt and frank response, "especially as there isn't a single one of them fit to flirt with."

Miss Flossy untied and then retied her shoe. Then she said calmly, "What's the matter with"—a hardly perceptible hesitation—"me?"

"With you?" said Mr. Morpeth startled out of his manners.

"Yes!" Mr. Morpeth merely stared. Perhaps, suggested Miss Flossy, I am not good looking enough."

"You're good looking enough" replied Mr. Morpeth, recovering himself, "for anything"—and he threw a convincing emphasis into the last word as he took what was probably the first real inspection of his adored one's junior—"But aren't you a trifle young?"

"How old do you suppose I am?"

"I know. Your sister told me, you are sixteen!"

"Sixteen?" repeated Miss Flossy, with scorn, "Yes" and I'm the kind of sixteen that stays sixteen til your elder sister is married. I was eighteen on the third of December—unless they began to double on me before I was old enough to know the difference."

"Eighteen years old!" said the young man. "The deuce!" Don't think he was an ill bred young man. He was only a bit astonished; and he had much more astonishment ahead of him. "Well what is your plan of campaign?" he said. "am I to discover you?"

"Yes, and to flirt with me outrageously" said Miss Flossy calmly.

"And may I ask you, what attitude you're to take when discovered?"

"Certainly," replied the imperturbable Flossy. "I am going to dangle you."

"To—dangle me?"

"As a conquest, don't you know, let you hang around—and laugh at you."

"Oh! indeed?"

"There! don't be wounded in your masculine pride; you might as well face the situation; you don't think that Pauline's in love with you, do you?"

"No!" groaned Morpeth.

"But you've got lots of money. Mr. Brown has lots more. You've eager. Brown is easy. That's the reason that Brown is in the boat and you are on the cold, cold shore talking to Little Sister. Now if little sister jumps at you, she is simply taking big sister's leavings; it's all in the family anyway, and there's no jealousy, and Pauline can devote her whole mind to Brown. There, don't look so limp. You men are simply childish, Now after you have asked me to marry you—"

"Oh! I'm to ask you to marry me?"

"Certainly. You needn't look so frightened; I won't accept you. But you are to go around like a wet cat, and mope and hang on worse than ever. The Big Sister will see that she can't afford to take that sort of thing from Little Sister, and then—there's your chance."

"Oh! There's my chance is it?" said Mr. Morpeth. He seemed to have fallen into the habit of repetitions.

"There's your only chance," said Miss Flossy with decision.

Mr. Morpeth meditated. He looked at the lake, where there was no longer any sign of the cause of all this and he looked at Miss Flossy who sat calm, self-confident, and careless, on the sunny part of the dock. "I don't think it would be feasible."

"It's feasible," said Miss Flossy, with strength, "Of course it is. Pauline will write to Mamma, and Mamma will write and scold me. But she's got to stay in Toronto and nurse papa's gout and the Misses Redingtons are all the chaperones we've got up here, and they don't amount to anything—so I don't care."

"But why," inquired the young man, and his tone suggested a complete abandonment of Miss Flossy's idea: "Why should you take so much trouble for me?"

"Mr. Morpeth" said Flossy solemnly, "I'm two years behind the time-table and I've got to make a strike for liberty or die. And besides, if you are nice, I needn't be such an awful trouble."

Mr. Morpeth coughed.

"I'll try to make the whole affair as little of a bore as possible," he said extending his hand. The girl refused it.

"Don't make any mistake," she cautioned, searching his face with her eyes; "This isn't to be any 'little girl' affair. Little Sister doesn't want any kind, supercilious encouragement from Big Sister's young man. It's got to be a real flirtation—devotion no end, ten times as much as ever Pauline could get out of you—and you've got to keep your end 'way—'way —'way up!"

The young man smiled.

"I'll keep my end up," he said, "but are you certain that you can keep yours up?"

"Well, I think so," replied Miss Flossy. "Pauline will raise an awful row; but if she goes too far, I'll tell her my age and her's too."

Mr. Morpeth looked into Miss Flossy's calm face. Then he extended his hand once more.

"It's a bargain, so far as I'm concerned," he said. This time a soft, small hand met his with a firm, friendly, honest pressure. "And I'll refuse you," said Miss Flossy.

Within two weeks, Mr. Morpeth found himself entangled in a flirtation such as he had never dreamed of. Miss Flossy's scheme had succeeded only too brilliantly. The whole hotel was talking about the terrible behaviour of "that little Benton girl and Mr. Morpeth, who should know better."

Mr. Morpeth had carried out his instructions. Before the week was out he found himself giving the most life-like imitation of an infatuated lover that ever delighted the old gossips of a summer resort. And yet he had only done what Flossy had told him to do.

He got his first lesson just about the time that Flossy, in the privacy of their apartments, informed the elder sister that she, Flossy, found Mr. Morpeth's society agreeable; it was nobody's concern but her own, and that she was prepared to make some interesting additions to the age columns in the census statistics if anyone thought differently; that she was eighteen, and knew what she was doing, and so on.

The lesson opened his eyes.

When she met him afterwards, there was another part of her scheme exposed. "Do you know it wouldn't be a bad idea to telegraph to New York for some real nice candy and humbly present it for my acceptance? I might take it if the bonbonniere was pretty enough."

He telegraphed to New York and received, in the course of four or five days, certain marvels of sweets in a miracle of an unholstered box. The next day he found her on the veranda, flinging the bonbons on the lawn for the children to scramble for.

"Awfully nice of you to send me these things," she said languidly, but loud enough for the men around to hear—she had men around her already; she had been discovered—"But I never eat sweets you know. Here, you little mite in the blue sash, don't you want this pretty box to put

your doll's clothes in?" And Morpeth's fine bonbonniere went to the yellow haired girl of three.

But this was the slightest and lightest of her caprices. She made him send for his dog-cart and his horses, all the way to New York, only that he might drive her over the little mile and a half of road that bounded the tiny peninsula. And she christened him "Muffets," a nickname presumably suggested by "Morpeth;" and she called him "Muffet" in the hearing of all the hotel people.

Did such conduct pass unchallenged? No!

Pauline scolded, raged, raved, wrote to Mamma. Mamma wrote back and reproved Flossy, but mamma could not leave papa. His gout was worse. The Misses Redingtons must act. The Misses Redingtons merely wept, nothing more. Pauline scolded; the flirtation went on; and the people at the big hotel enjoyed it immensely.

And there was more to come. Four weeks had passed. Mr. Morpeth was hardly on speaking terms with the elder Miss Belton; and with the younger Miss Belton he was on terms which the hotel gossips characterized as "simply scandalous."

Brown glared at him when they met, and he glared at Brown. Brown was having a hard time; Miss Belton, the elder, was not pleasant of temper in those days.

"And now," said Miss Flossy to Mr. Morpeth, "it's time that you proposed to me, Muffets."

They were sitting on the hotel veranda, in the evening darkness. No one was near them, except an old lady in a shaker chair.

"There's Mrs. Melley. She's pretending to be asleep, but she isn't. She's just waiting for us. Now walk me up and down and ask me to marry you, so that she can hear it. It'll be all over the hotel before half an hour. Pauline will be frantic—and your happiness will be assured."

With this pleasant prospect before him, Mr. Morpeth marched Miss Flossy Belton up and down the long veranda. He had passed Mrs. Melley three times before he was able to say, in a choking, hasty, uncertain voice!"

"Flossy—I—I—I—I love you!"

Flossy's voice was not choking, nor uncertain. It rang out clear and silvery in a peal of laughter.

"Why, of course, you do, Muffets, and I wish you didn't. That's what makes you so stupid half the time."

"But"— said Mr. Morpeth, vaguely; "but I—"

"But you're a silly boy," returned Miss Flossy, and she added in a swift aside "you haven't asked me to marry you!"

"W—W—Will you be my wife?" stammered Mr. Morpeth.

"No!" said Miss Flossy, emphatically, "I will not, you are too ridiculous. The idea of it! No, Muffets, you are charming in your present capacity, but you aren't to be considered seriously." They strolled on into the gloom at the end of the big veranda. "That's the first time," he said, with a feeling of having only a ghost of breath left in his lungs, "that I ever asked a woman to marry me."

"I should think so," said Miss Flossy, "from the way you did it. And you were beautifully rejected, weren't you. Now—look at Mrs. Melley, will you? She's scudding off to spread the news."

And before Mr. Morpeth went to bed he was aware of the fact that every man and woman in the Hotel knew that he had "proposed" to Miss Flossy Belton, and had been "beautifully rejected."

Two sulky men, one sulky woman, and one girl radiant with triumphant happiness started out in two canoes, reached certain fishing-grounds known only to the elect, and began to cast for trout. They had indifferent luck. Miss Belton and Mr. Brown caught a dozen trout; Miss Flossy Belton and Mr. Morpeth, caught eighteen or nineteen, and the day was wearing to a close. Miss Flossy made the last cast of the day, just as her escort had taken the paddle; a big trout rose—just touched the fly—and disappeared.

"It's this wretched rod!" cried Miss Flossy; and she rapped it on the gunwale canoe so sharply that the beautiful split bamboo broke sharp off in the middle of

the second point. Then she tumbled it overboard, reel and all.

"I was tired of that rod, anyway, Muffets," she said, "Paddle me home now; I've got to dress for dinner."

Miss Flossy's Big Sister, in the other boat, saw and heard this exhibition of tyranny; and she was so much moved that she stamped her small foot, and almost overturned the canoe. She resolved that mamma should come back, whether papa had the gout or not.

Mr. Morpeth wearing a grave expression, was paddling Miss Flossy toward the hotel. He had said nothing whatever, and it was a noticeable silence that Miss Flossy finally broke.

"You've done pretty much everything that I wanted you to do Muffets," she said in almost a whisper, but you haven't saved my life yet, and I'm going to give you a chance."

It is not difficult to overturn a canoe. One quick turn of Flossy's active little body did it, and before he knew just what had happened, Morpeth was swimming toward the shore, holding up Flossy Belton with one arm and fighting for life with the other in the icy waters of a Maine Lake.

The people were running down bearing blankets and brandy, as he touched bottom in his last desperate struggle to keep the two of them above water. One yard further, and there would have been no strength left in him. He struggled up the shore with her, and when he got breath enough he burst out "Why did you do it? It was wicked! It was cruel."

"There!" she said as she reclined composedly in his arms, "that will do Muffets. I don't want to be scolded." The delegation of rescuers came along with blankets and brandy, and took her from him.

Morpeth presented himself at the door of the parlour attached to the apartments of the Belton Sisters. Miss Belton senior was just coming out of the room. She received his enquiry after her sister's health with a white face and a quivering lip.

"I should think, Mr. Morpeth," she began, "that you had gone far enough in

playing with the feelings of a m-m-mere child; oh! I haven't words to express my contempt for you."

And in a most unladylike rage Miss Pauline Belton swept down the hotel corridor.

She had left the door open behind her. Morpeth heard a voice, weak, but cheery addressing him from the far end of the parlour.

"You've got her!" it said, "She's crazy mad. She'll make up with you to-night—see if she doesn't."

Mr. Morpeth pushed open the parlour door and entered; Flossy was lying on the

sofa, pale but bright-eyed, aglow with contentment.

"You can get her," she whispered as he knelt down beside her. "Flossy," he said, "don't you know it's all ended? Don't you know that I love you only? Don't you know that I havn't thought about anyone else since—since—O Flossy! don't you—is it possible that you don't understand?"

Flossy stretched out two weak arms and put them around Mr. Morpeth's neck.

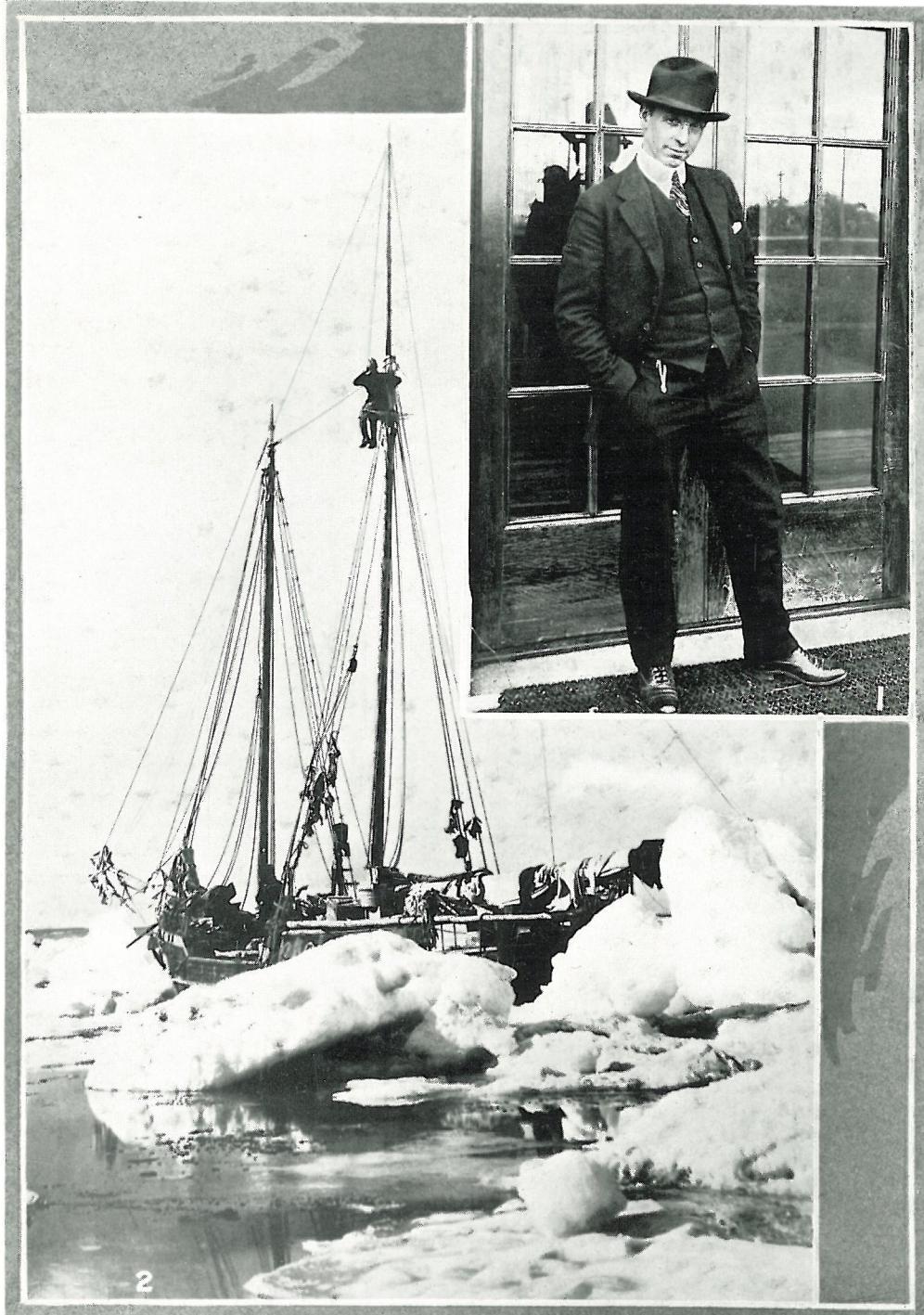
"Why have I had you in training all summer?" said she, "Did you think it was for Pauline?"

Clyde McCarthy, H.S., '23.

SONNET TO COLUMBUS

What brief delight your days of triumph bore!
 How long the years of labor and of pain
 Ere you could compass quest athwart
 that main
 Whose vague vast waste no prow had
 braved before.
 What shame when from your own dis-
 covered shore
 You Spainward sailed enthralled in
 caitiff chain!
 Yet, for that cup of woe you did thus
 drain
 What glory Earth and Heaven kept in
 store!
 True Christopher, the Christ you longed to
 bear
 To half a world untutored by the Cross
 Your pattern shone: more frequent in
 the strife
 Of want and direct pang—in Tabor's glare
 But once, hosannaed once—His death,
 all loss
 That seemed, is now for you light, love
 and life.

Oct. 12, 1922.



CAPTAIN BERNARD (1) AND HIS SHIP THE "TEDDY BEAR" (2)

Captain Bernard

LOYOLA cannot yet boast a large museum, but she is on the way to acquiring one of which she may well be proud. The latest contribution to this department gives us an exhibit which is unique in the museums not merely of this country but of the world.

For this we are indebted to Captain Joseph Bernard who is shown opposite with his sturdy ship the "Teddy Bear" in which he, first of all white men, visited many regions of the far north. Though yet comparatively young, Captain Bernard is referred to in the United States as "one of the world's most resourceful Arctic navigators" and "one of the greatest and most daring explorers of the age."

Captain Bernard was born at Tignish, Prince Edward Island, a little more than forty years ago. A roving disposition carried him, just turned twenty, across the continent to Nome in far-off Alaska, to engage with his uncle in trading along the Alaskan and Siberian coasts. Twenty-two short years in all he spent in the Arctic, but his work has been so systematic that great universities of America consider his scientific collections, archæological, ornithological and ethnological, to be

among the most complete and the rarest in the world. In 1920 he returned from the North, bringing with him his valuable collections which were distributed between the University of Washington, the Victoria Memorial Museum, The University of Pennsylvania and Loyola College. Loyola has been fortunate in obtaining a generous share of his ethnological collection which is valuable not merely because it represents a race little known but especially because many of the objects are the work of tribes which are now extinct. Unfortunately the detailed catalog of the exhibit, which by the way may be seen in one of the corridors of the Administration building, is not complete, as the "Review" goes to press. However we hope to give an exhaustive account in our next issue of this interesting collection.

Captain Bernard has hazarded much for small personal reward. He has worked without the blare of press agents and of public appreciation to spur him on. He has protected innocence, honored virtue and his record is one of integrity, daring and courage. He has even gone further for he has carried the ideals of true Canadianism to the remotest outposts of his country.

THE SAGUENAY

When on thee borne, O Stream of Mystery,
We mortals strive thy secret soul to know,
What truth dost thou convey, what pur-
pose show?
Mere nature's rugged power? It cannot be.
Inquiring men have searched incessantly,
And thou hast but revealed the endless
flow.
Of mighty waters. E'en the winds that
blow
From towering cliffs seem empty harmony.

But is this so? Have none thy message
read?
To those who called thy cape Eternity
Did'st thou with cogent clearness not
convey
The thought that gave it name? And shall
we say
Untaught were those who named Cape
Trinity?
Then why to others soulless as the dead?
Horatdio P. Phelan, '25.

Only A Street Waif

ONCE, not long ago, in the great metropolis of America, among the many newsboys of the city, was a little chap whose name I need not mention since it can be of no interest to the reader. He was of an age, when the average boy is under the care and guidance of a loving father and mother. His home was the cold streets where he earned his pennies, and his friends, or rather his only earthly friend—for he had only one—was the faithful dog that sat by the newspapers at the street corner and wagged his silent approval at the coppers that fell in his young master's hat.

Often in the wretched loneliness of his life he thought of a Friend who was not of this world, and whom he had known in the hazy recollection of his childhood years. And he felt instinctively that this Friend was always by his side in joy and in sorrow, in misery and in suffering. It greatly cheered his young heart to think that if ever he were to appeal to this great Friend he would receive the necessary strength to fight life's battles.

It was nearing Christmas time—the season of unrestrained pleasures for the godless people of wealth who think little of the Divine Babe born in poverty or of the poor He loves so well. For some time past it had not fared well with the little newspaper lad at the street corner. A severe winter, which his emaciated and poorly clad body could hardly withstand, told its tale in the hacking cough that shook the tiny frame from time to time. Christmas Eve found the little outcast, near midnight, plodding aimlessly onward in the teeth of a biting blizzard, his bundle of ragged wares under his arm. He mumbled incoherently as he staggered weakly in the blinding snow. A large door swung open

and the clear notes of the "Adeste Fideles" through the cold air awoke the benumbed urchin to a realization of his surroundings.

A large church loomed up before him and the warm light that radiated through its open door beckoned him in from the cold streets. Scrambling into a back seat he drew his threadbare coat about his shivering body and blinked in wonder at the solemn splendour of the vast cathedral. At the elevation of the Sacred Host, when all heads were bowed in silent adoration, tears coursed down his pinched cheeks, while his lips moved in prayer. Once more the large door in the back swung open and the crowds went out, a quiet happiness in their hearts. The little lad perceiving himself almost alone, shook himself and with an audible sigh of regret painfully regained the cold streets.

Next morning a casual passerby noticed a silent, huddled figure on the side-walk, covered over with a thin mantle of snow. A crowd gathered; a policeman turned over the little body to disclose the stiff form of a child in rags, whose features were set and still in death with a peaceful smile frozen on the pinched lips. Across his feet was the corpse of a dog whose last efforts it seemed were spent in a vain attempt to arouse the slumbering boy. There was a momentary commotion in the street followed by the usual morbid curiosity of the crowd. Then the ambulance—a murmured word of compassion from a kindly old lady—and the crowd dispersed.

The busy life of the Metropolis swept on unruffled and the sad little tragedy passed out of the hearts of men. It was only a street waif, but the tired little soul had gone home to his true Friend.

C. Malloy, '26.

A WISH

Mine the glory of a mountain lake,
Moon that flings a golden path across the water blue!
Let me glide in frail craft, and take
The hope of my life—you.—J. McGovern, H.S., '23.

HOMMAGE

Salut bien, compagnons d'une langue
étrangère!
Salut, jeune collège aussi frais qu'un bos-
quet!
La gaîté dans les yeux, et d'âme légère,
Je mets mon humble fleur parmi votre
bouquet.

La vaine rêverie et les langueurs de soie
Ne troubalent point vos fronts. Mais votre
coeur ouvert
A mis son espérance et ses pleurs et sa joie
Dans les plis frémissons de son vieux
drapeau vert!

Eh bien! qu'il soit permis, race antique et
valide,
Pour l'idéal commun, de joindre nos succès!
Et qu'enfin les liens d'une amitié solide
Unissent votre cœur aux Canadiens-fran-
cais!

Puissions-nous, pour toujours unis comme
des frères,
Côte à côte marcher sur le même chemin,
L'âme à jamais fermé aux troubles de
naguère,
Et rêver d'avenir en nous serrant la main!

Robert Choquette, '26.

Socialism

SINCE the advent of industrialism in the 18th century and the evolution of the capitalistic order which holds sway to-day, social reformers have busied themselves in the proposal of measure upon measure for the correction of defects in the prevalent status of society.

It is not the intention of this essay nor of its author to defend modern society and its ramifications in every detail. Nor will we seek to refute in every other doctrine, false bases and the error of their fundamental concepts.

As may be easily realized today, the most persistent and widespread of all social remedies proposed for the ills of the capitalistic system is that of communism. And it is the purpose of this essay to treat of communism's most eminent offspring, moderate socialism. Time would not permit the exposition and refutation of all the tenets of socialism. But let us take the most fundamental of all these tenets, the one which once undermined, will cause the huge superstructure of socialism to fall with it, namely, the theory evolved by Karl Marx, the theory of surplus value.

In Russia since early 1916, at the time of the Red Revolution, the reins of the government have been held by that faction known generally as the communists or adherents of communism. This is in general correct, but communism is merely a genus enfolding many and various species of communism.

Communism is the theory that all goods as far as capital or means of production is concerned, should be the common property of the community.

There are two types of communism, positive and negative communism. The theory once upheld by negative communists, the most notable being Moses Hess, has few, if any supporters in recent times. Men have come to realize that an order where, as Cathrein states, one man may reap the harvest which another has sown by weeks of labour, is wildly unpractical. For negative communism up-

holds the theory that denies to all men the right to own property, makes all goods common to all, and makes everyone the owner of everything.

It is positive communism, however, that embraces the more reasonable and widely followed theories of the day. Positive communism denies the natural right of man to own private property. But it goes even farther and provides that all or part of all material goods should be put into the hands of communities or of a state, which acts as the administrator, distributor and owner of these goods.

Because positive communism does not specify what goods are not to be exclusively possessed, there have arisen two factions. Extreme positive communists demand the control of all goods without exception under one administration. Moderate positive communists, on the other hand aim only at the abolition of private property as far as capital and productive goods are concerned.

This moderate form has by far the greatest number of adherents in our own day. But the question whether these common goods are to be controlled by communities or independent groups of labourers, or by a body representative of society in general, without reference to class and known as the state, has given rise to two bitterly opposed factions, anarchists and socialistic communists or socialists.

Anarchism, as sponsored by Bakunin, would abolish all private property by force and terrorization, even to the extent, as we have seen in the past, of seeking to gain its ends by bloodshed and the use of explosives. The distribution and administration of all property would be in the hands of communities of working men, united by federation, each individual receiving his own products. With man given full liberty, anarchists hold that by a theory of evolution, he will rise to the highest stages of perfection.

The distinction between anarchism and socialism is shown by the very definition of

socialism, given by Cathrein with particular reference to the so-called social democracy of Marx, which is defined as "that system of political economy which advocated the inalienable ownership on the part of the state of all capital or materials of labour, as also the public administration of all economic goods and the distribution of all produce by the democratic state."

In exposing and refuting the tenets of socialism as conceived by Karl Marx, we now come to the purpose of this essay.

As to the means by which that capital and those means of production are to be taken over by the socialistic state from the hands of contemporary capitalists, socialists fortunately eschew the bloody means advocated by Proudhon, Strimer and Bakunin. They have selected the pen in preference to the sword as the most potent means of mass-education and rely on insidious writings and political impetus to gain their ends.

"No man" says the socialist, "has a natural right to the possession of exclusive private property. He may possess certain objects exclusively, but only as a gift from the true owner, the state. Therefore let us take all capital from the hands of capitalistic classes and place it in the hands of the socialistic state."

Such an acquisition of the personal property of men might naturally be called an injustice. However socialists have a means of justifying this acquisition. For they say with Marx "by theory of surplus value it is clearly shown that man cannot own anything that he has not actually produced by personal labour, the sole source of value in an object."

Let us state here the doctrine of Adam Smith, Ricards and especially of Karl Marx, which declares labour to be the sole source of value, and the tenet of surplus value by which men are to be denied the natural rights of private property.

Every object has a value of two kinds; the capability an object has to satisfy a human want, such as our desire for a pair of shoes or an automobile is value in use or usual value; the exchangeability one

object has for other objects is its value in exchange.

Value in use depends on the physical and chemical properties of that object. Value in exchange however depends entirely on the amount of labour put into its production.

For instance a shirt produced in ten days has the same exchange as a pair of shoes produced in ten days. But if I am in no need of shoes but am in great need of a shirt, the use value of the shoes may be \$2 and that of the shirt \$10.

Marx now comes forward and says that the sole measure of value in an object is exchange value or labour. Because, he says, the standard of value must be common to all goods, and labour alone is common to all kinds of goods. And with this assumption he goes on to show in his theory of how the present day capitalist amasses capital by the exploitation of labour.

In the human labourer, he says, there is a certain amount of human exertion which, like any other commodity, the capitalist hires for a certain wage.

Now for this commodity of human labour there is also an exchange value and value in use. The value in exchange of that labourer's exertions is measured by the total price of all things necessary for that exertion to be maintained in that labourer, or in other words the price of the labourer's sustenance such as victuals, lodging and clothing. The value in use of this human exertion, however, is its power to create other value, such as skill. This value in use increases the exchange value of the objects on which the exertion is expended.

Let us say in a specific instance, a certain capitalistic employer pays a labourer the sum of \$3.00, which is the amount required for sustenance or, in other words, the exchange value of his exertion. In return the labourer, because of intelligence and skill, produces an object worth \$6.00. The exertion which produces this object is the value in use. Consequently, as Marx sees it, the labourer receives \$3.00 representing his exchange value of exertion, while the

capitalist takes \$6.00, representing the usual value of the same exertions without recompensing the labourer in any way.

This, says Marx, is an injustice. Because as we have seen, labour is the only source of value; or the only source of value to be considered is exchange value. Value in use may increase the exchange, but the capitalist pays his labourers only their exchange value, and the use value of the same exertions is pocketed by him and called profit.

Is this, then, in fact an injustice? We believe not; for Marx's theory of surplus value we hold to be unproved, false and nothing else than a series of contradictions.

In seeking to prove that Marx's assertion of labour being the sole cause of value is unproved, we find that, for a thorough examination, we should have to delve deeper into the doctrine of Marx than we have attempted to in this essay. Suffice it to say however, that Marx, in saying that labour is the only cause of value, maintains this opinion, because, as he says, the standard of value must be common to all things. But the labour in an object is the only element common to all goods. Hence he has arrived at his conclusion that labour is the sole source of value in a manner merely assertive rather than logical.

We grant that exchange value is common to all objects of value, but Marx has utterly failed to prove that it is the only one. Scholastic philosophy follows the opinion once held by the great Aristotle, and moreover can decisively prove it, that usefulness

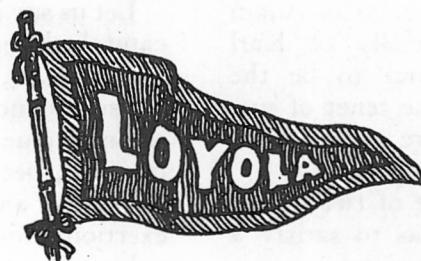
is also an element common to all objects. It is therefore clear that the basis upon which the whole doctrine of surplus value is founded is entirely unproved.

That the theory of surplus value expounded by Marx is untrue, we have only to refer to numerous instances where value in use, or usefulness is the determining factor in valuation. For instance are we to say that the bad wine of one vineyard is of the same value as the good wine of another vineyard, because an equal amount of labour was required for the production of both? Usefulness and not labour is the determining factor here, for men have a use for good wine but none for bad wine and consequently they will value the good wine much higher than the other.

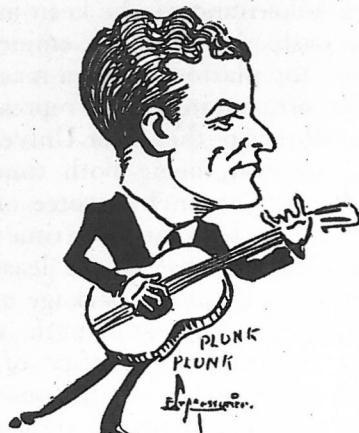
Again are we to say that fruit, especially wild grown fruit, is of no value because it lacks the element of labour? Surely a Rembrandt portrait is not of equal value with the horrible daubs of numskulls, merely because less work was required by Rembrandt than by the other.

Marx has conceded to us in his writings, that although exchange value is the only determinant of value, yet it is only useful objects that can possess exchange value for society. Therefore Marx himself has given us the greatest refutation of his doctrine: for in his concession he must consequently admit what he has therein implicitly implied—that use-value or usefulness, is an essential element of exchange value.

E. Brannen, '24.



The Seniors by the Juniors



*A picture had it been of quiet ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide; a breeze;
As merely silent Nature's breathing life.*

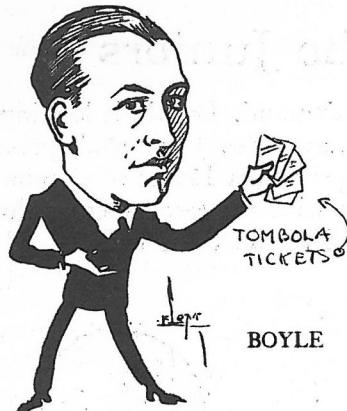
GERALD ANGLIN As the poem has it, Jerry is as constant as the tides. A quiet, unobtrusive character, he is inclined to find in his own thoughts the pleasures that others seek in companionship. Yet in spite of his retiring personality, he has won a host of friends during his Loyola days. Jerry is a fervent devotee of song and is, perhaps, the most popular fellow in the "flat," attributes which are accidental rather than cause and effect, and though the morning shave finds him continually in a burst of song, his musical abilities are not confined to his vocal efforts for he is a finished performer on clarionet, guitar, saxophone and trombone. Jerry has published his first musical hit "Over the Hills Where Virginia Lies and Lies." In addition he is a spirited devotee of Terpsichore. But the Rugby gridiron has been Jerry's particular field of action for the past four years. Many a battle has been won because of the devotion and unflinching courage of this true gentleman and sportsman from Toronto. A steady and serious student, his great delight is to wander far and wide into the jungles of economics and to contemplate with awe the operations of the law of supply

and demand. Loyola is looking forward to the day when Jerry shall present his first budget to the House of Commons. May it meet with the same success that Jerry has found within these walls.



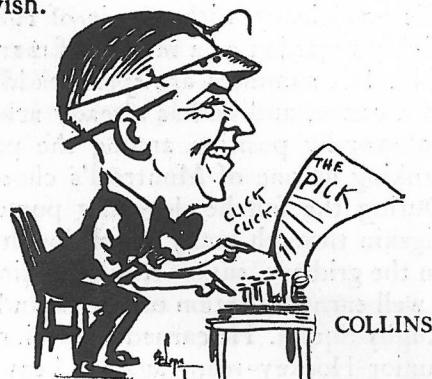
*Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like
the sea.*

BARKER Says little but does much. Albert's inner self thrusts itself free from his outer conservatism only on the rare occasions in which he indulges in the philosophical sport of "Rumpus." His proficiency with a pair of rubbers is highly regarded as a marvel of marksmanship. His summers are spent paddling his own canoe, and he has already achieved a noteworthy position among the paddlers, ranking as one of Montreal's chosen few. During the fall he doggedly pursued the pigskin through many a well fought battle on the gridiron, satisfactorily holding down a well earned position on the Grand Trunk Rugby Squad. He earned a position on the Junior Hockey team against heavy odds, entering the field of aspirants as a dark horse, pulled to the fore in the home stretch and came in a winner. As a student he has won earnest applause and with a winning smile he has won many friends among us. May he always be a winner wherever the roads of life lead him.



*Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mixed, with recreation,
And innocence, which never does please
With meditation.*

BOYLE No doubt Francis is an ardent upholder of the saying that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." His sweet smile may be seen any morning even when about to contribute to the fund founded and endowed by those who are so unfortunate as to have the lectures start without their presence. "Many a time and oft" has this same disarming smile helped him out of an otherwise unpleasant situation when trying to explain the why and the wherefore of his being A.W.L. from C.O.T.C. parade. We feel assured that his sunny disposition will help him over every obstacle in his new career until he has achieved final success—which is our sincere wish.



*Th' applause of listening senates to
command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise.*

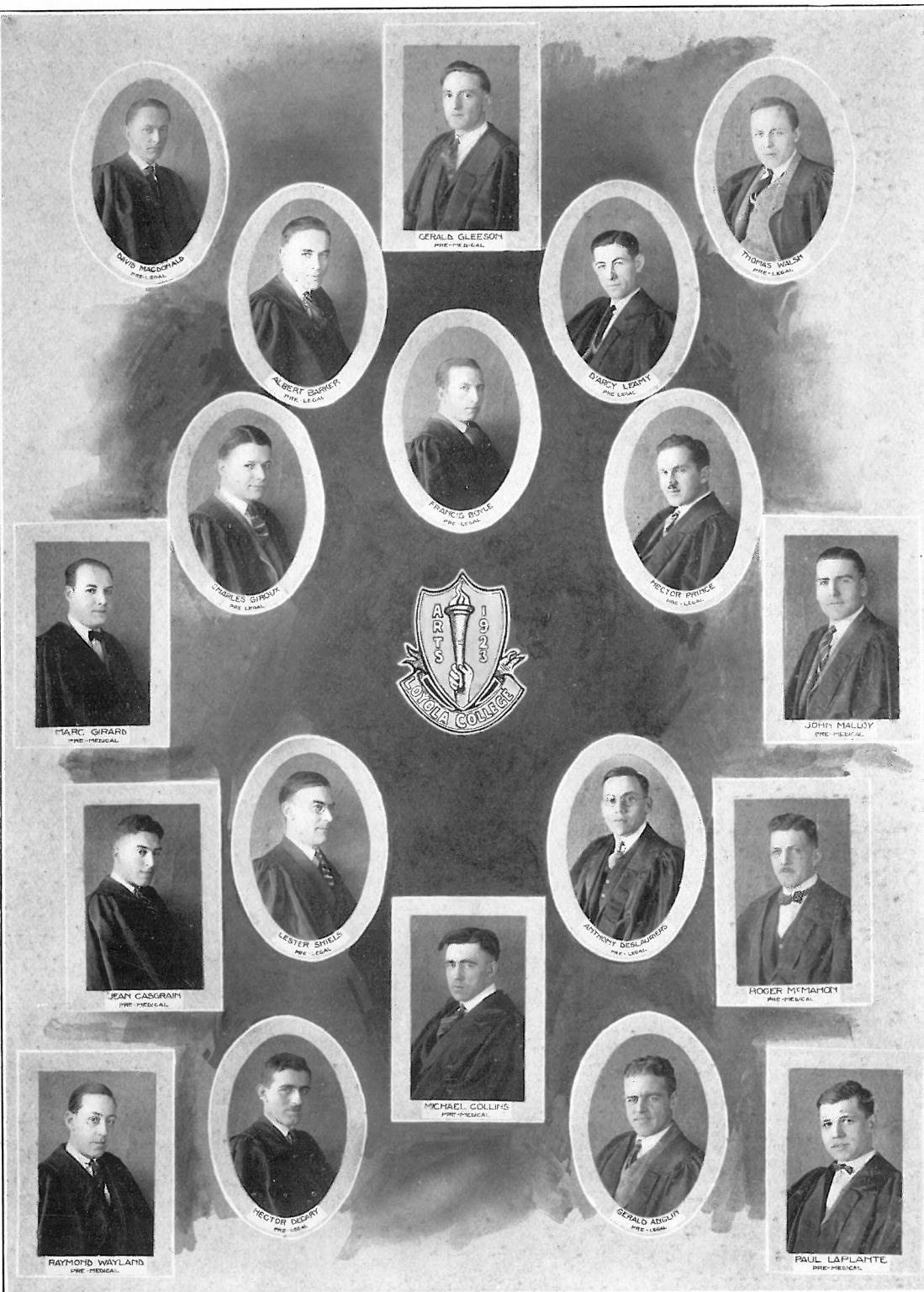
COLLINS Dame Rumour hath it that ye editor of "The Pick" is no other than our genial Mike. Like his

namesake, the late leader of the I.R.A., this son of Erin possesses that richest of all natural inheritances—the keen mother wit of the Irish. Also, like his eminent namesake, on the platform he is a master of the forensic art, having twice represented his Alma Mater in the Inter-University Debating Contest, being both times victorious. He is a staunch devotee of Nicotia, and may be seen at any time with his trusty meerschaum,—or, at least it looks like one to us,—and a package of "shag," holding out at great length upon the merits and superior quality of the last named, to a group of dubious listeners. Fare thee, well, Michael, thou good and faithful servant, who hast done all, yea a thousand fold, of what was required of thee in the "lab.", in the lecture room, and last but not least in helping to spread about that spirit which Loyola is so proud to see her sons exhibit.



*Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and
home.*

CASGRAIN Jean is a person of varied activities which include tennis, baseball, hockey and study, tennis, baseball, hockey and C.O.T.C. As a tennis player he is locally famous and so great is his ability that competent persons who have looked into the matter have come to the conclusion that it is the result of his great proficiency in the pursuits of science and of higher mathematics. We have known Jean for a



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good number of years and his departure will leave a gap in our ranks which cannot easily be filled. We wish Jean all success and our friendship and remembrance will follow him into the world where it is our fervent hope that he will ever be as popular and as successful as he has been at Loyola.



HECTOR DECARY

*With even step and musing gait
And looks conversing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.*

HECTOR DECARY Commonly known as Hec., Lollypop, Collar Bone, Homeless Hector, was discovered a few years ago at Dorval and his transplantation to the fertile soil of Loyola was greeted with the cheers and plaudits of the whole surrounding municipality. During the course of his prolonged sojourn at Loyola he has achieved considerable fame as a goal-keeper, has become celebrated (locally) as an impersonator of the chosen race and of a professional banjo player. Hector is rather short in stature, though long in wit, and in his periodic attempts to conceal his upper lip from the mob, shows traces of a modest character. His principal hobbies are radio, duck shooting and watching street-cars. This last little diversion caused quite a lot of speculation and no little worry in the "flat," due to the fact that every day at a certain hour Hector repaired to his window-sill and gazed wistfully at passing cars and people.



HECTOR PRINCE

*The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.*

HECTOR PRINCE Loyola will weep when this stalwart son of the soil bids farewell to his Alma Mater and sets his face towards the glories and plains of the West. Our only consolation is that even though the College loses a brilliant student and Christian gentleman, the West will gain a man who will some day find a place for himself in the seats of the mighty. Hector quite carried us away with his winsome smile when he first came to Loyola three years ago. O! that time is so short and we must lose a true friend as soon as this. Loyola men can only console their aching hearts with the hope that in the future they may hear the voice of their comrade crying in the wilderness. Hector's labour of love at the College was to exalt the claims of the West. Even at the piano, he could not restrain his care for his motherland, but the haunting strains of "Out Where the West Begins" would come floating to our ears.

We weep at his going but we console ourselves with the thought that the best of friends must part.



T. J. WALSH

*Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.*

T. J. WALSH In giving Tom his final write-up as a student of Loyola the writer does so with feelings of regret not only because of himself but because of the whole student body. Tom occupies the singular and honored position of adviser not only to his intimate friends but also to the entire student body. Gifted with the determination and courage necessary to succeed, Tom has always been the recognized leader in all college activities. During the season of 1922 when our football team brought such glory to our doors by winning the Junior C.I.R.F.U. Championship, Tom was the very efficient manager of that organization and contributed greatly to its success. Not so many months ago when Loyola was pitted against the best debating talent that the leading universities of Canada could produce, it was due in no small measure to the fiery eloquence and convincing logic of "the daddy of them all" that Loyola won the championship from Varsity.

In the College Tom occupies many honoured and much sought after positions, among the most important of which are Prefect of the Sodality, Secretary of the L.C.A.A., President of the Smoker; Lieutenant in the C.O.T.C., and last but not least, President of the College Debating

Society. All these positions he has filled in a very capable manner, and when we think of his going, the question is "How are we going to get along without him?" In his studies he has always been successful, due to his studious nature and ability to understand. Always possessing a cheerful disposition and striking personality, he has ever been very successful in his social affairs, and we hear that he has a particular liking for the cognomen Marie.

He leaves us, unfortunately, this year, and there will be many to mourn his departure. But sooner or later all friends must part, so we will have to get along without you, Tom. But always remember that you have left behind you true friends who are awaiting the opportunity of doing for you what you have done so often for them.



ANTHONY DESLAURIERS

*Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth.
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth—
And ever-changing, like a joyous eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?*

ANTHONY DESLAURIERS "Della" must ever stand aghast at the false hopes and vanities of this world. If there is one whom the wind of fashionable doctrine at Loyola cannot change, it is this earnest and most beloved student. The object of his fellows'

good-natured and persistent witticisms. Della has always stood by his guns and has ever given back as good as he received, He held a trying position in his vocation of keeper of the person and personal effects of his absent-minded room-mate. Yet he has succeeded in rescuing the famous Tom Walsh from the consequence of his solitary walks into the realms of nothing. The memory of Della's zealous care must ever be as famous as the friendship of Damon and Pythias is in mythology.

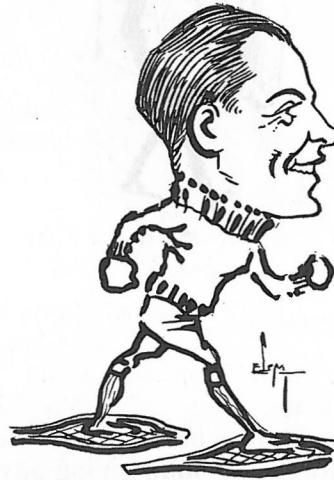


MARC GIRARD

*O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice!*

MARC GIRARD Though Marc has only been with us the short space of two years, yet he has endeared himself to us in a thousand ways, by his warm friendship and good-fellow's hand, and, last but not least, by the medium of music. This zealous disciple of the ivory muses, has made us almost forget that life and exams. are anything but plain sailing, so great is his ability to drug the dreamy souls of the dreamier philosophers with music that gentler on the spirit lies. But Marc has shown himself a master in more arts than one and it has lately been rumoured about the laboratory that he has cultivated a mad desire to know some of the secrets of the inner circle in chemistry, and judging from the quality of the odours that prevail in all parts of the Administration Building, it were better that the key to the treasures of chemical knowledge remained in other

hands than Marc's. Our hero's dash and affability will be an asset to him in later life, and the hundreds of Loyola well-wishers whom he has left behind unite in commanding their talented friend to the favour of the gods.



JOHN MALLOY

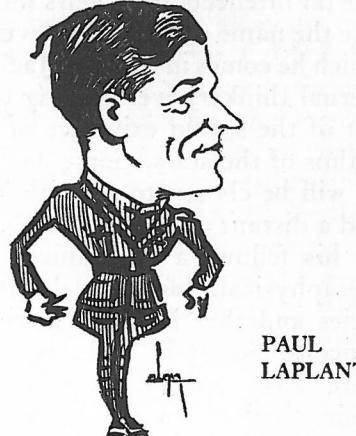
*He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a mild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.*

JOHN MALLOY Jack is a thorough contemplative, in this way resembling the immortal Hamlet. So subdued, so silent, that his many friends think that he must be forever engaged in the solution of enigmas before which poor mortal intellects like theirs must quail and lose the name of action. In everything with which he comes in contact, Jack is the same, eternal thinker, ever seeking to find a way out of the sordid existence of earth to the realms of the stars. Some day we fear that he will be chosen to sit with head in hand and a distant gaze in his blue eyes, to be to all his fellows a personification of things metaphysical. Jack revels in the mysteries and the thousand intricate ways of lexicons. Surely if Webster and Worcester were alive to-day, they would relegate their dignities to the philosopher in our midst. Yet from his contemplation and wanderings into the field of definition Jack has preserved intact his good humour and a philosophy of laughter. Often have his companions of the "flat" been delighted by his rallies at the absurd and ridiculous.

CHAS.
GIROUX

*For oft' when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood....*

CHAS. GIROUX Charlie is now known to us as Chas. and also as the Beau Brummel of the "flat." Charlie has also been called the "Phone Hound," and when he is not at the telephone he always is found giving advice to the members of the Intermediate Club for whom he has a particular liking. As a student Charlie has been a great success. He stars brilliantly in things philosophical and after a long and careful study of the duties man has towards himself Charlie has established the proposition that all men must use brilliantine. We are informed that Charlie intends to study law, and we have not the slightest doubt but that he will be a great success in his chosen field of endeavour.

PAUL
LAPLANTE

*Higher, still and higher
From the earth thou wingest.*

PAUL LAPLANTE Our military strategist, and minister of militia. He is the proud possessor of a

commission, won by his untiring enthusiasm for C.O.T.C., and can be seen any drill day looking out on Canada's last hope, on the quadrangle. Dame Rumour also tells us that he can on occasion shake a wicked bow on his trusty fiddle, which, like all true musicians he tucks carefully under his chin. French literature is his chief hobby which probably can explain to the unlearned why Paul always has a book tucked under his arm when seen on the way to class in the A.M. Being one of our Pre-meds, he takes an active part in the creation of the savoury fumes that cause such a disturbance, especially to Freshman and Sophomore. Leaving Loyola this coming June, Paul takes with him the best wishes for success from everybody who has had the occasion of knowing his sunny disposition and winning smile.



LEAMY

*A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.*

LEAMY Honk! The horn of a large Rolls-Royce limousine is heard and everyone knows that D'Arcy is at hand, and now that his car is gone by we may tell you about him. During his long stay at Loyola he has been an ardent supporter of College Sporting activities, as attested by the fact that for three years he has been the mainstay of the College Junior Hockey Team. Last season our senior squad was strengthened by his acquisition. Although small in stature his abilities have also been directed towards

Rugby, and on many a frozen gridiron, as quarter back, he has led his team to victory. His favourite morning salutation is: "Are they going to postpone next week's test?" With the departure of D'Arcy not only do we lose an all-round athlete but a man of sterling abilities with the interests of Loyola at heart. It is our privilege to predict that when he enters the sea of life the vivacity which have won him fame and recognition at College will bring him to the surface.



LESTER SHIELS

*For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cares of men.*

LESTER SHIELS Or "Les." as he is usually called by the fellows, first came into prominence on Hill 70 in the Great War, when he was presented with the Plugged Croix d'Honneur for his bravery. He came among us last year and celebrated his arrival by losing \$5.00 on the wheel of fortune in one of our world-famous drives. Since he has been here he has been looked upon as one of our greatest athletes. He was one of the stars in the Champion Rugby Team and was very dangerous in open-field running. As a hockey player he is without a peer and it was mostly through his good playing that the Senior Inter-class Championship came to the class. He is also one of the best baseball players we have. He delights in making a long run to catch a

ball and get it as if it were done without effort. He has been known to go up to bat four times and to come so near hitting the ball that it could be seen to shiver. We will all be very sorry to lose "Les." and all we can wish him is that he will be as successful in the affairs of the world as he has been in the affairs of the "Harte."



DAVID MACDONALD

*And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past....*

DAVID MACDONALD Dave is a fellow of very few words, but his radiant disposition has won for him considerable admiration from all the boys. In athletics Dave became prominent as a hockey player, tending the goals for philosophy. The hearty applause he won from the boys in this field of endeavour is due more to his college spirit than to his sensational playing. However, Dave has many outstanding characteristics. To his love for philosophy is attributed his profound silence and limited supply of words. His untiring energy in the lab. has obtained for him a place among our college scientists. The disappearance of Dave from our midst will be keenly felt by all, but we have one consolation left in the fact that we are sure that Dave, with his sterling qualities, will prove as great a success in his future undertakings as he has at Loyola.



RAY WAYLAND

*This man is free from servile bands
Of love of rise or fear of fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing yet hath all.*

RAY WAYLAND Thourh at the present season Ray is entirely occupied with the intricacies of tennis, he shines his brightest as a star in the firmament of Junior Hockey. Ray's "forte" is physical training and C.O.T.C., a combination very seldom found in the students of the graduating class. Ray hails from Outremont, the land of the murmuring pines and the hemlock, where he reigns supreme in his little "Willys." Ray can be found with almost absolute certainty any day either on one of the principal streets of Montreal or in the mid-western section of the town. The reason for this has been often rumoured but never confirmed.

Though Ray has been with us but two years, we lose him with great reluctance both because of his value in the athletic sphere and because of his worth as a fellow student.



ROGER McMAHON

ROGER McMAHON

Rather must we leave an honest valuation of Roger's services to his fellow students to the recording angel and wait until Judgement Day to learn of a man who has devoted his wit to the joy and comfort of others. Remembrance of Roger's happy repartee and mirthful turning of the idle word must ever remain in the minds of the present generation of Loyola. So varied and so great are Roger's achievements that it would be impossible to record them justly in these lines. Athletics, students, studies, and the ridiculous have all in turn received the attention of his versatile mind, the last named coming out sadly the worse by reason of the encounter with that brilliant satire which only Lachine can produce in the best and noblest of her sons.



GERALD GLEESON

*The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley.*

GLEESON Since they frequently cause his tardiness at his morning lectures Gerald Gleeson is ready to give to all and sundry his opinion of the service given by the Montreal Tramways. Our firm belief, however, is that Gerald stands nonchalantly at the corner, "John Player" in his mouth, and lets the "rest of the world go by." Once in class Gerald's dreaminess fades into the distance and we have an attentive student to which fact his reports terrify. For two consecutive years his well developed biceps have won for him the shot-putting event of our annual field day. Add to all this the fact that Jerry is an officer in The N.R.S. Sodality and you will see that he is truly an all-round man. We are certain that he will not dream in his chosen field, and in saying "Au Revoir" we offer him our sincerest wishes for success.

*O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,*

It would be useless to attempt to extol the worth of this good fellow from Lachine. Rather must we leave an honest valuation of Roger's services to his fellow students to the recording angel and wait until Judgement Day to learn of a man who has devoted his wit to the joy and comfort of others. Remembrance of Roger's happy repartee and mirthful turning of the idle word must ever remain in the minds of the present generation of Loyola. So varied and so great are Roger's achievements that it would be impossible to record them justly in these lines. Athletics, students, studies, and the ridiculous have all in turn received the attention of his versatile mind, the last named coming out sadly the worse by reason of the encounter with that brilliant satire which only Lachine can produce in the best and noblest of her sons.



SKI-ING
SNOWSHOEING

INTRA MURAL HOCKEY

Andreas Hofer

IT IS not always the most important battles or the most widely known historical figures which with greatest fascination hold the attention of those who come after them. Lesser achievements, almost hidden struggles, if they are heroic, will always have a charm peculiarly their own and the memory of the little mountain state of Tyrol whose name has been immortalized by the heroic bravery of Hofer and his associates, will live and command attention as long as the feats of Napoleon or the glories of Cæsar.

From the Middle Ages the Tyrolese peasantry have been passionately attached to their beloved Hapsburgs, and when Napoleon concluded the Treaty of Presburg with Austria, by which he coolly separated the little state from its former rulers, and incorporated it into the puppet kingdom of Bavaria, the Tyrolese refused to submit without a struggle to the high-handed dictates of this upstart. The Bavarian government was given the kingdom on condition of governing it as Austria had governed, but immediately there began a policy of tyranny and oppression which Napoleon studiously ignored.

At once taxes were levied, monasteries confiscated, churches desecrated, the use of the national language forbidden, pilgrimages and the celebration of Mass declared illegal, bishops not allowed to ordain priests not approved by the government; and finally, even the name of the country was changed.

Just then, in 1809, France was being attacked by many enemies and Austria resolved to profit by this state of affairs, as well as by the discontent of the peasantry in the Tyrol. Archduke John of the Hapsburg dynasty was well acquainted with the little mountain state, having been its governor for some years. He held the sturdy mountaineers in great esteem, and was besides a personal friend to some of them, above all to Andreas Hofer. He was in turn loved and respected by the peasants; when the time came to shake off the shackles of Bavaria, he acted as their

champion at Vienna, and Andreas Hofer it was who unconsciously and without any appointment, became, of his country, the leader in war and the ruler in peace.

Hofer was born on the 22nd day of November, 1767. His parents died before he reached the age of twelve, and he was brought up by relatives who gave him an education above that received by most peasants. As he grew up, his wisdom, piety, and irreproachable honesty, gained for him the first place among his fellow citizens, and so, because of these qualities, his friendship with the Archduke and his physical superiority, it was not unnatural that he should by tacit consent have been accorded the leadership in the war for freedom.

As his lieutenants, Hofer wisely chose Joseph Speechbacher, a hardy mountaineer who knew every pass in the hills of Tyrol, Martin Teimer, a major in the landstrum; and Joachim Haspinger, a Capuchin father who had served as an army chaplain, and whose sole weapon in war was a great ebony crucifix, with which he dealt his enemies terrific blows.

The Bavarians at Brixen fearing the approach of the Austrians who were on the way to help Hofer made an attempt to destroy the bridge over the Rienz at St. Lorenzen; but were forced to retreat with terrific loss through a narrow gorge while the peasants pelted them with all sorts of missiles. The Bavarians had barely extricated themselves when the advance guard of an Austrian division under Chasteter appeared, causing them to continue their retreat to the little plain in which Sterzing lies. Hofer attacked Sterzing before the Bavarians reached it. The garrison was captured, and all traces of fighting removed. When Wrede, the Bavarian commander arrived, he found no rear guard at Sterzing, and in alarm, continued his flight to Innsbruck, which he found in the hands of the peasants of the lower valley. He asked for terms, and when Martin Teimer appeared in full Austrian uniform to discuss stipulations, Wrede,

thinking the town to be full of Austrians, surrendered himself with 4,000 men.

Shortly after in conjunction with Lefebvre, Wrede recaptured Innsbruck and being unaware of Napoleon's defeat at Aspern-Essling marched to cut off the Archduke John's retreat from Italy, leaving only a feeble garrison under Deroy at Innsbruck. Hofer immediately attacked, and Deroy evacuated the town.

After Napoleon's victory at Wagram, Austria capitulated and the Tyrol was left without aid. The French retook Innsbruck and despatched two forces from there by different routes. The first to reach Sterzing pushed on through a narrow gorge below Mauls and here after being nearly annihilated was captured.

One last attempt was made by Lefebvre with 20,000 men. Berg Isel was taken, but the invaders made an unwise move in burning and pillaging the countryside, for this enraged the people who repulsed their enemies six times, retook all positions which they had lost and drove Lefebvre from the Tyrol altogether.

Peace was now restored; the people demanded for their civil ruler none other than the man who had led them to victory in battle with their enemies and so it came about that Hofer, after much remonstration on his part, came to occupy the Palace at Innsbruck. But although he could have surrounded himself with regal grandeur, he continued his simple and pious habits. No matter how grand a state function might be, Hofer appeared in green jacket, red vest, leather breeches and the wide black hat of the valley, with a copper crucifix and the medal of St. George for decorations, his great body towering over the heads of his fellows even in that land of big men; his face set and stern, covered with a beard which fell to his chest, and which he had vowed not to cut while a Bavarian remained in the Tyrol. Yet the eyes were soft, and their kindly look neutralized the effect which a first glance at him produced. Morning and evening the pious peasant leader was to be found with bowed head before the great tribunal of the Divine Presence. Every day he re-

cited the rosary in common with his family and servants. When going about among his people he refused to be addressed "Your Excellency," a title which they were fain to use, but admonished them kindly to call him only "Andreas Hofer, the peasant."

He created a representative legislature to aid him in governing, restored churches, colleges, monasteries, and schools to their former owners, and did all that was possible to prevent disorder in his little state. This peace, however, was not destined to last. The Tyrol was invaded on the north and south and once more the call to arms resounded through the valleys and defiles. The enemy wished to come to terms as they had already tested Hofer's prowess on the field; but Hofer, badly advised, refused to comply. Innsbruck was attacked and the peasants repulsed. Disheartened by this reverse, Hofer opened negotiations with the French, and declared hostilities at an end. Once more, being pressed by his advisers he revoked the order and recommenced fighting. One last victory fell to his lot. After that an overwhelming force under d'Hilliers crushed out the insurrection. Hofer was implored to flee to Austria, but instead took for his abode a little Alpine hut high up in the mountains, where provisions were brought to him daily. His family remained in the valley with friends; when their position became dangerous, some of the children were hidden away with other friends, while his wife and eldest son took refuge with him in the hut.

While Hofer was alone in this retreat he had borne the intense cold without a murmur because of the danger that his hiding place might be discovered. But when his wife and son arrived, he was obliged to take the risk of lighting a fire. One morning a worthless drunkard named Raffel, attracted by the smoke, climbed up to the hut and met the former leader of Tyrol. Hofer well knew the character of the man but would do nothing to ensure his safety. Taffel gave as an excuse that he was looking for a calf recently strayed. Hofer offering him some money made him

swear by the living God not to reveal his whereabouts to anyone. Raffel took the money, gave his solemn oath, and then, going down, betrayed his benefactor.

A force of over 2,000 men was sent to arrest him; and he made no resistance. He and his wife were bound and submitted to brutal insults, while his son and secretary were forced to tramp barefooted several leagues in the ice and snow. When the captives arrived at Bozen, d'Hilliers expressed the greatest indignation at the treatment meted out to his wife and son, and had them released. Hofer was taken to Mantua and court-martialed. The judges could not agree unanimously as to the death sentence; so the case was referred to Napoleon, who caused Hofer to be shot. The command was carried out

on February 20th, 1810.

Thus perished one of the noblest figures in history, a man who resembled Toussaint l'Ouverture, the noble negro patriot of San Domingo in this, that both were devout Catholics, both were leaders of their people, both were ruthlessly sacrificed on the altar of Napoleon's ambition. The statue erected to Hofer's memory in Berg Isel overlooks Hofkirche, in which are buried his remains as well as those of Speechbacher and Haspinger, still united in death as they had been during life. The Tyrolese point with pride to the statue and the mausoleum, silent witnesses to the bravery and unselfishness of these three heroes, and to their undying hope in an almost hopeless cause.

J. L. Bartsley, H.S., '23.

THE ROSARY IN THE EMBERS

Weary and sick at heart, I sat
Before the dying flame.
And gave my hound a gentle pat,
And thought of bygone fame.

The crimson flames leapt up no more
To lick the darkened grate;
The semblance of all earthly war
Likewise of puerile hate.

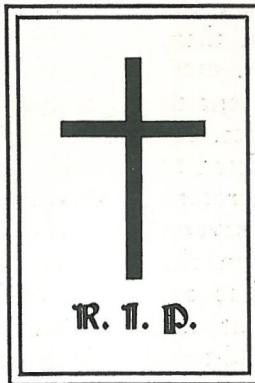
I thought and pondered. Oh, how long!
My head commenced to nod,
When came the strains of that sweet song—
“The Mother of our God!”

Methought I glimpsed amidst the glow
Of that weak struggling flame—
A chaplet, written row on row
With Mary's sacred name.

And I breathed on each “Hail Mary,”
And each did brightly glow.
Thus proving Mother Mary
Protects us here below.

The glowing embers slowly died,
The vision fades away;
Restlessly I turned and sighed—
“Do better now than yesterday.”

—William Donovan, '26.

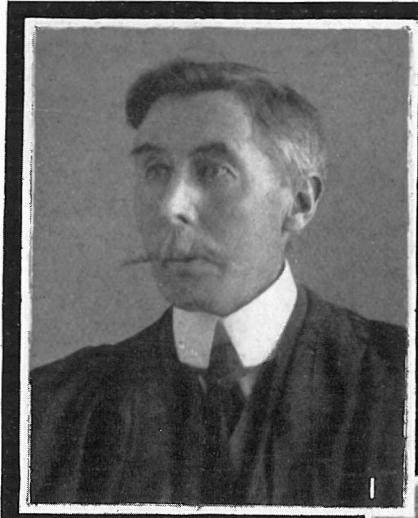


Deceased Members of Staff and Student Body of Loyola College

Rev. Peter Cassidy, S.J.	Jan. 19, 1902	Rev. Arthur E. Jones, S.J.	Jan. 19, 1918
Rev. John Coffee, S.J.	Sept. 26, 1916	Rev. Isidore Kavanagh, S.J.	June 5, 1920
Rev. John Connolly, S.J.	Nov. 16, 1911	Rev. George Kenny, S.J.	Sept. 26, 1912
Rev. Owen Bernard Devlin, S.J.	June 4, 1915	Rev. Rod. Lachapelle, S.J.	Feb. 19, 1901
Rev. William Doherty, S.J.	March 3, 1907	Rev. Moses Malone, S.J.	Jan. 14, 1922
Rev. Daniel Donovan, S.J.	Nov. 25, 1921	Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S.J.	June 6, 1907
Rev. Denis Dumesnil, S.J.	May 5, 1918	Rev. Eugene Schmidt, S.J.	May 21, 1904
Rev. John Forhan, S.J.	Aug. 11, 1916	Rev. Lactance Sigouin, S.J.	Mar. 29, 1898
Rev. Martin Fox, S.J.	July 27, 1915	Rev. Adrien Turgeon, S.J.	Sept. 8, 1912
Rev. Alexander Gagneur, S.J.	Feb. 10, 1921	Mr. Francis Coll, S.J.	Jan. 12, 1900
Rev. Auguste Girard, S.J.	Jan. 20, 1916	Bro. George Brown, S.J.	Dec. 7, 1901
Rev. Joseph Grenier, S.J.	May 4, 1913	Bro. Leonard of P.-Maur., B.C.I.	Oct. 1, 1922
Rev. Peter Hamel, S.J.	June 6, 1905	Mr. James Looney	Oct. 11, 1922
Rev. Benjamin Hazelton, S.J.	Sept. 1, 1908	Mr. Cuthbert Udall	July 5, 1911
Rev. Victor Hudon, S.J.	Oct. 4, 1913		

Acton, William	Crowe, George	Le Boutilier, Leo	O'Connor, James
Anglin, Francis	Daly, George	Lelièvre, Roger	O'Gorman, George
Armstrong, Lawrence	Dandurand, Hervé	Lemieux, Rodolphe	O'Leary, John
Barbeau, Lawrence	Delisle, Alexander	Lessard, Gerard	Owens, Sargent
Barnston, Stuart	Dissette, Arthur	Macdonald, Fraser	Page, Séverin
Baxter, Quigg	Dissette, Francis	Mackey, George	Palaridy, Guy
Bergeron, Patrick	Domville, J. de Beaujeu	Mackey, Herbert	Pearson, Chisholm
Blanchard, George	Doody, Francis	Magann, Edward	Pearson, William A.
Bonin, René	Doran, Francis	Maguire, Francis	Pérodeau, Charles
Brady, Terence	Dwyer, Edward	Marson, Robert	Plunkett, Edward
Brown, Henry	Farley, Howard	Marson, Walter	Poupore, Leo
Browne, William	Farrell, Edward	McArthur, Donald	Power, J. Rockett
Burke, Jack L.	Finch, Gerald	McGee, Francis	Rolland, Wilfrid
Butler, Herbert	French, Francis	McGee, James	Rousseau, Henry
Cagney, Clarence	Cloutney, Richard	McGoldrick, John	Ryan, Francis
Carbray, Edward	Grant, Frederick	McGovern, Arthur	Shallow, Arthur
Carrier, Charles	Grant, James	McKenna, Adrian	Shallow, John
Caveny, Martin	Hingston, Basil	McKenna, Francis	Shortall, Leo
Chevalier, Jacques	Hooper, James	McLoughlin, Henry	Smith, Arthur
Cloran, Edward	Howe, John	McNamee, Francis	Smith, Charles F.
Cloran, Glendyn	Hudson, Stanton	Milloy, Francis	Stafford, Joseph
Collins, Nulsen	Johnston, John	Mitchell, Alfred	Tate, Louis
Condon, Leo	Johnson, Melvin	Monk, Henry	Varennes (de), Henri
Conroy, Emmet	Kavanagh, Joseph	Morgan, Henry	Viau, Wilfrid
Conroy, Paul	Kearns, Raymond	Nagle, Gregory	Vidal, Maurice
Cooke, Benedict	Keenan, Christopher	O'Boyle, Desmond	Walsh, John P.
Cooper, George	Keyes, Michael	O'Brien, Donald	Wilkins, John
Coughlan, Patrick	Lafontaine, Paul	O'Brien, Richard	

"Blessed are the Dead who Die in the Lord"



1. MR. JAMES LOONEY, B.A.

3. RICHARD GLOUTNEY

4. CRISTOPHER KEENAN

2. BRO. LEONARD, B.C.I.

5. HENRY McLAUGHLIN

Obituary

*"As leaves upon the passing stream
Are wafted on and on.
As gentle dews of summer time
Disperse with coming dawn,*

*And, as the sun in golden sheen
Sinks nightly in the west;
So have our dear departed ones
Gone silently to rest."*

INTO the homes of many during the past year, the Angel of Death has entered. Especially is it painful to note that in more than one case it has been the young man with a bright future before him who has been called to an early reward; and Loyola has, since last September, had to mourn the loss of two Old Boys, one of this year's students, and two former professors.

FATHER J. B. PLANTE, S.J.

LOYOLA Old Boys, particularly those of the earliest days of the College and those who were students in 1906-07 will learn with surprise and regret of the death of Father Jean Baptiste Plante, who died in Washington May 30th, after an operation for appendicitis.

Father Plante was born on March 17th, 1875, at Southbridge, Mass. After his elementary studies he took up his classical course at the College of St. Hyacinthe in the province of Quebec. The boy spoke not a word of French, but, thrown into exclusively French surroundings he quickly acquired the language of which she was to be in later years an exceptionally successful teacher.

During his junior year, or first year Philosophy, at St. Hyacinthe young Plante felt the call to the priesthood in the religious life and left to make a retreat at the Jesuit novitiate near Montreal. The retreat ended, he asked admittance to the Society of Jesus. The story goes that this request was at first refused as young Plante, though an excellent youth and a good student, was notoriously the despair of the Prefect of Discipline at his college and an incorrigible player of pranks. Besides, his lungs were weak. However he pleaded his case with great earnestness, peremptorily refused to have his admittance delayed, carried his point and remained at the novi-

tiate. This was the eve of the Feast of Our Lady's Purification, February 1st, 1892, and he was not yet eighteen.

Four years later he began his first work in college at Loyola. The boys who entered in 1897 after the first summer holidays, found awaiting them in the recreation yard a short, very slender but wiry prefect of pale complexion, with clear-cut features, who spoke in a short, precise manner. This was the rascal of four years ago now transformed into a rather exacting Prefect of Recreation and teacher of French. Past experience stood him in good stead and young Mr. Plante (or Father Plante as Scholastics were then called by courtesy) soon won the reputation among his charges of seeing everything that he was not intended to see and that they would prefer he did not see. But if he knew all he also knew what to overlook and was tactful and judicious.

Father Plante had a real passion for teaching modern languages. He was always on the alert for new grammars and new methods and was always perfecting his own. He was equally successful in teaching English to French boys and French to English boys.

Of his thirty years of life as a Jesuit, the first four were spent at Sault-au-Recollet for noviceship, normal training and rhetoric. Eight more years were devoted exclusively to his own training, seven years at the scholasticate in Montreal for Philosophy and Divinity, and one year (1912-13) at Canterbury, in England, for tertianship. He was ordained Priest on the thirtieth of July, 1911, after eighteen years of preparation.

For six years (1914-20) after his return from Europe he helped at the Canadian Messenger Offices. But his chief work has been in the Colleges at Loyola, St. Mary's, St. Boniface and lastly Georgetown.

Father Plante was possessed of a keen sense of humour which never left him. He was reputed clever and was successful in his studies despite weak health. He was exceedingly kind and was ever ready to put himself out in order to render service to others. He was one who at seventy would still have been young and almost boyish. He was prudent and far-seeing and a keen observer of character, but to those who knew him intimately the characteristic that stands out is his indomitable energy. It was this that enabled him to overcome the weakness of his constitution and to be up and doing, hiding from all his illness and fatigue when others less energetic would have given up. Father Plante never admitted that he had weak health and always insisted that a full man's work was not too much for him. By method and perseverance he accomplished a great deal.

Details of his death are not at hand as this notice is being penned, all that is known is the telegraphic message announcing that he died some days after an operation for appendicitis. He had, however a premonition of his approaching end, and he died, no doubt, with a smile playing around the corners of his firm set lips and a roguish twinkle in his kind grey eyse.

R.I.P.

REV. BROTHER LEONARD, I.C.

OUT of forty-five years of life he gave twentyfive, in the most faithful service to the little children of other people."

"Indeed! the legend of a gallant knight in the days of Robin Hood?"

"Not at all. This teacher died less than a year ago and was at Loyola up to January 1922."

Brother Leonard was born at St. Stephen's of the Meadows, a little village on the west bank of the St. Maurice, August 10th, 1877, the feast of St. Lawrence. No doubt the wonderful martyrdoms of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence were told to him by his pious mother; and in his life, as in that way of every child, first ideas formed first ideals and had more to do with his

character and views on life than the world dreams of.

His parents were French Canadians and their family name was St-Onge. His own first name was Adam. It was not an odd name in his early surroundings. There were generous chances of life to a family of children whose names might range from Adam and Abel to Tobias or Zacharias. Nor is it yet an odd or unhallowed name in Church History. Thus, it is that of one of the blessed, the bearing of whose name will always be a noble title and a claim to glory. Had he been called by the far too common names of Percy or Oscar, Rae or Linton, on arriving in Heaven, St. Peter might have said: "Well, the first famous mortal of that name has not yet reported."

While very young Adam St-Onge went with his parents to Norwich, Conn. There he attended the Sister's Parish School. Already he showed a marked fondness for sacred ceremonies and a keen appreciation of the superior value of works directly connected with spiritual and lasting results. These traits of a fitness for a special avocation in God's higher service shone forth brighter and stronger from season to season. At the end of his sixteenth year his family had returned from the States to St. Stephens.

How was he to enter on that higher service? In his family circumstances the Priesthood seemed beyond his reach and perhaps, after the example of St. Francis of Assisi and hundreds of other most virtuous but very self-effacing souls, he did not feel called upon to assume many of the ministrations and responsibilities of the priesthood. But the priesthood is not an essential part of the Way of the Counsels as taught by Christ. He would attempt the road of the Counsels as a Religious Teacher.

In August, 1893, he was at St. Joseph's Novitiate, La Prairie, enrolled among the novices of the Brother of Christian Instruction, popularly known as the Lamenais Brothers and so called after their founder Jean de Lamenais.

On August 24th, 1895, Brother Leonard pronounced his first vows, and after further model-school training, started on his course

as a regular teacher, at St. Michael's College, Buckingham. It was September, 1897. From the beginning he excelled. His class was "no noisy mansion" and yet, it was the room where the rod was ever least called into play. His teaching was clear and definite; his manner cool and sure and kind. His speech was not in words of "learned length and thundering sound," and lightning displays were in effect only when the class-matter was rapid figuring. The lessons and questions and exercises, he seemed to know by heart and never did his quick, dark eyes seem to miss anyone. At 9 A.M., on the first sound of the entrance-to-class bell, the door would be open from the inside; Brother Leonard was there; and there was also, on the blackboard, a goodly amount of the morning's work. Bearing testimony to Brother Leonard's abilities Mr. Thomas T. Cudihy, Inspector General of Schools in Montreal has written: "Though I knew him as a primary teacher in the Preparatory Courses he gave to his work all the attention, all the preparation that might be expected of a professor in a world-famed university." At St. Michael's, Buckingham, this service lasted for eleven years.

His new field of labour was to be in Montreal as a teacher to the little group of English-speaking Catholic children residing north-east of Lafontaine Park. To-day these children form a phalanx, about four hundred strong and are in St. Francis Xavier's Academy, the parish school for the boys and girls of St. Dominic's.

Although only in his prime, the ceaselessness and difficulties of his labours began to wear down even this little man of iron, so that in September, 1919, when the Superiors of the Brothers of Christian Instruction were sending some teachers to conduct the pre-High School classes at Loyola College, Brother Leonard was among those chosen; and it was hoped, that there, doing just class work, he would be able to re-establish his threatened health. His two years devoted to class-work only, were somewhat of a respite to his former general activities, but could not

save him. By January, 1922, Providence had given him, in place of his teaching, the test of a bed of intense suffering. His non-return to class was greatly unexpected by his pupils and grieved them all most deeply. To the last day of his twenty-five years teaching, he instructed vigorously; for while his strength failed, his devotion to the cause of Christian instruction ever took on new zeal, new life.

Sunday afternoon, September 15th, clearly told that his end was at hand and the weary sun had not set e'er his soul had fled its mortal habitation and had joyously come face to face with the Great Lover of Little Ones. St. Augustine says: "Have you saved a soul, then you have predestined your own?" How at this supreme moment Brother Leonard must have appreciated his calling and blessed the day, when his folks at St. Stephen's of the Meadows bade him adieu, as he set out to join the ranks of an order of Religious teachers of Christ's Little Ones!

MR. JAMES P. LOONEY, B.A.

A FEW friends of the late James P. Looney met recently at his grave in Cote des Neiges Cemetery, Montreal to say prayers for the repose of his soul and to look at the simple stone which had been erected to mark his resting place.

Lines from old Omar's "Rubaiyat" and Gray's famous "Elegy"—favourite poems of our late friend kept recurring to mind as we stood beside the newly sodded grave.

*"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery, all he had, a tear;
He gained from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd,
a friend."*

Readers of the "Elegy" recognize, the above lines as part of the Epitaph added to the poem, and the concluding line is in a sense appropriate to our friend; the few who understood and loved him he was ever faithful to, and adopting what Polonius in Hamlet said to his son, he grappled them to his soul with hoops of steel.

He was well beloved by children. Any-one who is a favourite with children and dogs is, as some writer has said, made of good stuff. To watch Mr. Looney telling stories to, and playing games with the children in the homes he visited was a treat; the ordinary person wondered at his rare patience; "Mr. Ooney, tum again" was his privilege to frequently hear from a little tot, when at the conclusion of an evening romp Mr. Looney bade good evening to his host.

Another memory of a different kind showing the many sides of the man comes to mind. A medical scientist, brought up a non-Catholic, became attracted to the Church and was reading the "Summa of St. Thomas" in the original; it was not until Mr. Looney's clear exposition of certain points expounded by the great saint had removed his difficulties that the medical man saw the way clear to proceed farther on his road to Rome.

These few detached recollections come to memory when thinking of our late friend and it is perhaps fitting in conclusion to outline in brief the outstanding events in his career. Born in England in 1867, of Irish stock, educated at Stonyhurst, he was first a teacher then a soldier and later a civil servant in South Africa; on coming to Canada he again took up teaching for which he had a natural aptitude, this time in the Jesuit school for Indians on Manitoulin Island, Georgian Bay; when he came to Montreal he took up tutoring work;

At the beginning of the Great War he enlisted in the Irish Canadian Rangers Company of the 60th Battalion C.E.F. and served in France until the conclusion of hostilities; the year preceding his death, he was on the professorial staff of Loyola College where his splendid talents as a teacher gained the respect of the Faculty and the student body. In recognition of his services he was awarded a B.A. degree by Loyola.

The chief mourners were Mrs. Philips (his niece), Mr. Philips, Dr. W. H. Atherton a friend of Stonyhurst days, Mr. F. J. Jackman, Mr. Dunderdale, Mr. M. A.

Phelan, K.C., Miss Jessie Mullally, Mrs. K. F. Codd, Miss Eva Kennedy, Mr. L. J. Jackman, representatives of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company where he had been once employed, and Dr. E. J. Mullally.

E. J. M.

MR. HENRY McLAUGHLIN

HAPPY" McLaughlin died at the Lachine General Hospital in the early hours of November 16th, 1922, having reached the age of only 26 years and some months. Heart failure is given by his attendant physicians as the cause of his death, but this malady was complicated with a severe attack of pleurisy which was greatly precipitated by his weakened condition resulting from being gassed while on service at the front during the late War.

The funeral took place from his late home at Lachine. Services were held at Lachine Church, Father Rector being celebrant, assisted by the Reverend Pastor, and Rev. Mr. Chabot, S.J., a former classmate, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

Henry McLaughlin, better known in athletic circles as "Happy," was born in Montreal twenty-six years ago. He came to Loyola in 1908 and from the first distinguished himself in sports. He was a hockey player of unusual skill, being one of the outstanding players that brought the Junior Amateur Championship to Loyola in 1916. Later he played in Loyola's and McGill's senior squad. But his activities were not wholly confined to athletics, for he was a good student. In 1917 he left us to attend McGill University and there displayed marked executive ability in the management of athletics, finding time also to branch out in the field of journalism through the medium of the *McGill Daily*. Shortly after the War broke out he enlisted, going overseas with the 66th Battery. Though fortunate in escaping wounds, he was badly gassed, and in 1918 returned to Canada.

Well liked by all, his good influence has left an indelibly beneficial impression on

local athletics in general, and on amateur hockey in particular; especially at his first Alma Mater,—Loyola. The good that he has achieved in this direction through his admirable example, will stand as an impeachable monument to his memory and his worth.

His passing has occasioned a deep sense of personal loss to both former and present students of Loyola College, a feeling shared by all others, who, having had intercourse with him in his various activities, have had an opportunity to estimate his real worth. To his loved ones in their bereavement we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

—D. A. McDonald, '26.

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CHRISTOPHER KEENAN

ON Tuesday, January the thirtieth, we received the sad news of the unfortunate accident that caused the death of Mr. Chris. Keenan. Chris came to Loyola College High School in 1913 and graduated in 1917. He then went to the Molson's Bank and remained there for a period of three years, winning the esteem of all by his modest disposition and application to work. From here he went to the Redmond Company, to take up the fur business. He was in the employ of this latter concern when he met with the sad accident which caused his death. Coming down a concrete stairway he slipped, striking his head against an iron railing, the fall fracturing his skull. It was at once realized that the accident was a serious one and Rev. Father Groves of St. Patrick's Parish was summoned. Chris was anointed and rushed to the General Hospital. His uncle, Father John Keenan hurried to his bedside and was with him when the end came forty minutes after his arrival at the hospital. The funeral took place at St. Michael's Church, the Rev. John Keenan, S.J., officiating, Father O'Brien acting as deacon, Father Elliot as sub-deacon. To his sorrowing relatives and to his two uncles in religion, Rev. J. Keenan, S.J., and Rev. T. Keenan, S.J., we offer our sincerest sympathies.

WALTER RICHARD CLOUTNEY

ON April 13th, 1923, after an illness of only three days, died at the Hospital Francais, Walter Richard Gloutney, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Gloutney.

Born on July 30th, 1904, "Dick" as he was known to us, first attended Miss Stephen's Academy. In 1913 he made his First Holy Communion in St. Thomas Aquinas' Parish under Rev. T. F. Heffernan and was later confirmed by Bishop Bruneau.

From Miss Stephen's he went to St. Leo's Academy, Westmount, Que., where he remained until 1915, when he entered the Preparatory Department of Old Loyola on Drummond St.

In the class as on the campus he was a great favorite with all, ever giving what was best in him to the varied activities of student life. The frank character and pleasant disposition he possessed won for him many positions of trust in different college and class organizations, especially in the non-resident students' section of the "Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary" of which he was a most faithful member and of which he was for the year 1921 one of the Councillors. He became its Sacristan at the beginning of the present term, and was still occupying that position when God called him to Himself.

His death was caused by appendicitis, and though all that medical care could do was done for him he passed away shortly after the operation which, performed in an attempt to save his life, proved unsuccessful.

The funeral, which took place at his Parish Church, was attended by his classmates and fellow-Sodalists, Father Rector singing the Mass.

Besides his sorrowing father and mother, he leaves, to mourn his loss, three brothers and two sisters, to whom the Faculty and Student Body of Loyola College extend their most heartfelt sympathy.

May his soul rest in peace.

Francis Thompson

THE subject of this sketch—the author of the "Hound of Heaven"—and of many other literary gems of high poetic value, was one of the most remarkable men of his time. He obtained great celebrity, and exercised a powerful influence over many through the unusual excellence of his poems, during the latter part of the nineteenth, and the beginning of the twentieth century, and though he has long since ceased to exist, the good effects of his works may be said to have not yet been fully felt or realized.

Francis Thompson, son of Doctor Thompson, who afterwards practiced at Ashton-under-Lyne, was born at Preston, in the county of Lancashire, England, in the year 1859. So, as to his origin, he was simply a doctor's son, inheriting no literary traditions. After seven years at Ushaw,—a college near Durham, where Cardinal Wiseman received that early training which so well prepared him for his future success, Thompson gave up for a time his favorite hobby,—the reading of the classics, and proceeded to Owens College. The profession contemplated by, or for him, was that of medicine, and he received some training accordingly, at this latter institution of learning. The study of the dead languages interested him greatly, and he invariably led his class in the translation of the Greek authors. Owing to his constant intercourse with Milton, Shelley and Shakespeare, Thompson made himself familiar with many new and little-known words, which some put down as his own coinage.

After a while he found that his literary, was decidedly stronger than his medical bent. But just about this time, his health, never robust, all but gave way completely, and it was only by an indomitable and inflexible dominion of the powerful mind over the failing body, which was nothing short of heroic, that he made his way to London from Manchester.

Here, suffering from a nervous malady, he put himself to every possible mode of

making a living. He finally became an assistant in a shoe-store, where he gleaned, first-hand, a most intimate knowledge of human nature which served him well in his life vocation.

Later on, while a collector for a bookseller, he frequently sent contributions of verse to several current magazines of that time; some of these writings are reprinted in "Selected Poems," published in 1908. These attracted widespread admiration, and the welcome accorded them, particularly in the South West, where his work had met with sincere and profound attention, was one of his first and greatest pleasures. Letters came from critics of the highest order, from many noted authors and poets, and from people of every class, who all wished to express their appreciation of his incipient, yet none the less successful poetic endeavours.

Having recovered, to some extent, from his financial embarrassment, he underwent a course of medical treatment which placed him well on the road to health, and, what meant more for him, he was for the first time enabled to realize his lifelong ambition of a literary career, in which he achieved a success both marvellous, and hitherto unexampled.

He then went to Storrington. This beautiful Sussex village both charmed and impressed him greatly, as we may gather from his Odes "To a Sunset," and "To Daisy," as well as from several of his later poems. Indeed, we see throughout his writings, a man who has lived with his characters, and who has had at all times a direct intercourse with Nature. It was here that he wrote "The Making of Viola," "To Monica Though Dying," "To My Godchild" and many others which may be found in his book entitled "Poems." Strangely enough, he frequently drew on his personal experiences in London for these verses, constantly recalling the members of the family with whom he resided during his sojourn there. That great poem, "Love in Dian's Lap," which called forth such unstinted praise from Coventry Pat-

more, was addressed to the mother of these children.

Could contemporary popularity be considered a criterion of fame in posterity, Thompson's place among the immortals would be assured. His reviewers and critics were simply unanimous in their eulogy of his work. Mr. Traill, writing in "The Nineteenth Century," declares, "Where, unless perhaps, in here and there a sonnet of Rossetti's, has this sort of sublimated enthusiasm for the bodily and spiritual beauty of womanhood found such expression as in "Love in Dian's Lap" between the age of the Stuarts and our own? To realize the full extent to which the religious, or semi-religious, emotions—now ecstatic, now awe-stricken—dominate and colour the entire fabric of these strange poems, they must be read throughout. In the lines "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster" we see them at their sublimest; and in the very powerful piece "The Hound of Heaven"—a poem setting forth the pursuit of the human soul by divine grace—they are at their most intense." Mr. Traill, notwithstanding the fact that Thompson was but a new-comer, as it were, goes on to say that England had good reason to hail the writer of a volume containing "such wealth and dignity of imagination, such depth and subtlety of thought, and such magic and mastery of language," as nothing less than "a new poet of the first rank."

Coventry Patmore says in "The Fortnightly Review": "We find that in Thompson's poems, profound thought, far-fetched splendour of imagery, and nimble-witted discernment of those analogies which are the roots of the Poet's language, abound . . . qualities which ought to place him in the permanent ranks of fame, with Cowley and with Crashaw. . . . "The Hound of Heaven" has so great and passionate and metre-creating motive, that we are carried over all obstructions of the rhythmical current, and are compelled, to pronounce it, at the end, one of the very few "great" odes of which the language can boast."

Referring to Thompson's "Mistress of Vision"—Quiller Couch says in *The Daily*

News: "It is verily a wonderful poem; hung, like a fairy tale, in middle air—a sleeping palace of beauty set in a glade in the heart of the woods of Westermain, surprised there and recognized with a gasp as satisfying, and summarizing a thousand youthful longings after beauty. . . . Mr. Thompson's thought, always strong, often runs into phrases of exquisite sweetness and exquisite clarity. . . . The lines beginning:

"Firm is the man, and set beyond the cast
Of fortune's game and the iniquitous hour,"
are worthy to be remembered beside Daniel's "Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland."

In 1895 "Sister Songs" appeared on the market, and if we are to judge by the widespread and sudden demand for this volume, there can remain in our minds no doubt as to its genuine, intrinsic worth. Arthur Symons must have been thinking of this collection of poems, when he wrote in *The Saturday Review*: "Words and cadences must have had an intoxication for him, the intoxication of the scholar; and "cloudy trophies" were continually falling into his hands, and half through them, in his hurry to seize and brandish them. He swung a rare incense in a censer of gold, under the vault of a chapel of dreams, the airs were often airs which he had learnt from Crashaw, and from Patmore. They came to life again when he used them, and he made for himself a music which was part strangely familiar, and part his own, almost bewilderingly. Such reed-notes and such orchestration of sound were heard nowhere else; and the people listened to the music, entranced as by a new magic. The genius of Francis Thompson was Oriental, exuberant in colour, woven into elaborate patterns, and went draped in old silk robes, that had survived many dynasties."

In "Sister Songs" the poet was afforded a rare opportunity of displaying his powers of imagery, combined with that musical cadence just spoken of by Mr. Arthur Symons. So much is this the case, that one must have gazed long and steadily into the

crystal of life, before he be able to really appreciate such poignant and touching pictures of the world as seen by him, who—

Forlorn, faint, and stark,
...Endures through watches of the dark
The abashless inquisition of each star.

Well may we marvel at that "wassail of organic imageries" in his closing stanza of "The Mirage."

Eve no gentlier lays her cooling cheek
On the burning brow of the sick earth,
Sick with death and sick with birth,
Aeon to aeon, in secular fever twirled,
Than thy shadow soothes this weak
And distempered being of mine.
In all I work, my hand includeth thine;
Thou rushest down in every stream
Whose passion frets my spirit's deepening
gorge;
Unhood'st mine eyes-heart, and fiest
my dream;
Thou swing'st the hammers of my forge;
As the innocent moon, that nothing does
but shine,
Moves all the labouring surges of the
world.

His love of rural life and rural scenes is expressed in short pieces of composition which poets of greater fame might well envy; and his beautiful portrayal of the emotions of the soul, notably in "The Hound of Heaven," while they would prove what power can live in simple English words, would give the truest picture of him who has, from the publication of his first verses, been ranked among such luminaries as Burns, Crashaw, Patsmore, and many others.

To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the prevading spirit of his poems, is, to put it mildly, an extremely hazardous undertaking. But the soul of Thompson speaks in tones so unequivocal throughout his works, that we may safely look upon them as the faithful mirrors of his heart. We find him there, the uplifting moralist, diffusing the spiritual light to guide and direct, over the dangerous shoals of sentiment and voluptuousness, the earthly pilgrim to the Eternal Shore. His heart,

filled with a contempt for transitory joys, seems to think that to be happy is to be rich, but to be rich seldom means to be happy. But the most remarkable feature of his mind is that nobleness amid simplicity which is so striking in him, and which breathes characteristically through all that he has sung. Indeed, anyone who is even but slightly acquainted with his works would not hesitate to place this as the predominant principle—as the very key-note of his disposition as reflected in his poems. How clearly is this exemplified in his last lines "To My Godchild,"

And when, immortal mortal, droops your
head,
And you the child of deathless song are
dead;
Then as you search with unaccustomed
glance
The ranks of Paradise for my counten-
ance,
Turn not your tread along the Uranian
sod
Among the bearded counsellors of God;...
Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampads
seven;
Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.

His earnestness is at all times intense. If he has an idea to convey, he does so in the simplest and most beautiful language, ever sincere and to the point. It is this characteristic which makes him so delightful to read. There is no useless amplification and playing with words; we feel ourselves in company with a poet who has something sincere to say, and means to say it.

Thompson's feelings were of the most kindly description, and he had nothing more at heart, perhaps, than the temporal as well as the spiritual interests of the poor, hard-working class. The hosts of personal friends whom his works made for him knew him as a straightforward, charming personality; and he had the love and respect of all who were acquaintances of his. His nature was keenly sympathetic, his conversation fluent, and pleasing, quickly responsive to suggestion, illuminated by gentle humor, and occasionally a flash of playful satire.

In one of his latest publications, "New Poems," we find "The Mistress of Vision" probably the most striking. Here, if nowhere else in his writings, one must remark that utter lack of anything gross or material. Without doubt it was the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement that prevented him from yielding to the freedom of language which has sullied the pages of many other poets. His descriptions are lively and intense, but this liveliness and intensity lies more in the ideas than in the words. He is ardent but not unrestrained; buoyant and cheerful, but not wanton. His poetic invention and imagery is most brilliantly displayed in those inimitable passages, which so many have admired for their very originality of conception. Simplicity combined with loftiness of ideal, are the distinguishing features of all his poems, and they interest by their spirituality and innocence, while they fascinate by their beauty; it is this singular beauty of our poet's style, and his close attention to the moral side of nature, that have, indeed, evolved jewels of thought, most exquisitely encased in the choicest language.

His experiences in prose were of a very limited character, only one example having passed into book-form. "Health and Holiness" was the title of this publication, which contained a prefatory note from Father Tyrell. But his success in the sphere of prose-writing was almost wholly confined to his activities as a reviewer. Mr. Lewis Hind, editor of "The Academy," was unreserved in his praise of Thompson's articles and held him in the highest esteem. It was but a short while before the author-poet saw that greater possibilities lay before him with "The Athenaeum," a journal of international reputation, with a large circle of subscribers, among whom were numbered many of the leading literateurs of the day. From then on, his contributions to this paper formed its leading features, and were eagerly anticipated by many.

But this latter undertaking was a task too great for his physical strength and vitality. A fatal illness developed suddenly,

and, in the early part of September, exactly ten weeks before he closed his eyes for the last time, upon the advice of his doctor he left for Storrington, willing to seek the cure which he scarcely hoped to find. Hardly had he arrived there before he realized that his life was rapidly drawing to a close. Upon his urgent insisting he was removed to the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth in London. For some days, indeed, the attending doctors were hopeful of his recovery. But these days of hope soon waned, he began to sink, and, at dawn of November 13th, 1907, breathed his last.

The breaths of kissing night and day
Were mingled in the Eastern heaven;
Throbbing with unheard melody
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven;
When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod
shy,
And souls went palely up the sky,
And mine to Lucide.

THE DREAM TRYST—*F. Thompson.*

His sinking condition had been kept secret from the public, and the tidings of his demise came as a painful shock to thousands in all parts of the country, to whom his estimable character and admirable life, made known to them through his writings, had been a source of inspiration to noble thoughts and deeds. Messages of condolence came from all classes, and poets and authors, reviewers and critics, vied in testimonials of sorrow and regret. The body of the deceased was interred, after funeral rites of the utmost solemnity, in St. Mary's Cemetery, Kensal Green. He is gone, but his fame shall live forever on the earth, as a poet, the real passion of whose life was the uplifting of Humanity, —truly, "one of a small band."

May this short sketch be so fortunate as to find readers whose interest in the life of one who "alone among the younger poets has so effectually proclaimed a mastery of the grand style," may incline them to overlook the deficiencies of its treatment.....

Douglas Archie MacDonald, '26.

Simple Scheming

IN the early part of the afternoon, a well-dressed elderly looking, gentleman, clad in a top hat and grey coat entered the office of Messrs. Crook & Swindler Corporation Lawyers, in New York City. As the boy hurried away with the cane, the respectable old gentleman glanced around the well-furnished office with surprisingly keen interest for one seemingly so advanced in years.

The office boy appeared a few minutes later and informed the prospective client that Mr. Crook would see him at once.

"Good-day, sir! What can I do for you?" exclaimed Mr. Crook, as the elderly gentleman, who had given his name as Thomas Fleecem, entered.

Mr. Crook was a tall thin man with dark hair, small close-set eyes, a rather prominent hooked nose, lantern jaw, and long crooked fingers.

"I want a divorce!" stated Mr. Fleecem, in answer to the senior partner's question.

Mr. Crook looked disappointed. "I'm sorry sir, but we are Corporation Lawyers," he said, pointing to the sign on the door.

"Oh! I shall make it worth your while."

Mr. Crook looked more interested. He took in every detail of the man in front of him; his perfectly tailored clothes, his large diamond tie-pin and his heavy platinum watch chain. Mr. Fleecem looked pleasingly prosperous to the senior partner. Still he answered slowly and dubiously: "Divorce cases are out of our line, Mr. Fleecem and we would have to neglect part of our other business to put a special man to study your proposition."

The client was silent for a moment, apparently weighing what he had heard. Then he spoke: "Would you consider two thousand dollars as a suitable fee?" A

ghost of a triumphant smile played about the corners of Mr. Crook's mouth. "Give me the details of the case!"

They discussed the suit for quite a while. Mr. Fleecem, suddenly glanced at his thin, six cornered, platinum watch and started to his feet.

"I have a very important engagement within a few minutes. I can't stay any longer to discuss the matter, but I shall call in the morning." Then lowering his voice to a whisper and looking around cautiously, he added: "It's with my boot-legger!" "He's bringing over a large consignment and any amount is available." "I could get enough for three or four hundred dollars to stock your cellar. If you take advantage of this offer, however, you will have to give me the money right away, since he gives no credit."

The senior partner promptly decided to take advantage of the offer, opened the safe, withdrew the required amount and handed it to Mr. Fleecem who left looking decidedly pleased with himself.

Next morning the senior partner smiling in his superior way told Mr. Swindler what had taken place the day before; of the large fee and the liquor which he expected to get, and ended by saying "That's more than you can do in a month, Swindler."

The look of amazement which had come over the junior partner's face changed to one of disgust.

"I had hoped that you at least would not be fooled so easily" he said, scathingly, "You'll never see your large fee or your liquor! That man has been going around robbing the ignorant and unwary lawyers for the last six weeks."

Mr. Crook is still waiting for his fee.

—R. A. Timmins, H.S., '25

THE FOREST

A starry sky, a full moon shining bright,
A woodland lake beneath reflecting all,
A moose from drinking pauses and with might
To distant mate unwinds a trysting call.

Kenneth McArdle, H.S., '23.

To Lose and to Win

TO-MORROW was the opening of the Inter-collegiate Rugby League, Winchester vs. Black rock. As a member of the Winchester squad I was unusually excited, since to-day's battle was to mark our advent into senior ranks and on its issue depended the future welfare of senior sports at the College.

After a rather gruelling practice in the afternoon the coach called the squad together for a few words of advice, and ended by reading off the line-up for the big battle. Being rated as a good player, at least so I thought, I expected my name to appear at the top of the list as "full back." But alas! eighteen names were called, and to my astonishment, Ray Wentworth was not among them. "Not even a sub! I, the best player on the team!"

In anger I turned on my heel and sought the seclusion of my room. "Why practice every day and train hard if I don't play? Oh well, I'll quit and join the track team!" But when Tom Sullivan, my room-mate came in, he soon persuaded me that the first game was just a try out, and to calm myself and remain on the squad. Where was my school spirit? Following his advice, I decided not to resign and if I ever did get a game, you can be sure I'd show them how to play!

As if in answer to this resolution, a mop of fiery red hair appeared in the doorway and informed me that coach MacIntyre awaited me down stairs. With rising hopes and bated breath I tripped down the stairway. After all I thought, he was only joking this afternoon—trying to scare me by making believe I wasn't to play. Well anyway, I'd play a fine game!

"Went" he said, for they all called me by that.

"Yes sir?" I answered.

"George Stephens twisted his ankle, and can't sub to-morrow, get in uniform and be ready to take his place. Sharp at 3 p.m."

"Yes sir!" Disgusted and sadly disappointed I went up to my room. I, the best

player on the team, was to take George Stephen's place as sub, the very worst player. Oh well, at any rate, he'd give me half a game at least. And, after all, half is better than none.

To-morrow came after a long, it seemed extra long, night of dreams in which I of course was the hero of the game, accomplishing wonderful feats within the last few seconds of play. The afternoon arrived also, after a morning of day dreams in which I was interrupted once in awhile by a book or a piece of chalk coming my way from the district occupied by the smiling lecturer.

It was a beautiful afternoon and the stadium was crowded; but these things I failed to notice, for I hid in my blanket full of shame that I wasn't called on to start the game. Just then the whistle blew, and the two armies flew into battle. First quarter, the score read 5-0 for Blackrock. Then at the half time the score stood 11-10 still for Blackrock.

At the third quarter it was 11-15 for us. The third quarter and still the blanket was on my shoulders! Oh well, since we're winning, I guess I wasn't needed. Then the coach called, "Went, are you ready?"

"Yes sir,"

"Take Sullie's place at full back. The line is weak, so kick fast and don't side-step, the grass is slippery."

At the next whistle I ran on. Here was my chance to double the score and show them my worth. As we were near the Blackrock ten yard line, a drop kick was called for on the third down and I stood back to take the kick. I caught the ball and was about to drop kick when a Blackrock form leapt toward me. Seeing it was impossible to make the three points, I punted high over his head and made a point over the dead line.

Blackrock brought the ball down to our five yard line, but lost it thereon a fumble. Our quarter called signals for a kick, and again I stood back in position. But ere the leather left my shoe for a low straight kick which would have sent it to the mid-field

or beyond, a Blackrock form flew at me, forcing me to punt high to get past him. It came down not far off and a Blackrock man caught it and ran over for a touch, which was converted, making the score 17-16 for Blackrock when the whistle blew.

We had lost.

Disgusted with myself, I carefully avoided the dressing room and hastened to my room. On the way upstairs I overheard George Stephens remarking, "Yes, it was Wentworth who lost the game." Burning with anger, I was about to go down and make him take it back. But I hesitated, why should I? Could I blame him? What he said was true!

The next day, I quit the team, and as no one said anything I signed up for track. Being in excellent training I hated to spoil it, so I stretched my long legs over the hurdles.

The next game, we won, though I noticed no kicks were called at all. Then Tom asked me if I'd help him with his kicking, as coach MacIntyre wanted him in full back. Every day therefore I spent a half hour kicking the football with him, showing him a few points in dropping the ball, etc. Well if I couldn't play, I could at least kick! And yet what good is a kicker if he's too slow!

Tom improved, and although the kicks were used only when necessary, we won every game. Happening to watch them practise one day, I noticed that the kick plays were most practised and better known. Why all this, if they were not using these plays?

Well at last came the day before the playoff with Blackrock, our only rival for the championship cup. Going over to watch the final practice, I felt a bit down-hearted. If only I had made a good showing that day and could play, even as a sub in to-morrow's game! Oh well, perhaps next year I'd be better.

The coach called "Sullie" over and in a short while Tom came over to me, "Say, Went," he said, "do you mind coming over here a minute, the coach wants to speak to you."

Thinking it was about Tom's kicking, though bashful at meeting the coach for the first time since that game, I went over and before he spoke, I apologized for my poor playing and slowness.

"Went," he said, "do you think you remember the signals? I want you to go in to-morrow's game as full back! You're in good training!"

"Me, sir, after that last game?"

"Why not? that wasn't your fault. I didn't blame you; in fact I praised your quick headwork when you gained us a point rather than try for an impossible three. As I told the fellows afterwards, it was the line's fault, they were too weak. We were all sore at you for quitting, not for your playing. I thought you were angry and didn't like to get the blame when you didn't deserve it. But Sullivan here tells me that you quit for our good. Well if you still wish our good, play for us to-morrow."

In amazement I asked, "And what of Sullie here as fullback?" "That was to keep you in trim for kicking" answered Tom, "my place is in the line, and you can be sure I wont let anyone thru' this time."

Full of hope and gratitude, I practised hard all day, and then heard my name read first on the line-up for to-morrow's game.

To-morrow dawned after a long, it seemed extra long night, full of nightmares, in which I, of course, was the villain of the game accomplishing all kinds of blunders within the last few seconds of play.

It was a beautiful afternoon and the stadium was crowded—but being a modest lad, I'll skip the game and all the cheering and say that we won 17-16. Sneaking away from the field and up to my room, I was afraid to meet anyone. On the way upstairs I overheard George Stephens remark, "Yes, sir, it was Wentworth who won that game." Blushing with bashfulness, I was about to go down and make him take it back, but why should I? Could I blame him for saying that? No! for it was true.

—J. H. Mitchell. '26.

LACROSSE AT LOYOLA



LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW

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1923

MONTREAL, CANADA

No. 9

Editorial

SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

Owing to the fact that we went to press last year before the Silver Jubilee Celebrations had begun we had to await the present issue of the "Review" to record the imposing scenes that characterized those memorable days in the history of Loyola. We have given elsewhere as full an account of these celebrations as the space in this magazine would permit. From these pages it will be seen that everything connected with the celebrations, and this in spite of poor weather conditions, was a perfect success. Besides the elaborate decorations carried out by those entrusted with the decoration of the college and grounds, the skill and untiring energy of Rev. Fr. Rector were largely responsible for this happy result. Others, too, can claim a substantial share in the success, those on the staff of the College, as well as the very many kind friends of the College.

We cannot however overlook the splendid part played by the Old Boys, several hundred strong, who gathered during those days within the walls of their Alma Mater to manifest in a wonderful spirit of love and loyalty their pride and affection for Loyola. This historic meeting was representative of the sons of Loyola of every period within the last quarter of a century, many coming from great distances and at great personal inconvenience.

On this occasion letters of congratulation and telegrams were received from all parts of the Dominion. Two cablegrams came from Rome, the one from His Holiness Pope Pius XI, the other from the Very Rev. Fr. Ledochowski, General of the Society of Jesus. His Eminence the Cardinal of Quebec, His Grace the Apostolic Delegate of Canada, many Archbishops and Bishops, and numerous representative men in and outside the Dominion of Canada sent cables, telegrams and letters of congratulation.

RETREAT ASSOCIATION

It is indeed gratifying to note the marked increase in the number of men, especially young men, who make the sacrifice of a much needed vacation for the toil of a Retreat in the sweltering days of the summer months. We find it a source of great satisfaction also to find the number of Old Boys every year swelling the ranks of these zealous lay apostles. For this is a clear proof that the ideals the Jesuit Fathers would instil into the hearts of the young men entrusted to their care are beginning to bear fruit. The aim and ideal of Jesuit colleges, the world over, has ever been to send forth into the world men not only endowed with sound judgement and keen intellect, but men of upright conscience who will later prove competent leaders in every Catholic endeavour. As we gaze into the future we feel assured of the success of this splendid movement of Catholic activity, built as it is upon the hearts of men who have given such striking proofs of a deep and strong faith. We give elsewhere in these columns an outline of the work accomplished during the past year by this splendid association.

INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATING LEAGUE

Last year we had the pleasure of recording the success which our debating team attained in its initial appearance in the I.U.D.L. The present year has proved no less a successful one, and although we lost to the University of Toronto for the I.U.D.L. championship we may nevertheless say with pride that we were beaten only after a hard fought battle. The fact that our negative team gained a victory at home and that our affirmative team

which travelled to Toronto was beaten only on the narrow margin of twelve points is sufficient proof of this statement.

We cannot say too much of the zeal and earnestness manifested by the members of the debating society throughout the past year. It was this same magnificent spirit of initiative that led the members to meet outside of regular class hours and ultimately to form a mock parliament that achieved notable success during the past scholastic year. The natural and inevitable result of such whole-hearted labour was a marvellous improvement in delivery, coupled with a natural ease of speaking extemporaneously. But above all we feel justly proud when we consider the manly and gentlemanly bearing of our debaters even in defeat, that won the open and unstinted applause of the 'Varsity Debaters, and we feel no hesitation in predicting a brilliant future for men of such calibre.

FOOTBALL TEAM

With a pardonable feeling of pleasure and pride we extend our congratulations to the college football squad that brought back to Loyola and Quebec the title of Inter-collegiate Junior Champions of Canada. But if Loyola accomplished anything it was due in great measure to the untiring efforts and capable coaching of Dr. J. Donnelly, who gave of his own time unsparingly. We take this opportunity of offering him our heartiest congratulations and thanks. Again we had occasion to note the high ideals of honour and true sportsmanship displayed by our representatives in every branch of athletics during the past year. This spirit which has for its ultimate purpose, not victory, but honour, will assuredly always give us victory. Congratulations!

A PICTURE

A scanty chapel, sad with stinted light,
A grey-haired priest in garments gold and snow;
A chalice held in upraised hands gleams bright,
A solitary server bended low.—*Kenneth McArdle, H.S., '23.*

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Great Archaeological Discovery

PROFESSOR TUTOTLER, one of the greatest explorers of modern days has unearthed a world long past and decayed by his recent startling and thrilling discovery of the ruins found near the foot of the great glacier, which we are happy to say is slowly retiring, leaving in its wake the remains of a famous city.

The articles recovered are of rare and inestimable value, the manuscripts are in an unknown, and, according to the Professor, harsh tongue. The letters resemble somewhat the early American, which is now nearly extinct. One sheet, which was rusty with age and in an advanced state of decay contains a jumble of letters of various sizes and shapes, which, the Professor says is being translated into our mother tongue, and which will, he hopes, give us a great gem of literature.

The manuscript follows:

JUG

With fingers ink-stained and numb,
With a desperate careworn look,
A youngster sits in an empty room,
And writes in an empty book.

Writes, writes, writes,
In misery, temper and grime,
On a grubby page that grubbier grew
With Virgil's Latin rhyme.

Line and chapter and book,
Book and chapter and line,
"Did ever a chap," the youngster mused,
"Suffer fate as harsh as mine?"

Writes, writes, writes,
Till noon succeeds to morn,
Till the face is drawn, and the heart forlorn,
"Oh why was Virgil born?"

Just what the lines mean, no one at present can guess.

The ruins are divided into many rooms

and halls of spacious dimensions, which contain many windows and doors. The doors seem to have been opened by force, and not by our modern electrical apparatus. Spread round the various rooms are a number of queer shaped pieces of furniture, consisting of a seat, four legs and a back, which we are told the ancient Pacis-foedians, the people of that period, used for sitting on.

In one of the rooms a curious object was picked up; this being about three inches square, and having on it marks of many knives. It looks something like leather, yet is not tanned and is understood to be, according to the chemist who analysed it, a piece of an animal called the cow, which is said to have thrived on the vegetation then grown on this planet; the species has long died out. This specimen is of great interest to collectors as it gives us a good idea of the then hardy mountaineers who inhabited those cave-like rooms, and who used to roam, savage and uncivilized over the tractless wastes of Mount Royal; men of giant strength, of heavy jaws and iron will, noctambulists all.

The buildings themselves are of the Brick Age and are, according to Dr. Anile, head of the Anti-Hallucination Society and Dr. Longer, leader of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Martians, built after the Elizabethan style, which style derives its name from the Princess Lizzy, one of the many wives of King Edward VIII.

King Edward is said to have wasted both his time and his money in supporting his wives, many of whom he had "beheaded." Just what this word means no one at present knows. Dr. Anile says that it may possibly mean that they had their heads taken off, but Professor Tutotler will have nothing to do with that theory, and points out that the verb "be" before the word "headed," means "to remain" and there-

fore, consequently that their heads must have remained on.

Many of the manuscripts seem to have certain words repeated over and over. Such are jug, exams, prefect, drill, study hall. All seem to have been mentioned with a certain feeling of dread and despair. Just what the terms mean, opinions differ. The word "jug," found as a title on the manuscript first quoted has aroused world-wide interest. Dr. Eschabot believes it to mean "jujube," which is a kind of sugary fruit, but Professor Tutotler points out the evident dread that surrounds it, and he is of the opinion that it is a shortened form for the jugular vein or jew; hence the reason for fear. Other men of science believe that it means the "jug" the note of the nightingale or perhaps "junk" meaning hard salt beef; in fact the specimen of cow already described may be a real piece of junk; or finally that it is really and truly a jug, used to carry turtle soup in.

To this date these are the chief finds among the ruins; it is hoped however that many more rare pieces of art will be discovered before long. A complete list with a

detailed description of each will be given in the next issue of the "Centurial Magazine." The correct translation of the many papyri will also be given and this we hope will give to all a knowledge of the manners and customs of these savage tribes, who lived in that age called to-day the Innocent Age of the World.

P.S.—For the benefit of those tourists who wish to view these last remains of a deserted and forgotten race, of a race full of hockeyian enthusiasm, of rugbyian intolerance, and of base-ballian superstitions; when capital punishment was in vogue; when brother fought brother for the possession of a new tie; when the words "drill" and "C.O.T.C." were enough to quell the most warlike spirit; when the recess bell was a drop of water amid the parched desert of algebraical symbols; and when home brew reigned supreme; for those, we are publishing a pamphlet on how to get there, when to get there, and why to get there.

P.S.S.—The title over the building has been deciphered "Loyola College."

H. Pangman, H.S., '23.

A Jingle

Dingle, Dongle, hear that bell!
Lacking mercy, lacking feeling,
How its echoes sink and swell!

Through the window, round the ceiling.
Up and down the stairs they go,
Shouting "Rouse ye—slumber scorning"
For another term, you know,
Has begun this very morning.

Dingle, Dongle, up you rise!
Drive all dreams to shady places.
Open do, your sleepy eyes,
Take a sponge and splash your faces.

My, that jangle makes me squirm,
Rolling, tolling, still the warning,
Can't forget another term
Has begun this very morning.

Yesterday, and where was I?
Gliding o'er the bounding billow,
Gay beneath an August sky.
Or am I dreaming? Darn that pillow.
Fare thee well, entrancing dreams
I must—there's the second warning!
Yes, another term, it seems
Has begun this very morning.

J. Chevrier, H.S., '23.

The Optimist—A Tragedy

THE belief held by many of our fellow students that an optimist is an eye doctor, and that a pessimist is a practicing chemist, is false. It is true that a pharmacist employs a pestle and mortar, but that doesn't make him a pessimist, though some druggists I know are the most gloomy people imaginable, especially when they talk of the price of drugs; but they don't prove the definition. An optimist, dear children, is one whose views are roseate, who sees only the silver lining....and the pessimist is his antitype.

Henry Arthur Jones, the hero, or rather the subject of this little narrative, was an optimist. The term "was" is used advisedly for Henry has recently bought a Ford. No one ever possessed a Ford and remained an optimist for any length of time.

Shortly after our Hero had bought his car he passed an accessory window bearing a display of apparatus guaranteed to reduce an automobile's gasoline output twenty per cent. The display was compelling and convincing and Henry entered.

"Can you tell me," said he, "if that device can be put on Fords?" The salesman was smooth and learned in the habits of Ford owners. He talked for one interesting half hour, at the end of which Henry departed, a parcel under his arm.

That night Henry plunged deep into cogitation and figuring. "If," he argued internally, "I can save twenty per cent. on one automobile accessory why not buy

several such apparatus and send a bill to the Imperial Oil Company?"

For two weeks Henry bought accessories for his car and finally one bright Sunday in June, he climbed into his car and did some deep thinking.

"Shall I," he ruminated, "go to Niagara and see the falls, or to Gaspe and see the fish? No, I will go to Toronto and see some real fish." So saying, he piloted his car from his little garage in the-in-famous rural community of Notre Dame de Graces, and headed it towards The Camel City, or rather The Queen City.

Some short distance west of Oka the flivver gave a few preliminary coughs and died. Henry got out and lifted the hood just as he had seen people who knew something about Fords do. Yes, the engine was still there. He then crawled under the car and assured himself that some miscreant had not stolen the under-vitals of his most treasured possession. Nothing was now left to do but see if the gas tank was at all empty. This was, of course a mere formality; it was too laughable to suppose that the supply of gasoline was by any chance a bit diminished.

He took his measuring stick from under the seat and dropped it in the tank. The container was not, so to speak, containing.

"Da-da!!! said Henry Arthur Brown, "da-da!!!" (censored)

Then he commenced his two mile walk to a gasoline station. And His Satanic Majesty laughed.

Perpetrated by Edward Burns, H.S., '24

REPOSE

A trickling, foamy rivulet lined with sides
of green
Flowing through a hazel wood that hears
all night
The woodland sounds and songs of birds—
a melody unseen—
Singing for the dawn and welcome light.

Adrian Anglin, H.S., '23.

Father Prefect

"You are old, Father Prefect," the young man said,

"And your hair has become very white,
And yet you make use of the faculty tread—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth" Father Prefect replied to the lad,

"I thought it a horrible shame,
But now that I've mastered the habit,
bedad!

Why I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,

And you seem to be living in bliss;
Yet you turned a Philosopher out from
your door,

Pray what is the meaning of this?"

"In my youth," he replied, "I was like none of these.

I scoffed at the faculty's ruse.
By use of my wits,—an uncommon disease
I escaped from the Faculty's noose."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your eyesight is frayed,

And I cannot make out how you knew it;

Yet you notice the vacancies during parade,
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said the Father, "I memorized names,
And followed the steps of my teachers,
I knew all the wizards of Major League
games,
And viewed all the play from the bleachers."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose,
That your eyes were as wakeful as ever,
Yet I'm willing to vouch, that you never
repose;
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and
that is enough,"
Said the Father, "don't give yourself
airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such
stuff?
Be off, and go down to your prayers!"

—Desmond Walsh, H.S., '23.

NEW PRIESTS



REV. E. G. BARTLETT, S.J.

REV. JOHN KEENAN, S.J.
O.L. 1904-06

REV. MICHAEL ENRIGHT
O.L. 1914-17

A Lecture on Gibbon to the Catholic Laymen's Retreat Association

AS the purpose of this lecture is to prove that Gibbon is a more dangerous foe of Christianity and especially of Catholicism than Voltaire, I begin by quoting four stanzas from Byron's Childe Harold in his famous Third Canto, which has been late styled Byron's "First really great achievement in poetry." That you may better understand the 105th stanza, which I will read first, Lausanne in Switzerland was the place to which Edward Gibbon, who had been converted to Catholicism so fervently that he tried to convert his own father, was sent by that same irate parent to live five years with a Calvinist Minister, who succeeded in obtaining from this 17 year old youth some exterior conformity with Protestantism. Ferney, four miles from Geneva, is the village in which Voltaire, banished from all the cities of Europe, spent the last twenty years of his life. Let me now quote the 105th stanza, as well as three other stanzas immediately following it.

CV.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name;
Morals, who sought and found by dangerous roads
A path to perpetuity of fame:
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which would call down thunder and the flame
Of Heaven, again assailed, if Heaven the while
Of man and man's research could deign do more than smile.

CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
Most suitable in wishes, but in mind
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—

Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents: but his own
Breath'd most in ridicule, which as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
Now to overthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
And doomed him to the zealot's ready Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

Gibbon did not deal in doubts; he was not an honest doubter; he dealt in virulent attacks, based on false views of history.

CVIII.

Yet, peace be to their ashes,—for by them, If merited, the penalty is paid,
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn; The hour must come when such things shall be made
Known to all,—or hope and dread allay'd By slumber on one pillow,—in the dust, Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay'd;
And when it shall revive, as in our trust, 'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

This slumbering in the dust till Resurrection is an erroneous view of many Protestants. The Catholic doctrine is that

Heaven (often through Purgatory) and Hell follow immediately after death.

One great reason why Gibbon seems to me a vastly more dangerous liar than Voltaire is that the latter betrays his calculated mendacity in his private correspondence in which he often gave the notorious advice: "Mentez, mentez; il en restera toujours quelque chose," whereas Gibbon set himself up as an apostle of truth at all hazards, and his admirers have so completely taken him at his own valuation that, as Thackeray says, the mere fact of having been quoted as an authority by Gibbon is a great feather in the most obscure annalist's cap. Gibbon invents a reputation of veracity for obscure and unreliable authorities, who have, in consequence of the Gibbon fraud, since become celebrated. Even if Voltaire had not given that scandalous advice about systematic lying, the whole character of his life and writings, his exemplified combination of meanness, persiflage and audacity would make any sane man distrust him. But Gibbon always poses as an incorruptible judge, who admires all that is noble wherever he can find it. This explains the double fact that Voltaire was, for all honest minds, silenced by Joseph de Masistre's exposure of his mendacity in 1796, only 18 years after Voltaire's death; and that Gibbon is still deemed honest by many sincere, but not up-to-date Catholics. As early as fifty years ago, that is, less than a hundred years after Voltaire's death in 1778, Eugene de Mirecourt published a book the first words of which were: "La queue de Voltaire frottille encore," which implies that there was nothing left of his erstwhile great reputation but a contemptible tail; and Eugene de Mirecourt knew his France, the celebrities of which he so wittily described in his series of booklets, "Les Contemporains." On the other hand, Gibbon sprang into fame two years before Voltaire's death, the first volume of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" having appeared in February, 1776, and his fame is still undeservedly great after the lapse of 147 years.

In the "Irish Quarterly Review," Studies for December, 1919, Mr. Hilaire Belloc exposes very thoroughly and carefully Gibbon's art of misrepresentation, analyzing selected examples of the various sorts of ignorance and falsehood which render his fascinating work unhistorical. Mr. Belloc had proved in two previous articles that Gibbon garbled evidence, did not read his original authorities, and had shown a particular inaptitude to compare dates. In this article he selects a special point, the history of Julian the Apostate, and says: "On this question Gibbon certainly did read all, or nearly all the original authorities available to him. I select a subject on which he took special pains, and which he knew would be a test of his work. I take a piece of description where he was on his guard and where he well knew that any main error of clearly expressed bias would weaken him, and I propose to expose the method whereby under such a test he falsified the story."

Mr. Belloc fully accomplished his purpose. His whole article is replete with minute and telling points, showing his thorough familiarity with the authorities invoked by Gibbon, thus indirectly witnessing to his own immense research.

At page 545 he writes: "Julian the Apostate was a subject upon which the few remaining Catholic critics of the later eighteenth century would expect a devotee of scepticism to enlarge, to exaggerate, to falsify. The modern anti-Catholic still falls into hero worship of Julian the Apostate. There are works such as Megri's in Italian, which are mere crude panegyrics, and even thos modern non-Catholic works which have attempted a saner view, such as the writer in the Cambridge Medieval History, or any of our recent English University authorities, jibe at the plain word *Apostate*, and say all that can be said in favour of the last heathen ruler of the world.

"Now Gibbon was a great artist. That is what lends such charm to his immortal work, and that is what makes its bad history so dangerous to the student. He was far too great an artist to fall into the gross

error—which was also a trap to him—of merely spending himself in praise of a man whose attempted destruction of the Catholic organisation he necessarily applauded, and whose failure he must have regarded as a disaster. Gibbon's whole attitude was necessarily one of exactitude, otherwise he would have carried no weight. A man having a definite, complex, positive and at the same time enthusiastic philosophy—which is the attitude of the Catholic—may carry great weight as an historian while fully betraying the constructive and convinced mood in which he writes. A Calvinist can write a panegyric of John Knox and yet be a good historian. An English Whig can do the same for William of Orange, an English low churchman for Oliver Cromwell. But Gibbon could not speak thus of Julian without betraying his own thesis. For that thesis pretended to a contempt for any fixed and positive creed: and Julian possessed such a creed enthusiastically. Only negatively could Gibbon applaud whatever was negative—merely non-Catholic—in the ideas and actions of the last of Constantine's line.

"More than this, Gibbon was naturally repelled by much in Julian's character. Julian was wholly a man of his time, that is, of the fourth century, in which what we call the supernatural was taken for granted by everybody, Pagan and Christian alike. He heard voices; he saw visions; he delighted in mysterious rites. He was in communion with spirits which contemporary saints properly recognised to be evil—and all this in Gibbon's eyes was childish. Further, Gibbon stood in the full flood of the curiously illogical Liberalism which pretends to be a complete tolerance even of things that would destroy Liberalism itself. It is not difficult to judge of this attitude to-day, though Gibbon has been dead these hundred and thirty years, because there still remain among us in modern Europe a considerable number of men who are the heirs of that spirit. Julian's definitely adopting one side in a religious quarrel—even organising a regular hierarchy and theology for his own side!—seemed, to the mood in which

Gibbon lay, morally distasteful and politically indefensible.

"Both policy, therefore, and inclination pushed Gibbon to the drawing up of such a portrait of Julian as should seem superficially historical and be in epithet and judgment apparently impartial. He was careful to avoid too obvious praise, nor did he feel an inclination to indulge it.

"Of the more value to us are the clear marks of his method when he would falsify history to the disadvantage of the Catholic Church. For here, in a case where he really has read all his material, where he dares not omit things too generally known, we can exactly estimate his method.

"I do not propose to survey the whole six chapters—a twelfth of the entire work—in which Gibbon deals with the great religious crisis of those few years; I take only a small number of points in them, but I examine these under a microscope. Such a piece of inspection will, I trust, be final. The points I choose are none of them individually important; they are concerned with details only, and nothing but a careful study of the original authorities can enable us to see their value. But when one has made that study the result is quite plain. *Gibbon, in all these points, deliberately falsifies; he falsifies with the evidence before him, and he always falsifies in one direction, to wit, the anti-Catholic direction.*

At page 556 Mr. Belloc says: "In both these questions" (the alleged intercepted letters of Constantius, and the supposed identity of St. George the Martyr with the blackguard George, Arian Bishop of Alexandria) "we shall find Gibbon not distorting the truth after a fashion which, unusual in his time, has become very common in our own. This method consists in stating a doubtful or hypothetical thing as a certain historical fact in one's text, so as to impress the general reader, and then dodging the serious critic by tucking away a reference to an authority in a footnote. Those who falsify history in this fashion (and Gibbon was one of the first to do so) avoid the risk of complete contradiction. They safeguard themselves by some annotated allusion to the arguments against

them. But they do not admit this allusion into the text. *There* they boldly state what is, in reality, not more than a possibility or a guess or even a mere fiction.

"I think I ought to point out in conclusion how characteristic it is that Gibbon is not even original in his falsehood. He never is. Of the hundreds of false or dis-

torted historical statements scattered up and down his seven volumes not one can be found proceeding from his own study or critical faculty; all can be traced to contemporary Continental writers, mainly French, whom he copied."

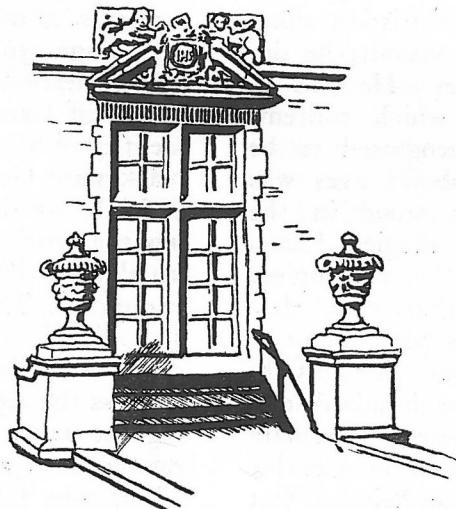
Lewis Drummond, S.J.

MERCI LOYOLA

Trop souvent les collègiens sont ingrats,
Trop souvent ils ne se souviennent pas;
Mirage d'une fausse indépendance,
Appel attrayant de la vie intense,
Tout semble conduire à l'oubli, hélas!
Des frugals plaisirs de l'adolescence.

Mais la classe de mil neuf cent vingt-trois,
Chèr collège te quitte avec tristesse;
Toi qui guidas au bout notre jeunesse.
"Adieu, merci du coeur et de la voix!"

M. Casgrain, '23.





ALUMNI NOTES

ON the evening of May the 22nd, a meeting of the Old Boys was called for the election of officers for the ensuing year. The following were elected:—

Hon. President	Rev. Wm. H. Hingston, S.J.
President	John D. Kearney
1st Vice-Pres.	John Fitzgerald
2nd Vice-Pres.	Frederick Drumm
Sec.-Treasurer	John M. Coughlin
Executive Com.	Rev. Joseph O'Hagan
" "	Rev. Thomas A. Bracken
" "	Walter Cummings
" "	Tom Dillon
" "	Gaston Delisle

Plans for the completion of the memorial rink in memory of the Old Boys who served in the Great War were fully discussed, and the rink is to be completed in the fall.

The College Band was present and contributed selections. President Kearney was in the chair.

On the thirtieth day of April there took place at Loyola College an event unique in the annals of this institution, when ISRAEL CLEMENT TRIHEY, better known as "Clem," was married in the Loyola College chapel to Miss Mary Corinna West, of St. Ignatius Parish. Miss Marjory West as bridesmaid and ERROL COUGHLIN as best man, attended the bride and bridegroom respectively. After the ceremony the bridal party retired to the College Refectory, tastefully decorated by the members of the Athletic Association, where the wedding breakfast was served, after the presentation of an illuminated address

by THOMAS WALSH, president of the L.C.A.A. The students of the Arts Course had occupied points of vantage along the cloister and enthusiastically greeted the newly married couple with rice, confetti and cheers. The College Band did not play. Among the guests were several Old Boys: RUPERT HOLLAND, TERENCE SHIBLEY, JOHN M. and ROBERT COUGHLIN, TONY VANIER, LEO BEAUDIN and GILBERT WALL.

From the College, the party proceeded to the house of the bride for luncheon. The bridal couple left in the evening, after dinner at Mr. Trihey's, for Berlin, N.H., where they are to make their home. We wish to offer once more our sincere congratulations and best wishes to our happy Alumnus and his happier bride. May the College chapel be the scene of many such events.

To catalogue the doings of the Old Boys in and around Montreal would turn the "Review" into a directory. But we must mention a few who have just lately left us and whose careers are yet unheralded. ANDREW BEAUBIEN, '22, is in the office of Marwick and Mitchell, chartered accountants. TAD KELLY, '22, is with the Canada Car Co., and is at present in Nova Scotia on business. He expects to be back in the city about November. GEOFF. PLUNKETT is with the Canadian Pacific Steamships. BILL BRENNAN is in the Head Office of the Imperial Tobacco Co. "SAM" McVEY is with the Phelan Coal Co. ARTHUR WALSH is Assistant Passenger Agent for C.P.S.

JIMMY QUINLAN is in the automobile business, and GERALD is with his father. GEOFF. PENFOLD is with the Northern Electric. MARC CASGRAIN has qualified for the Faculty of Dentistry at the University of Montreal. GERALD BRAY is with the Northern Electric Co. Several O.L.'s will try the bar exam this summer, amongst them GASTON DELISLE, JOHN M. COUGHLIN and HAROLD KAVANAGH. JOHN KEARNEY, re-elected president of the O.B.A., is with the firm of Laflamme, Mitchell and Callahan, criminal lawyers. JOHN M. COUGHLIN and BOB of the same year are with their father. S. McDONALD, also '16 has lately gone to the Atlas Press, with JOHN O'NEILL GALLERY, '17, President, to help John print this "REVIEW." FRANK McGILLIS, '17, with his father in the farm produce business, has lately gone to Regina to open a new branch. JOHN M. CUDDY, also '17, is with the Dryden Pulp and Paper Co., Dryden, Ont.

Last year we had the pleasure of recording the marriage of FREDERICK DRUMM, of the class of '07, to Miss Marie Beaubien. We take greater pleasure in congratulating them on the arrival of a daughter.

Of the Loyola 'Old Boys' in or from Toronto we have a few meagre details. ARTHUR PHELAN is married and working with the "Canadian Railway News." HARRY PHELAN and LOUIS BURNS are also married. RODDY RYAN is with the Burns Coal Co. ART GOUGH is with SELLERS-GOUGH. JAMES LATCHFORD, M.D., is with Mayo Bros., of Rochester, while AUSTIN is making practical use of his B.C.L. BOB ANGLIN and TOM DAY are on their way to the Bar, via Osgoode Hall. JIM McGARRY is at the Novitiate at Guelph.

Of those who have chosen the better part, the REV. JOHN KEENAN, S.J., was ordained in June, 1923 at Montreal, the REV. M. ENRIGHT just recently, May 26th, at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. Their pictures appear elsewhere. CHARLES

BAKER, studying at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, was raised to the sub-diaconate on the same day as Father Enright was ordained. CHARLES McCULLOUGH has just finished his Philosophy at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, and will enter Theology in the fall. His brother BERNARD, S.J., B.A., of the class of '12, is Professor of Physics in one of the Jesuit Colleges in the Philippine Islands. To Father Smith, of St. Patricks Church, Ottawa, we wish to offer our sincerest sympathies on the death of his mother; and to Father Thomas Brady, at Maynooth, who also suffered the loss of his mother.

When THOMAS WALSH steps off the train at Sherbrooke no doubt a distinguished gathering of Alumni will receive him. TED of course will be there, for brokers can usually find time. And the Quebec Central will stop all wheels to allow JACK to attend. JOHN WOLFE, leaving his partner, Mr. McCabe in charge of their Law Office, will be on hand. And if a bank holiday is not declared, the Royal Bank of Canada will be represented by MARCUS MULVENA, while the Bank of Commerce will send two representatives, Mr. O'REILLY HEWITT and Mr. ALF. CAMACHO, at least if Mr. CAMACHO is not playing in the tennis tournament that day.

It might be of interest to Old Boys to publish a list of those who have taken up residence near the College. The list, though only a partial one—and for this we offer apologies—may cause such a migration of Old Boys to the West (Montreal) as to bring about a boom in local real estate. O. L. in the business take notice.

To VINCENT SCULLY, 222 Wilson Ave., we wish to offer congratulations on the birth of an heir. COLEMAN McDONALD also is not far from the College—on Monkland Ave. to be exact—with his wife and family. GERALD COUGHLIN, who has formed a law firm with his brother Eddie, is close by. JOHN FITZGERALD, of Winter Sports fame, is not far away on Melrose

Ave., and is a frequent and welcome visitor. MICHAEL POLAN, ex-'16, is in the parish and is teaching at St. Michael's in the North End. LEO REYNOLDS lives on Wilson Ave., not far from VIN. SCULLY. The BASSERMANS, FRED, WILLIE and BOB, are active promoters and supporters of the new parish tennis courts which are being made on the south-eastern corner of Sherbrooke and West Broadway. COLONEL DOCTOR BOYCE is mentioned elsewhere, having been one of the distinguished judges at the High public debate.

"LOYOLA at the Universities" might be the title of separate article, had we a few more details about the results of examinations. Starting out West, in the University of Manitoba we would no doubt learn that LEO BERNARD is doing credit to his Alma Mater in many lines of endeavor. LEO COLLINS is at the University of Saskatchewan studying law. Old friends will not be surprised to hear that he represented the University on the team that played off with Garnets for the Allan Cup, emblematic of the Amateur Championship of Canada. In Toronto Bob ANGLIN and TOM DAY uphold our reputation at Osgoode Hall. Nearer home at the University of Montreal, ALPHONSE PATENAUME and CHARLES SILVESTRE have completed two years of Law, while PASCHAL LACHAPELLE and PAUL DESY have completed one. Laval University, Quebec, will honor another Old Boy this summer when JOHN HEARN will be graduated from the Faculty of Law.

Should we wish to find our genial JACQUES HERBERT we must go far afield, or better, far a-sea, for Jacques has gone to Oxford to learn a little law.

At McGill University we are ably represented in the various faculties. From the Faculty of Medicine NORMAN MASSE will be graduated this year. In fourth year are WILFRED NOONAN and EDDIE AMOS. In third year, PAUL MASSE; NEIL FEENEY and LEWIS McCLEAN in second,

all doing extremely well. Neil in particular deserves mention, having gone from here into second year in accordance with the special recognition accorded by McGill to our Pre-Medical course. He passed successfully. JOHN QUINLAN is in Commerce. C. C. PHELAN, of "Big Five" fame, having been graduated from the Faculty of Law has been called to the bar, as well as ROY DILLON, who is with the Hon. C. J. Doherty. JACQUES SENECA received his B.C.L. at this year's convocation, leaving behind him F. HUDON in second year and PAUL BAILLARGEON and PAUL WICKHAM in first to carry on the colors. All these successfully passed their year.

In the Faculty of Applied Sciences M. P. MALONE branched off into electrical engineering and has successfully completed his third year with a first-class in one subject, second class in nine others. LEO TIMMINS chose Mining and has also been successful. In first JAMES HEARN and JULES ARCHAMBAEULT also carried off honours. Both obtained a first class in two subjects, the former in Descriptive Geometry and Physics, the latter in Descriptive Geometry and Physics, Laboratory Work. The greatest success in Applied Science has been obtained by ARTHUR CHABOT, B.A., '20. He has completed second year work in a manner that reflects the greatest credit on his Alma Mater, and of which she is justly proud. In all subjects he has gained a first class: he leads his class in five, is second in one other, and third in three others, and the "Review" takes great pleasure in extending to him sincerest congratulations on his splendid showing.

Since the above article went to press we learn with pleasure, details of the success of two of the Old Boys referred to already. with first honours in every subject and first place in five subjects. NEIL FEENEY also took first honours in every subject and finished first in his class, an extremely creditable performance when one remembers that he went from Loyola directly into second year Medicine at McGill.

Loyola's "Other" Old Boys

IF proof is needed that Loyola has the faculty for "making friends," this proof may be offered not alone from those to whom she is the "Intellectual Mother," but alike from those to whom the College also stands to mark a happy and unforgettable stage in their religious life. These are our Retreatants, or to more definitely style them, the members of the Catholic Laymen's Retreat Association.

The Catholic Laymen's Retreat Association continues to flourish. The devotion and zeal of the Fathers of the College vies with the efforts of the members of the Association to accelerate the progress of this worthy phase of Loyola's contribution to the Catholic cause.

The place of their reunions, and the centre from which—at the close of their retreats—they go forth with courage and faith renewed, with an entirely new outlook on life, and with a grasp upon themselves never before possessed, makes the members of the Association regard Loyola as their Alma Mater, and this in just as definite a way as do any of the Alumni, whose relations with the College were established through their coming to her for her liberal gifts of learning.

To the Retreatants their brief retreats at the College and their monthly renewals come as to the desert traveller comes the peace and refreshment of the oasis. From their professions; from the mart and the workshop; and from almost every field of industrial and commercial life, they come. They come to Loyola to be "boys again." But not only as boys for the carefree and untrammeled hours they are privileged to pass within the College walls. Rather, they come to renew the faith of youth and to draw new inspiration from the atmosphere of the College, no less than from the processes of the Retreats and monthly gatherings. And particularly are they enriched by the opportunities for introspection the Retreats afford, and by the facilities given them to approach the Sacraments after a preparation which the busy life "outside" too often denies.

Even the austerity of the Retreat rule remains as a pleasant memory, paradoxical as this may seem. The erstwhile "irk-someness" of silence "external and internal" is recalled with a pride which corresponds to the measure in which the rule was observed. The early hours at chapel, once sheer punishment to the habitual late riser, bring back the sense of a duty done. The searching of conscience, to which the exhortations of the Retreat father impelled rather than suggested and even the inexorable punctuality of the bell,—raucous in its insistence—(with apologies to Mr. Fallon, S.J., be it said) remain as "pegs" upon which hang many a happy memory of Loyola.

The spiritual advantages of the Retreats are incalculable. The moral gain derived from them is so pronounced that the Retreatant offers it as one of the "principal selling points" when "recruiting" for the Association. The physical advantages are not to be ignored: The regime of the Retreat, though measured by a few days in duration, has served many as the basis upon which to lay out a more orderly and a saner rule by which to be guided in their everyday avocations.

This is written by a Retreatant, who is sadly conscious of his own failings and limitations, and of the inescapable conclusion that he is entirely unequal to the task a sense of gratitude and appreciation has caused him to take up. The effort would not be complete, however, unless a direction were mentioned in which even the Retreats, too, fall short of perfection. The Retreatants sing! It is not desired to cast a doubt upon their good intentions, nor to question the measure of their effort to thus demonstrate their zeal, but—despite the heroic efforts of Mr. Mulcahey, S.J.—charity forbids the development of this, just as the desire to be historically complete compels the mention of it.

Five Retreats were held last year, with 104 retreatants. Nine are to take place this year, the first opening on June 23, and the last on August 31.

Following the high mark set by President Edgar Reynolds last year, President John Burns has the Association on its toes this year. "Eclipse all records" he has ordered. He is possessed of tact, to say nothing of a very business-like gavel, donated to the Association by Brother Owen Callary, and particularly significant of the authority in virtue of which Brother Burns has undertaken to secure results.

The Retreat series opens with confidence of a banner year, with each member of the Association ever adding to his high regard for the gentlemen of the Society of Jesus whose love and devotion to His Service causes them to undertake the very real sacrifices these Regtreats entail, and of which this is a humble and entirely grateful record.

—A. A. Gardiner.

Father's Fractions

"PAPA," said a little west end girl the other evening, "I'm in fractions now, but I don't understand them; tell me about some of these examples."

"Certainly, certainly," said the father, "Why it asks here if a man travels 25,795 miles in $25\frac{1}{2}$ days, how many miles will he travel in a day?"

"Say, Maria," said the old man as he looked beamingly at his wife, "doesn't that remind us of old times? La me! it just takes me back to the little old log school house in the woods. Why, Maria I remember one day —"

"But, papa," interrupted the child, "I'm in a hurry. What's the answer?"

"Oh! yes, of course. Give me the example again. Now I have it. If a man travels 25,795 miles in $25\frac{1}{2}$ days, how many miles will he travel in one day? That's an easy one for your Pa. Maria, do you remember the little red-headed fellow who sat in front of you and annoyed you with his bean-shooter, and that hideous little Mary Bennett? and —"

"But papa, what's the answer."

"Oh, the answer; let me see."

The man figured and calculated and said, "Oh!" and "Oh!" and scratched out and began again. Then he put his pencil in his mouth, paused a long while, and at last said: "Maria, I've sorter forgotten about this fraction of a day business; how does it go? "Why, John," said the good woman, "Yuo find the greatest common divisor and —."

"Say, Maria, that reminds me of a joke about the janitor who saw these very words on a blackboard; "Find the greatest common divisor" and he said: "Well, is that thing lost again? Curious how these—"

"But please, papa, what's the answer?"

"Didn't I just tell you, Nellie, that the result would be the answer. All you have to do is to put down the multipic and—multipic and—Where did I hear that word? Why, Maria, it just makes me want to get out and play marbles and hockey and things."

"But Henry, you didn't solve the problem for the child."

"That's so. Well here goes. Twenty-five goes into twenty-five once, twenty-five into seven, no times, and into seventy-nine three times and four left over. And forty-fifths of twenty-five and one-halfths, or 1,031 and one-fifth or —."

"Henry, what are you talking abour?"

"Maria, I started out to find the greatest common divisor of yours, but 'taint no use. I say that any man that would undertake to walk 25,795 miles in $25\frac{1}{2}$ days is just a plain, ordinary, everyday fool. He can't do it."

"But papa what's the—."

"It hasn't got any answer; just say to your teacher that it is preposterous—the idea of a man taking such a pedestrian tour as that. Truth is, Maria," he added confidentially to his wife, "I never did know much about fractions."

Loyola College

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College Spirit at Loyola To-day

BEHOLD Loyola College of to-day basking in the light of intellectual progress. Behold Loyola of today advancing with rapid strides in every art and science, and then let us ask ourselves the simple question, who brought out of the oblivion, the insignificance, the utter darkness—who drew forth from the unknown seclusion of obscurity the fame and glories of Loyola? The present day students would point to that resoluteness of heart, that nobleness of mind which so eminently distinguishes the faculty and student body of Old Loyola. They alone did it who were capable of doing it. They encountered the burdens and trials of establishing a firm basis, they took Loyola in its infancy and were the guiding spirit which led her safely from among the rocks of circumstances and fate—and out of such unpromising elements they elaborated during many toilsome years the college which is our pride and glory to-day.

I have chosen as my theme of discussion, College Spirit. I shall not trouble you with any laboured analysis of the meaning of the term "spirit." If you wish to know what college spirit is, I should say read the history of any far-famed institution. It is the element in which a noted college lives and progresses and has its being; spirit that wakens and flashes around the course of a college like phosphorescence in the wake of a ship. It is nowhere absent; it plays about the surface and sometimes disappears only to reappear. I am not speaking of something exterior, but of that deeper and delicate quality suggestive of willing sacrifice and essential interest and ambition which alone deserves the name of spirit.

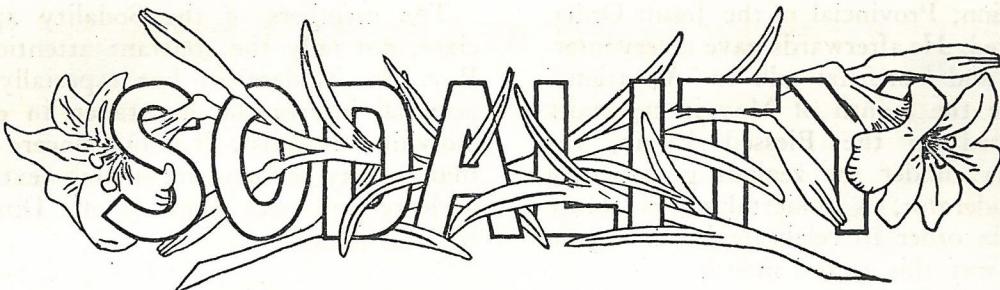
Now, we have arrived at the most important part of our discussion. The question at issue is namely, "Is the present Loyola spirit equal to that of the students of the pioneer period and worthy of the old boys? Truly, I in my own humble opinion am thoroughly convinced that the

spirit of Loyola of to-day is itself the same as was so nobly displayed in by-gone days. The ambition to see Loyola foremost in every field which embraces college activities animates the bosom of all the students. The spirit of sacrifice is ostensibly shown, when in preference to other more enjoyable amusements, one sees the majority of the student-body go to cheer on and encourage their fellows on the rugby field, on the ice and on the debater's platform. Furthermore, one acquainted with the college undertakings cannot help but observe the hours which are sacrificed to athletic practices, to concert rehearsals, to securing advertising matter for the "Review" and also to obtaining subscribers and articles of literary merit for publication, not for any individual interest or reward but with one motive in mind, "Loyola first and foremost."

Loyola's foundation rested with the Old Boys, whose work and spirit of enterprise we so proudly applaud; ours was the task to complete and polish off, as it were, this remarkable institution. Under the sincere and ever zealous leadership of the Faculty, we have constantly step by step acquired new honors. Canada's leading University, McGill, in a most complimentary manner has recognised Loyola as a college producing scholars to do her honor. In testimony of their high esteem for the College, the learned doctors of this University have granted the graduates of Loyola the privilege of entering the field of science and medicine at McGill and of shortening their course by at least two years.

Many other examples of Loyola's newly realized achievements could easily be enumerated, but I think I have said enough to prove that the college spirit of Loyola of to-day has kept faith with that of yesterday by carrying on that ideal motive which is the bond uniting us in one common cause, the glory of our "Alma Mater."

James Richard Carroll, '26.



ON Saturday, September 23rd, the first meeting of the Resident Students Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for the scholastic year 1922-1923 was held in Philosophy Lecture Hall. Rev. Fr. De La Peza presided. The following major officers were elected:

Prefect - Thomas J. Walsh	'23
1st Assistant Horatio P. Phelan	'25
2nd Assistant John Malloy	'23

At a subsequent meeting of the major officers the following officers were elected to the council of the Sodality:

Secretary - Edward A. Anglin
Asst. Sec. - Lawrence Bartley
Treasurer - Pedro Suinaga
Asst. Treas. Dent McCrea
Consultors - Anthony Des Lauriers
" Gerald Anglin
" George Mill
" Lester Shiels
Master of Candidates } Francis McNally
Sacristan - Gilbert Tynan
Asst. Sac'n. William Leacy
Choir Master Albert Fregeau
Organist - Hector Prince

Every Saturday afternoon (with one or two exceptions when they were held on Sundays) the regular weekly meetings of the Sodality were held in the Domestic Chapel. The members gathered to recite "The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary" and to listen to a short and most practical sermon by Rev. Fr. Moderator. Throughout the year the meetings were very well attended by all the members and keen interest in the welfare of the Sodality was shown by everyone.

As is generally the custom during the nine days immediately preceding the

feast of The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, the sodalists united in making a novena in honour of our Blessed Mother.

The eighth of December, now traditionally known in Loyola as "Sodality Day" was celebrated in the usual fitting manner. Both Sodalities working in unison, participated in the day's celebrations.

The Sodalities attended High Mass in a body at 7.30 a.m., and it was noteworthy to mention that all without exception approached the Holy Table. Mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Rector and he was assisted by Rev. Fr. De La Peza as deacon and Mr. Kennedy, S.J. as sub-deacon.

At 4.30 p.m., the student body gathered in the main corridor of the junior building where an elaborate scheme of decoration had been carried out. The beads were recited and hymns sung before a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The Faculty, Sodalists and Students then went in procession form to the College Chapel where the solemn Reception of the new members took place. Rev. Fr. Austin Bradley, S.J., gave an eloquent sermon depicting the devotion a Sodalist should have for our Blessed Mother. At the conclusion of the ceremonies Solemn Benediction was given by Fr. Bradley.

At 6.30 p.m., all the Sodalists together with the faculty and twenty-six newly received members attended a "Sodality Banquet", Fr. Rector, Fr. De La Peza, the prefects of both Sodalities and the members of the faculty who were present occupied the head table. Following dinner, at 8.30 p.m., a most enjoyable concert was held in the College auditorium.

On March 21st a special meeting was held in the College chapel at which Rev.

Fr. Filion, Provincial of the Jesuit Order, officiated. He afterwards gave a very interesting and beneficial talk on "Vocation."

Since the month of May is especially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the Sodality, under the zealous guidance of its moderator, is undertaking elaborate plans in order to celebrate in an appropriate way this special month.

The members of the Sodality appreciate, not only the constant attention of Rev. Fr. Moderator, but especially the personal interest he has taken in every individual Sodalist. It is our sincere wish that we may be fortunate enough next year to have him once more as our Director and true friend.

—E. A. Anglin, Sec. '25

THE NON-RESIDENT STUDENTS' SODALITY

TWENTY-SIX very successful meetings were held this year under the direction of the Moderator, Rev. Fr. Hingston, S.J. At the beginning of the school year the officers of our section of the Sodality were chosen as follows:

Prefect	- - -	Denis Malone.
1st Assistant	- - -	Edward McCaffrey
2nd Assistant	- - -	Paul Laplante
Secretary	- - -	Raymond Boyer
Treasurer	- - -	Brendan Cloran
Sacristan	- - -	Richard Gloutney
1st Councillor	- - -	Gerald Gleeson
2nd Councillor	- - -	Paul Casey
3rd Councillor	- - -	Basil Cuddihy

Every Wednesday morning the Sodalists gathered to recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin after which the Moderator spoke for a few minutes on some subject instructive and practical for all present.

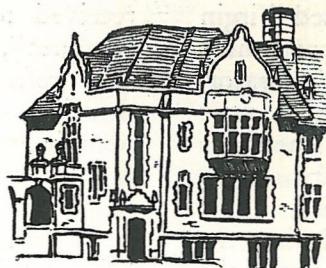
We had the pleasure at different times during the scholastic year of hearing Fr. Drummond, S.J., and Fr. G. F. Bradley, S.J., both of whom gave brief and very useful instructions. At a joint meeting of the Resident and Non-Resident Students'

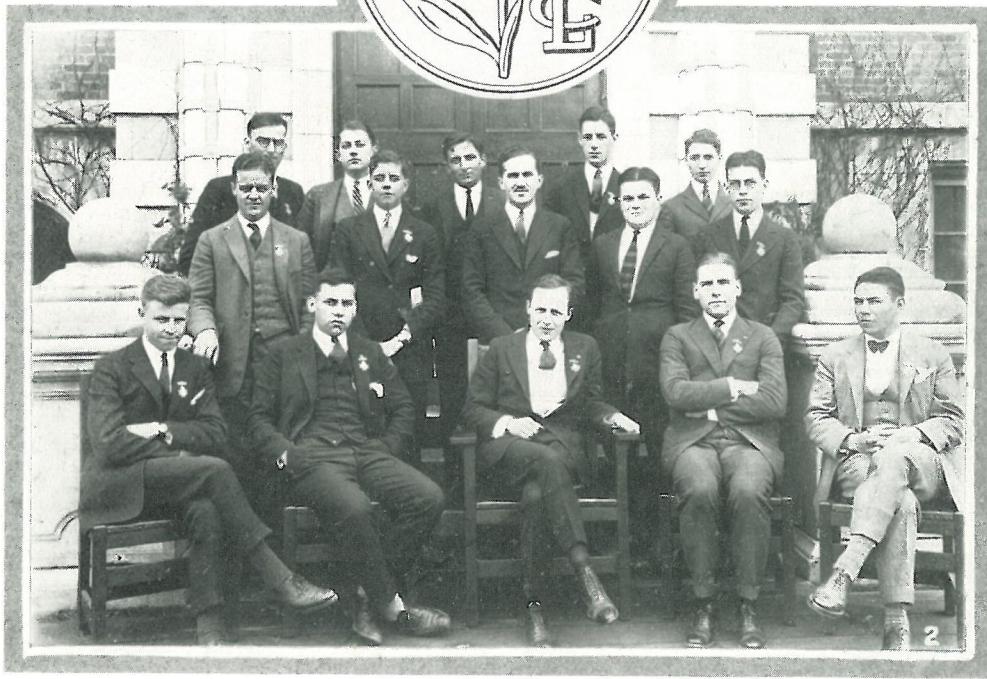
branches of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, Rev. Fr. Filion, the Provincial of the Jesuit Order in Canada, treated in a very interesting way the activities of the Sodality.

The Sodality members received a severe blow in the death of their Sacristan, Richard Gloutney, who died very suddenly on April 10th. He passed away almost immediately after an operation for appendicitis. His death is the first one among the students for many years, and, for his sterling character, he is regretted by all who knew the splendid qualities that endeared him to them.

At the end of our Sodality year, we wish to thank Rev. Fr. Hingston, S.J., for the time he has so generously given us and for the interest he has always shown in the Sodality of which we are proud members. We sincerely trust that he will be with us next year and we are looking forward once again to the weekly gatherings in honor of Our Lady under whose protection and patronage these meetings are held.

—Brendan Cloran, H.S., '23



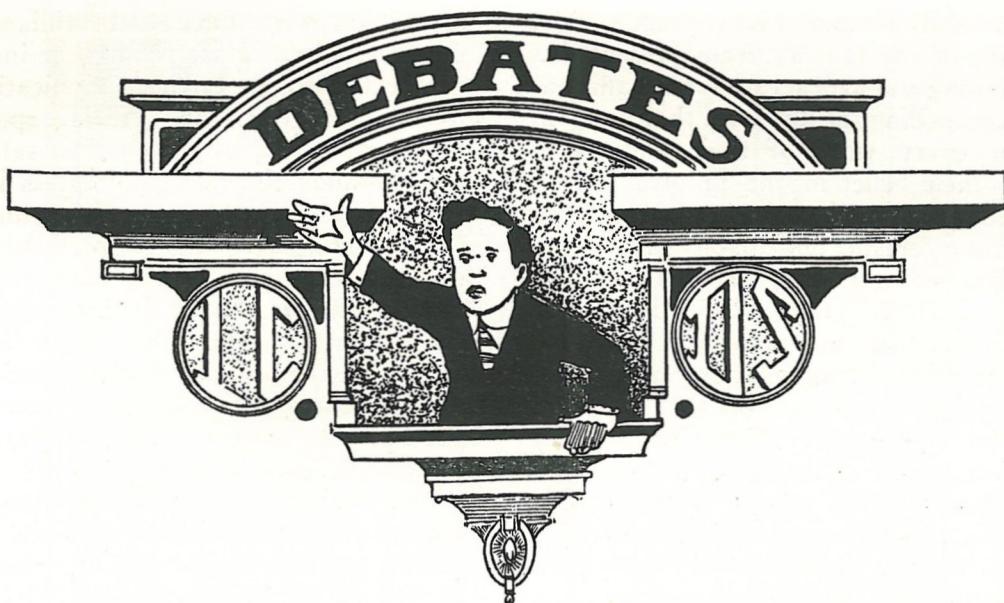


ABOVE—OFFICERS OF THE NON-RESIDENT STUDENTS' SODALITY
BELOW—OFFICERS OF THE RESIDENT STUDENTS' SODALITY

Diary

- Sept. 6th Tramways bolster up service to Sherbrooke Street West. Really, has Jimmy Corcoran grown? I and II Arts to be located in cubicle to give High School a chance to watch the passing trains.
Some changes have taken place among the Faculty.
Father Primeau goes to Guelph to change places with Father William Dunn, a former professor on Drummond St. Father Francis J. McDonald, Bursar last year, becomes Prefect of Discipline, while Fathers Cloran and Austin Bradley take charge of II High. Father Downes returns from Poughkeepsie to guide the destinies of Sophomore.
Mr. Antoine Wendling, B.A., '22, will look after I High. Of those who have left, Father Francis D. McDonald has gone to Belgium for a year's study of the Institute. Messrs. William Bryan, J. S. Holland, James Howitt and Leo Nelligan proceed to the Immaculate to take up their Theological studies.
- Sept. 7th School year begins with Mass of the Holy Ghost, celebrated by Rev. Father Rector. Afterwards promotion lists are read and the class room receives our presence and the professor our embrace. In the P.M. we are kindly reminded of the mid-term exams. by the presence of a test.
- Sept. 8th The new boys are invited to the study-hall and there given a chance to display their knowledge of the French language.
- Sept. 9th Ho! Trumpets, sound a war-note,
Ho! lictors, clear the way,
The cook has left,
And we're bereft,
There'll be no meals to-day.
- Sept. 10th Dessie Weir decides to come in for a few months' rest.
- Sept. 12th More worry for some—piano lessons begin.
- Sept. 13th Dust in the cubicle dormitory scattered and three months' silence shattered by the return of ye college lads "before 9 o'clock."
- Sept. 14th Mass of the Holy Ghost for the College Course. Reading of Promotion Lists, a short visit to the class, then a longer one to the campus. WE learn from I High English test that there are three kinds of clauses, "Subordinate, Co-ordinate and Inordinate."
- Sept. 15th "The country rings with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms." C.O.T.C. re-organized. Major Edgar Reynolds in command, assisted by Capt. E. P. O'Brien. Raphael Nunez pays a short visit to the College.
- Sept. 16th All say the Litanies together for the first time.
- Sept. 17th Kappa Pi Sigma elect officers. President, Tom Walsh; Vice-pres., G. F. Anglin; Sec., C. Scott; Treas. H. P. Phelan; House Committee: P. Suinaga, A. Deslauriers, and A. Magann; Bouncers: A. Fregeau, Jim Maloney, Bill Donovan.
- Sept. 18th First Senior Rugby practice. Very good prospects. Father Earles lectures.
- Sept. 21st K.P.S. Initiations. The Sheik leads his band to the royal toe.
- Sept. 22nd Senior Team picked for to-morrow's game. First Choir practice.
- Sept. 23rd We succeed in defeating Westmount Intermediates 6—4. Father Cloran gives us a very heart-felt talk on the Blessed Sacrament.
- Sept. 26th Annual Retreat. Father Knox was the preacher. We enjoyed him because he was so friendly.
- Sept. 29th We listened to a very fine sermon on the "Passion of Our Lord."
- Sept. 30th Retreat closes with General Communion. Many day-boys attend. Papal Blessing and Benediction.
- Junior City Championships. We come home disappointed, but our sadness changes to joy when the Track Team waltzes in with the Cup. The Cup is presented to Rev. Father Rector after supper. Then a snake dance in the quadrangle.
- Oct. 1st Back to Standard Time. C.O.T.C. make a fine showing on parade.
- Oct. 2nd Lachine bows to superior Rugby of Juniors, 6—0.
- Oct. 3rd. Smoker meets to discuss the purchase of "Clem's" victrola. Places are given in chapel.
- Oct. 8th Training table for Football Squad.
- Oct. 9th Mock Parliament decides many important questions.
- Oct. 11th Fond hopes realized. Our well-coached Rugby Team dazzle McGill, romping away with a 13—5 victory. "Fat" Fregeau and McNally work overtime as cheer-leaders.
- Oct. 18th MacDonald College falls a victim to our plays 27—5.
- Oct. 19th First snowfall.
- Oct. 25th Snow and rain, but they didn't prevent the Seniors from trimming McGill at the Stadium 7—4.
- Oct. 28th The Seniors again defeat MacDonald College 13—5. Getting ready for Sherbrooke. It's a small place, but oh my! Jimmy Corcoran's Intermediates begin a string of victories.
- Oct. 29th Why were there so many late from the Cubicle Dormitory? We were adjusting our wing collars in honour of the "Duke."
- Nov. 1st How very katish, bah jove! Sailors' Concert at Catholic Club—Great success—Ask Hector Prince, he knows—Maloney and McMahon join the police force—Roger thinks "Oh, what a beautiful night for a stroll with Mary."—"Bill" Donovan says "Wait till the cows come home."—Sailor talent galore.—The West Sisters charming entertainers—Ray Fregeau, the cicerone—Eric Zimmerman still in the limelight—Tremona Jazz Band makes its reputation—Big crowd—Holiday—Everybody happy, Everybody gay.
- Nov. 2nd Fine day for a camera—What do you think?—All snapped on the campus.
- Nov. 4th Off for Sherbrooke—All the stations on way "Hoikety choiked!" Dinner at the College and Rugby for 2 hours 37 minutes afterwards. Of course, we won 27—10. Supped there and then enjoyed the hospitality of John Murphy's family. Back to the car after afine night's entertainment.
- Nov. 5th Team arrives home dead tired. Thank goodness, there's a holiday to-morrow, what?
- Nov. 6th Thanksgiving Day. Who said we were tired? Anyhow, sleep-ins are a thing of the past.
- Nov. 8th Intermediates trounce North Branch Y.M.C.A.
- Nov. 11th Bishops again succumb to our wiles, 27—0. Let's go to Ontario. Sure, lend me a geography, somebody.
- Nov. 16th "Happy" McLaughlin, ex '16 former Hockey and Rugby star, dies after a lengthy illness.
- Nov. 19th American Football holds sway on the Campus. No casualties.

- Nov. 24th "Red" O'Connor goes home. Isn't he lucky? Of course, he took the Team with him.
- Nov. 25th Team entertained by Mr. O'Connor. Off to Scarborough Beach, overcame McMaster, 11-1, then back to see the Argos—Queens game. The Newman Club invited us to a The Dansant (whatever that is). Tom Day ex-'23, had us over at his home. Great time. By the way, we're Junior Inter-collegiate Champions of Canada.
- Nov. 26th Wonderful welcome on return. College Bus No. 1 in evidence.
- Nov. 27th Dr. Kennedy gives us a line on a few well-known personages. Gaston De Lisle gives an eloquent talk on "The Premiers of Canada" to the College Debating Society.
- Nov. 29th Hughie makes two pieces of toast at once and blows out a fuse. There's nothing funny in that.
- Dec. 2nd Even the camera couldn't down the Team, so the picture must be retaken.
- Dec. 5th The K.K...K.
- Dec. 7th "The Grynne" makes its first appearance.
- Dec. 8th Immaculate Conception. Solemn High Mass. Sodality candidates received in the afternoon; then followed the Banquet. Entertainment afterwards.
- Dec. 13th Hockey season opens: 4th High beat Freshman 5-3. Another edition of "The Grynne".
- Dec. 20th College chapel repainted.
- Dec. 22nd Christmas vacs. begin.
- Dec. 26th Gabriel Villada writes from Cuba. Working for Royal Bank.
- Jan. 8th Hello, Loyola!
- Jan. 9th Elocution Exams. More gestures made than notes given.
- Jan. 13th Juniors defeat Nationals 2-0.
- Jan. 18th Charlie Downing again at his post handing out uniforms.
- Jan. 19th C.O.T.C. Review.
- Jan. 20th Juniors tie Westmount 1-1.
- Jan. 21st Wonderful radio concerts being broadcasted—Joe Beaubien tunes in and hears some marvelous things.
- Feb. 3rd Very good skiing and snow-shoeing***ask Frank Burns.
- Feb. 4th Father Prefect succumbs to "La Grippe."
- Feb. 5th He passes it on to Fathers A. Bradley and Cloran, and Messrs. Kennedy and Keating. All out to see All-Stars win over Granites 2-0.
- Feb. 6th We're beset by epidemic of sleep-ins. Everyone keeps well.
- Feb. 7th Why so pale, fond student, Prithee, why so pale? Orals tell the tale.
- Feb. 8th Father Prefect back to earth. All faces wear smiles (genuine and otherwise.)
- Feb. 10th "Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face, Nor hath constrained laughter and grace." Reading of First Term results.
- Feb. 12th Under exceptionally good management the Smoker Banquet becomes a fact. Sweet remembrances!
- Feb. 14th "And wisely tell what hour o' the day The clock does strike by Algebra." Fortunately, said one Freshman, he hadn't taken Trig, or he might have done something still more wonderful.
- Feb. 18th Sleep-in rudely disturbed by C.O.T.C. Exams.
- Feb. 19th Loyola Maroons defeat Shamrocks 7-1.
- Feb. 22nd The Canadian Club, under Tom Walsh, Dannie Mulvena and Gerry Anglin ably entertains the representatives of the neighbouring Republic.
- Feb. 24th Ed. Scully badly hurt in street car accident. Boys go to the chapel to pray for his recovery.
- Feb. 26th Inter-University Debate. Ray Phelan and Francis Villela emerge victorious here, while Tom Walsh and Archie MacDonald do the same at Ottawa.
- Mar. 3rd Juniors tie Victoria in over-time game.
- Mar. 4th Many hoarse after yesterday's game.
- Mar. 5th Hard luck. Lost Debate—lost Hockey.
- Mar. 16th IV High Specimen—Ask Freshmen how good it was—Harpin astonished us all with his marvellously rapid addition.
- Mar. 21st Many out preparing for Easter vacs.
- Mar. 22nd Rev. Father Provincial visits the classes and finds out how little we know.
- Mar. 28th Why so glum! How they hate to leave College after dinner?
- Apr. 5th We learn in the Rel. Instr. test that "there's a 'momentum' for the living and a 'momentum' for the dead" in the Mass.
- Apr. 10th Novena to St. Joseph commences. Jack Mallory and Della dive into silver nitrate wholesale.
- Apr. 12th II Grade French test: "Enfoncerait ce pieu dans l'oeil du cyclope pendant son sommeil" is rendered thus: "Forced this stake into the eye of the Cyclops holding his eyelash," "Je le fis degrossir" means "I had the grease taken off."
- Apr. 13th Richard Gloutney, a IV High student, dies suddenly. Much sympathy shown the bereaved family by the boys.
- Apr. 14th Numerous visits to the chapel. Baseball season open for the Juveniles. Keen competition to see who'll break the first window.
- Apr. 17th 40 Hours' Devotion begins. 10 Drill Instructors out, very few students missing.
- Apr. 18th Rector's Day. Solemn High Mass. Banquet at noon. "The" Band serenades Father Rector after supper. Tom Walsh represents the College and speaks the thanks of the boys to the Rector who returns the compliment to his large "family."
- Apr. 19th The Boxers win in the semi-finals. "Moses" hasn't taken part yet. Probably waiting for his opponent to grow up.
- Apr. 21st "Nicotine Follies of 1923" a huge success. All the Boxers lose in the finals. Whose nose was it, Hector?
- Apr. 24th C.O.T.C. Banquet. Great applause from Dent.
- Apr. 26th Even little boys passing can't help from following Mr. Graf's interesting lectures. Great rush for the chapel—the "Duke" breaks all records. Noster Band broadcasts from *La Presse*. Everybody listens in. First Ball game. George Mill tries out as pitcher.
- May 2nd "Oh for a horse with wings!" said Cuth Scott as his horse lay down on the campus. But the brute didn't die this time. It was just trying to trap "Red" O'Connor, at least that's what "Red" thought.
- May 3rd Skelly hears the first bell for the first time.
- May 4th C.O.T.C. begin shooting in real earnest.
- May 5th Israel Clement drops in for a short chat.
- May 7th Elocution Exams. Study-Hall houses the First Highs for their gyrations.
- May 8th Cadets limbering up for their inspection. Walter Stanford is platoon commander, isn't he?
- May 11th Gerry Robertson comes to College for a haircut.
- May 13th Fine exhibition of Lacrosse against Caughnawaga. Bill Power nearly loses his scalp. Many outsiders come to the game.
- May 15th Rain—Let's sell Review—Philosophers have decided to get up and stay up early.



DURING the year, the members had the opportunity of becoming intimate with the details of parliamentary life and besides listening to many spirited debates, quite a few interested situations cropped up, such as the attempted unseating of a minister on grounds of nationality.

Looking back over the past year, we feel justified in saying that the new departure has been very satisfactory and that the establishment of such a society augurs well for the development and perfection of oratorical talent at Loyola.

The following Officers were elected at the first meeting of the Debating Society in September:

President - Thomas Walsh.
Vice-President Michael J. Collins.
Secretary - Edmond Brannen.
Councillors - Anthony Des Lauriers.
 Gerald Gleeson.

THE year of 1922-23 brought about in our Debating Society a change that has been unprecedented in the annals of the College. Instead of having the option of joining either class of elocution or the Debating Society, as in the year previous, public speaking has definitely become an obligatory subject in the arts' course, while the debating society still remained an

optional subject. Furthermore the debating society was to be carried on outside of class hours. After the election of officers it was decided by unanimous vote that the debating society should take the form of a mock parliament for the present year.

Although at first these radical changes did frighten the less interested, yet, as the realization of the success that was following in the wake of the newly formed society grew, our enrolment gradually increased from thirty to about seventy members.

Our first session under the direction of our Moderator, Fr. Austin Bradley, S.J., took place with a pomp and ceremony that well befitted Ottawa. The speech from the throne was read by The Rev. the Rector and in it were embodied many vexed questions of the day.

LOYOLA AT OTTAWA

In the first round of the debating battles, Messrs. T. Walsh and A. MacDonald easily proved themselves the superiors of the affirmative team of Ottawa, University. The forensic warriors from the Capital City put up a hard and courageous defence against the onslaughts of our speakers, but in the end were compelled to award the honours in the clash of intellects to the representatives of the Province of Quebec.

Mr. Malson and his colleague, Mr. Ahearn, of the Ottawa team presented a very strong and logical case for the affirmative, compelling the audience that hung on almost every word of their address to renew their belief in the progress of the eighteenth century. Bringing abruptly to the front certain undeniable progressive elements of our age, the Ottawa debaters declared that the advance in the intellectual and moral sphere had been as great, if not greater, than a corresponding movement in the realm of material progress. The Capital City speakers would easily have secured their point had not the attack of the Loyola team been so strong and so directed as to destroy the last bulwark of its opponents. Throwing forward all their energies in a last indictment of our so-called civilization, Mr. Walsh, ably supported by his experienced colleague, Mr. MacDonald, left the affirmative almost without an argument. The nineteenth and twentieth centuries seemed very poor indeed after the Loyola men had finished with the final status of this age in the history of progress.

The victory of Loyola's representatives was noteworthy inasmuch as it settled the question of our participation in the final round. The debating team had a difficult task before them in invading the enemies' territory, a task increased tenfold by reason of the outstanding abilities of the Ontario speakers; yet the negative carried all before them in a storm of argument and eloquence, thereby assuring their Alma Mater an opportunity to show her worth in battle with the largest University of the Dominion.

BISHOPS UNIVERSITY AT LOYOLA

While their colleagues were snatching forensic honours from Ottawa University at the Capital, the Loyola affirmative team, composed of Messrs. Phelan and Villela, administered the *coup de grace* to their rivals from the Eastern Townships. The Bishop's University debaters, Messrs. Savage and McQueen, though handling their

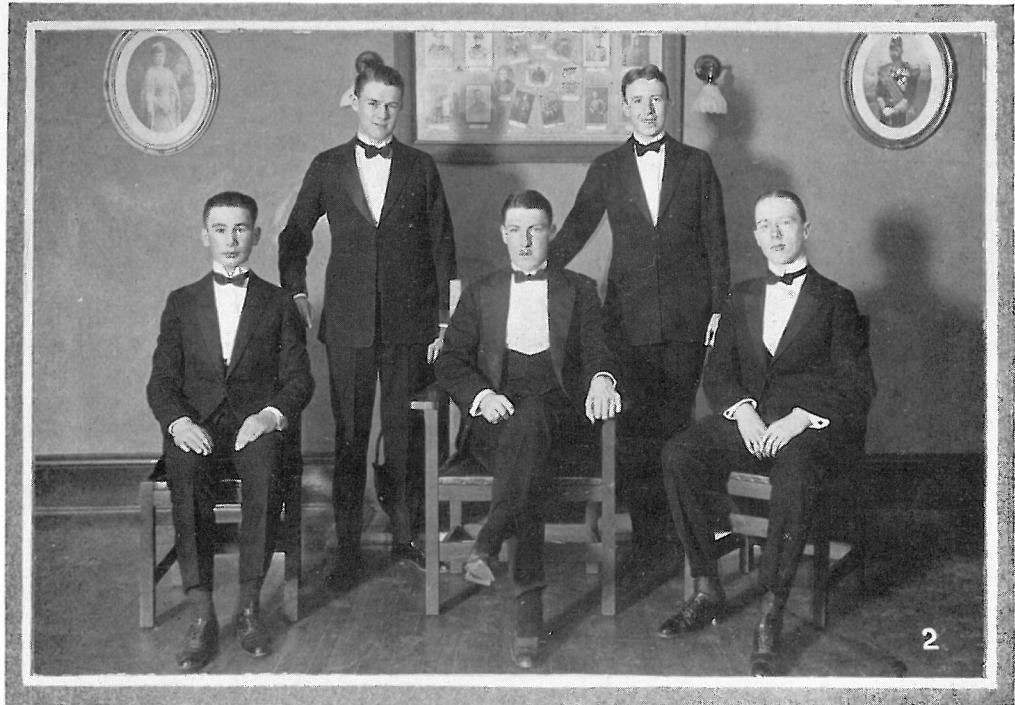
contention with force and brilliancy of manner, did not quite possess the impetus to break through Loyola's vindication of modern progress. Mr. Villela, speaking first for Loyola, established on safe and sure grounds the fact of progress in the world to-day, enlarging on his argumentation by bringing to his support the accumulated knowledge of the past two hundred years. Mr. Phelan, rising to support his team mate in the stand for our civilization, added to the affirmative's position a special generalization of those forces that yet operate for good in every channel of life to-day.

The Bishop's University pleaders, brilliant and sound as they certainly were, could not overthrow the fundamental arguments of their rivals. Mr. McQueen, speaking last for the Lennoxville University, was particularly good, adding to a forceful and well delivered address, a touch of humour that was a great relief. His frequent sallies at ocean grey hounds, as being typical of present day civilization, were received with prolonged applause by the audience.

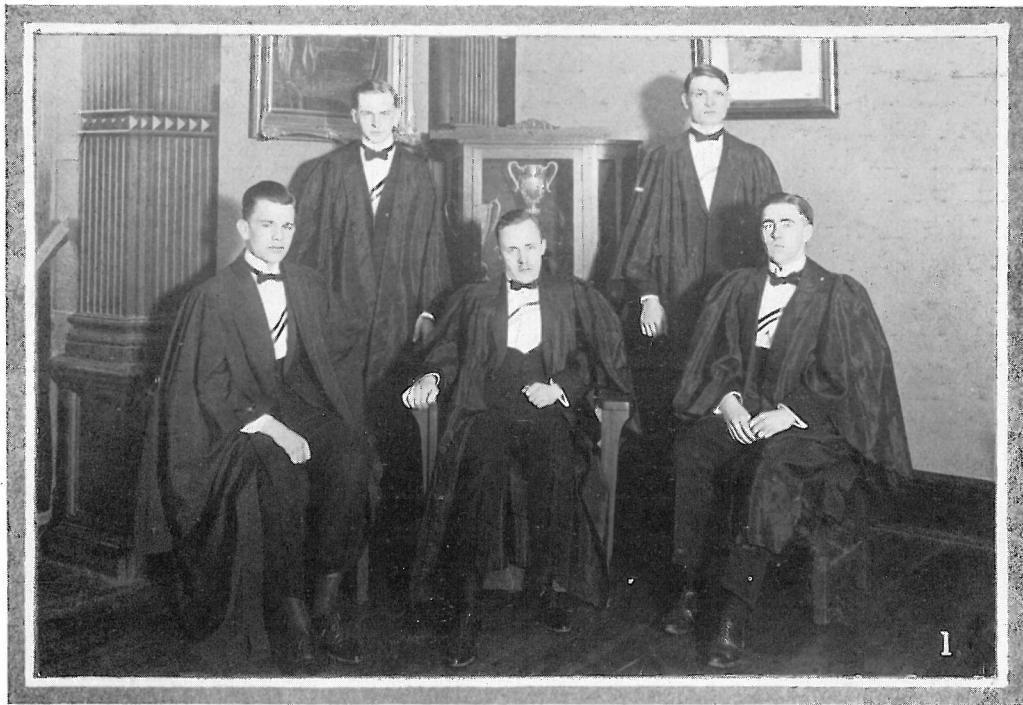
Rt. Hon. C. J. Doherty presided and Sir Andrew McPhail, Chief Justice Martin, and Hon. J. L. Perron judged the merits of the different cases presented. Mr. Lyle Evans rendered very cleverly some selected humorous songs while awaiting the judges decision.

TORONTO AT LOYOLA

The result of Loyola's battle in Montreal with the best oratorical and intellectual talent of the University of Toronto were of such a nature as to cause deep surprise in Canadian scholastic circles and at the same time to disarm the unjust criticism of those who delight in ridiculing the utility of educational methods as employed in Jesuit colleges. On the night of the fifth of March, the reputation of Loyola's ability to compete with the highest talent that other and larger universities could produce was established beyond doubt. Loyola not only came out of the struggle a victor but also with her claim to a primary



HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING TEAM



INTER UNIVERSITY DEBATING TEAM

position among Canadian universities completely justified.

From the point of view of the spectator there was little to chose between the two teams, Mr. Dymond of the University of Toronto quite winning the admiration of the audience by the brilliancy of his presentation, while Messrs. Walsh and MacDonald of Loyola, upholding the negative position, had a slight margin over their opponents in the matter of arguments. The Ontario team possessed in the person of Mr. Page a very capable speaker and one who did not show the tendency of his colleague to lay more stress on the presentation of the argument than on the argument itself.

Mr. Dymond of the Ontario University rose first to maintain the affirmative and in the speech that followed he presented with an almost perfect manner the case for the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. While pressing to the front the improved methods of dealing with criminal life and the courage displayed by modern legislatures in that regard, he gave some strength to the position of the affirmative. Courage, according to the Toronto speaker, had been displayed by man in this century and the preceding one all along the line. The conditions of the labouring class had improved, despite the mistakes and injustices of the first year of the factory system. Child labour had to a very great extent been removed from modern industrial life, standards of living had progressed as new ideas of justice and fair play operated instead of the old doctrine of the inequality of man.

Mr. Walsh followed for Loyola and going farther than his subject demanded, declared that he could point out that instead of progress in this new age of industrialism there had been a retrogression in almost all spheres of human thought and action. Basing his argument on the present condition of decay in the family, the ever increasing numbers of divorces, he attempted to prove the truth of his first assertion—that the modern man had fallen back rather than advanced along the lines of sound progress.

The second speaker for the affirmative, Mr. Page, attempted to prop up his colleagues sallies as to the state of criminal reform and the condition of the working man by vouching for the intellectual advancement of the race in the past one hundred and fifty years. There was no doubt but that great and important strides had been made in science since the days when the factory replaced the home in industrial life, but the question was concerning its usefulness to man in general. Scientific progress was really no progress at all, unless it benefited a considerable part of the human race. The failure of Mr. Page to show that scientific progress of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries had considerably advanced conditions in every part of life detracted much from the value of an otherwise important presentation.

On the other hand, Mr. MacDonald of Loyola, rising last to plead the cause of the negative, denied *in toto* that the intellectual progress of the world since the Industrial Revolution had been to any great extent the means of bringing happiness to the generality of men. True, there were more school buildings; but the mere existence of a great number of institutions devoted to educational interests did not necessarily mean educational advancement. Rather, the speaker claimed, the tendency in modern educational methods is to vitiate the true growth of the intellectual.

Mr. Dymond in the rebuttal attempted to appeal to sentiment instead of to reason. Honesty in business and international relations, happiness and union in the family, were not the sole property of the ages before the industrial revolution. They were as much ours as our ancestors. The unfortunate part of Mr. Dymond's rebuttal was that the statements which he made could not be proven by statistics. He dwelt on generalities in which as much could be said for the other side. But the audience can never forget the brilliant effort made by the Toronto man to ward off defeat before the flood of arguments and figures proposed by the Loyola debaters. It was a courageous stand, well worth watching.

In announcing decision the Board of Judges proposed great admiration for all four speakers for their brilliant and orderly presentation of the various phases of a subject that if anything was complex. Mr. Dymond speaking for the losing team, expressed himself as quite in agreement with the decision of the judges, declaring that after the many evidences of hospitality as shown by Loyola that day, Toronto could not expect to carry off all.

At the end the Toronto debaters were greeted by the yell of their own university, after it had been announced by Rev. Fr. Hingston, S.J., that the Ontario University had won the decision in Toronto unanimously, thereby carrying off the honours of the round.

The Rt. Hon. C. J. Doherty presided and the Hon. Walter Mitchell, M.P., Hon. Athanase David, Provincial Secretary, and Mr. Justice Howard of the Superior Court acted as judges.

LOYOLA AT TORONTO

Having won the championship in their section Loyola had to debate with the debaters of the University of Toronto for the Inter-University Championship. At Toronto Loyola was represented by two of its last year debaters, Messrs. Michael Collins, '23 and Horatio Phelan, '25.

Sir Robert Falconer presided, and the judges were Mr. Justice Magee, Hon. N. W. Rowell, K.C. and Principal Grant of Upper Canada College. The University of Toronto was represented by Messrs. E. W. McInnes and E. T. Guest.

Mr. Collins in his speech dealt with the intellectual advance in modern times, and showed the great advances that have been made in scientific and educational lines. In his rebuttal he strove to refute the

masterly arguments put forward by his opponents.

Mr. McInnes, the first speaker for the University of Toronto, had a very masterful speech, which he delivered in a manner that could not fail to attract attention. His arguments were concise and to the point, and his easy manner and pleasant personality were indeed great assets.

Mr. Horatio Phelan, Loyola's second speaker, delivered in an excellent manner a well written speech in which there was an abundance of closely reasoned arguments. He pointed out the great advances in morality in the world during modern times, and he refuted clearly several of the arguments which had been put forward by his opponents.

Mr. Guest, the next speaker for the University of Toronto, endeavored to show that instead of progressing morally during modern times the world really was going back. His speech was excellent and well delivered, although Mr. Guest did not appear as good as he really was on account of the excellence of his colleague, Mr. McInnes.

University of Toronto received the unanimous decision of the judges, although by a very small majority in each case. In announcing the decision Sir Robert Falconer said: "The unanimous decision of the judges shows that the University of Toronto have won the debate although by a very small majority; so, even if our friends from Quebec did not win, they came very very close to doing so."

In conclusion Mr. Collins thanked the judges and Chairman for the way in which they fulfilled their duties, and in the name of his colleague, himself and the student body of Loyola, thanked the University of Toronto for their courteous treatment. Mr. McInnes seconded the motion thanking the Chairman and the judges.

HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY DEBATING SOCIETY

THE year 1922-3 for this society was quite a successful one. Due to the advent of many new members the debates were carried on with much rivalry and

vigor. The numerous subjects chosen for discussion were carefully prepared and great interest was taken in their presentation.

Fr. Drummond, S.J., former assistant editor of the "America," addressed the house on several occasions and much good was obtained from his short talks.

The officers elected for the first term were:

<i>President</i>	-	-	Mr. Joseph Murphy
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	Mr. Desmond Walsh
<i>Sec.-Treasurer</i>	-	-	Mr. M. Bannon
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	-	-	Mr. John Brady

On Feb. 19th the officers for the succeeding semester were appointed.

<i>President</i>	-	-	Mr. M. Bannon
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	Mr. Brendan Cloran
<i>Sec.-Treasurer</i>	-	-	Mr. W. B. Leacy
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	-	-	Mr. R. Fregeau

The chief event of the year of course was the annual public debate, held on April 28th.

The subject was "Resolved, that France is justified in occupying the Ruhr." Mr.

Joseph Murphy and Mr. Emmett McManamy defended the affirmative against Mr. Moore Bannon and Mr. Louis Phelan. The chairman was Mr. Desmond Walsh.

At the conclusion of a very interesting and instructive debate, the judges withdrew to make up their decision. During the twenty minute interval that followed Fr. Hingston spoke briefly. He congratulated the speakers upon their careful preparation and excellent delivery.

The judges decision was then announced in favour of the affirmative by the Chairman, Mr. M. A. Phelan.

During the evening vocal solos by Miss A. Berrea, accompanied by Mark Girard, and piano numbers by Mr. M. Escandon were well rendered, while the Glee Club presented a couple of stirring choruses.

The success of the boys' efforts was in great measure due to the untiring interest of their Moderator, Rev. Mr. Mulcahey, S.J.

—W. B. Leacy, H.S., '24

NATURE

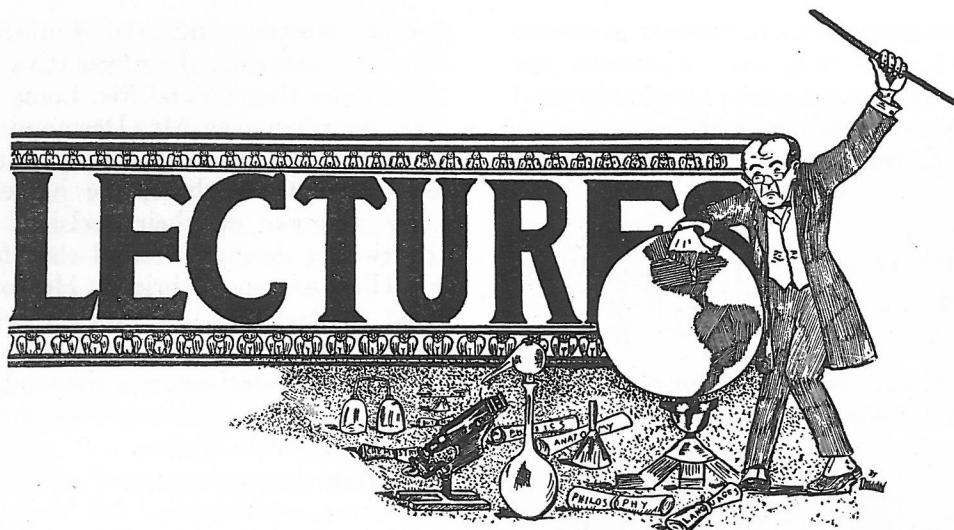
I saw below upon the lawn,
As I went up a little hill,
A dainty flower all alone,
With taints of gold—a daffodil.

To me it did a fairy seem
Upon the throne of fairy land;
It seemed to be a happy dream
Which when I woke I'd understand.

The pretty flower waved and danced
To murmured song of perfumed air:
And long upon that scene I glanced
So commonplace and yet so fair.

At such a sight my heart was gay;
For how can human soul be sad
When Mother Nature is at play,
When flowers, breeze and earth are glad?

—E. Escandon, '26.



REV. MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

THE first of these lectures was given by Father Michael Earls, S.J., formerly of Boston College, and now professor of poetry at Holy Cross College, Worcester. He is one of the greatest authorities on Irish poetry in America. The subject of his talk at Loyola was: "Poetry."

The Rev. Father said that his subject was a very extensive one and it would be impossible to explain it perfectly in one lecture. He, therefore, confined himself to a criticism and explanation of some of the definitions of poetry, and a few remarks about some of the modern poets and a comparison of the three great branches of poetry in ancient times.

"Despite many attempts no one has, as yet," he said in part, "succeeded in formulating an exact definition of poetry although those of Macaulay, Ruskin and Father Connell each have many supporters. That of Father Connell is possibly the best; but many quarrel with it as it is too vague. It reads 'Poetry consists in the imaginative representation through the medium of language of true grounds for the noble emotions.' It excludes from poetry all compositions depicting emotions which are base, immoral, trivial or vicious. It also excludes compositions which, while written in verse, are not sufficiently imaginative or emotional. It includes the many

passages in the Bible and in other works which are not written with the usual embellishments of metre and rhyme but are, nevertheless, highly emotional and imaginative. A comprehensive explanation of this definition may be found in Father Connell's book, "A Study of Poetry."

Of the many species of poetry the most interesting is the epic; and the greatest epic is probably Homer's Iliad. This ancient bard was, as Horace says, the most learned of the ancient philosophers knowing almost as much about human nature as is known to-day. He had a wonderful imagination, and depicted the scenes of battle and siege and the overpowering emotions of the chiefs as they have never been depicted since. His greatest rival is possibly Dante, the great Italian poet, who wrote the "Divina Commedia."

Shakespeare is unquestionably the greatest of dramatists; and those who approach the nearest to him are Corneille and Racine of France.

Father Earls also mentioned some of our very modern writers. With the death of Joyce Kilmer in the World War we lost a great poet. His poems are remarkable, especially for their thought and vivid imagination. Francis Thompson penned what is possibly the greatest ode in the English language in his "Hound of Heaven." Rudyard Kipling is more of a politician than a poet. His compositions are also too sentimental. Although Swinburne's verses are

very musical and his rhymes and metres perfect, he cannot be called a poet because there is very little, if any, thought in them. He is also very blasphemous at times.

The Rev. Lecturer then came to the last part of his talk; a comparison of the three great branches of poetry in ancient times: The Hebrew, the Greek and the Irish; and, a few words on the important role the Irish nation has played in the realm of poetry through all the ages.

According to Father Earls, of the three branches mentioned, the first surpasses the others in every way. This he said was not due to any superiority of intellect on the part of the Hebrews; but to the fact that their poets were also prophets inspired by God. They were thus enabled to write the most beautiful verses the world has ever seen. It is a fact worth noting that the great American writers were, for the most part descended from families whose members had been enthusiastic readers of the Bible for several generations. We could not do better than follow their example in this respect if we wish to develop our talents along this line.

Everyone is familiar with the Greek epics the Iliad and the Odyssey; the dramas however, are not so well known. Opedus Tyrannus, Electra, Antigone and Prometheus Vinctus are worthy representatives of this primitive school on which all modern drama is founded.

The early Irish poetry is known to very few outside that Island on account of the many oppressions which that nation has suffered. It at least, equals that of the Greeks; as will soon be seen when it becomes known to the rest of the world.

Ireland has also contributed a large share to English Poetry. Most of it is of a sorrowful nature, thus re-echoing the cries of a suffering people. Her poetry of exile is very beautiful. Moore, whose songs are known the world over, is her most popular representative.

Poetry is not the only branch of literature in which that gifted nation excels. Among the novelists we see the names of Lever and Sheehan; among the orators, that of Curran the greatest English speak-

ing legal orator, that of Sir Philip Francis, the supposed author of the "Letters of Junius," that of Grattan, Emmet, Flood, Plunkett, Burke, Sheridan and O'Connell; and, among the dramatists that of Sheridan and Goldsmith..

This was one of the most enjoyable of the lectures covering, as it did, a subject which is always of the utmost interest to a college man. It is unnecessary to say that we are all grateful to Father Earls, and that if he ever comes to Montreal again he may be sure of a warm welcome at Loyola.

REV. FATHER REVILLE, S.J.

We were all overjoyed one day to hear that Father Reville, associate editor of the renowned paper "America" conducted by the Jesuits in New York City, was to address the students. When we have read an author's book and heard something about him we often form a mental picture that is very unlike the real person. It is our idea of how a person who writes so well should look and act, and it is seldom that the person himself lines up to that ideal. This was not the case with Father Reville. We are all familiar with the paper with which he is connected; and we have all admired his skill in refuting the many calumnious attacks made on the Catholic Church, and the clearness and comprehensiveness with which he sets forth the Catholic view-point on any question of doctrine or morals; but his lecture at Loyola won our admiration for him as an orator.

The Reverend Lecturer said in part, that one of the important things we should learn at College is to be able to appreciate good literature, both poetry and prose. "Many people do not see any beauty at all in poetry, music or any of the other fine arts. They prefer mere verse to poetry, jazz to music or some daub called a futuristic painting to a Raphæl. Although a college man does not make a thorough study of all the arts he should learn literature well.

If a man reads and understands the recognised classical works of Latin, Greek and his own language, he learns to love the

good traits in the characters of the peoples depicted therein and to pity them for their shortcomings. He also learns their psychology, and this enables him to lead a more pleasant life, by avoiding bad company and treating each man with the proper respect. The man who possesses these qualities will always be of great value to his religion and to his country.

There are many other advantages to be obtained by the study of literature, which Father Reville mentioned, but which, unfortunately must be omitted because of the very limited space at our disposal. We are all extremely grateful to him, however, and I am sure, from the way my acquaintances at college have been reading the classics this year, that his words did not go unheeded.

GASTON DE LISLE

We had the pleasure, one afternoon last autumn, of hearing one of our graduates of 1918, Mr. Gaston De Lisle. While at college he was always a prominent member of the debating society and at one time it's president. He is now preparing for his future career as a statesman under the excellent guidance of our premier.

The subject of his address was : "The Prime Ministers of Canada." He gave us a brief outline of their political careers, and showed how each of them worked to make this country, which is so heterogeneous in its elements, homogeneous in spirit. Although Mr. De Lisle is an adherent of the Liberal party he spoke of Conservative premiers with the utmost respect and fairness.

After relating a few humorous incidents of his own college life he entered into his subject, dealing with Sir John A. Mac Macdonald our first Prime Minister, 1867—1873, a Conservative, but as the lecturer admitted, a great man despite that fact. During his administration, Manitoba became a province in spite of the vigorous opposition of the Metis. He brought about an amicable settlement of the difficulties which had arisen with the United States concerning the fishing rights

and the possession of the island of San Juan. He was rejected at the polls in 1873 on account of the Canadian Pacific Railway scandal. Sir Georges Etienne Cartier also received great praise for his diplomacy in smoothing over the many little difficulties which arose between the French-speaking and the English-speaking elements.

Mr. De Lisle then spoke of their successor Alexander Mackenzie, a Liberal, who remained in power until 1878. Macdonald was then re-elected mainly because of the popularity of his protective tariff. He completed the construction of the Canadian Pacific which had been abandoned in 1873.

In 1896 he was succeeded by the greatest of our statesmen, Sir Wilfred Laurier, who, remaining in power until 1911, solved many difficult problems for the country and brought it through many trying situations.

Our other Prime Ministers, Sir R. Borden, Mr. Meighen, and Mr. King also received their share of criticism and praise; but as this magazine is absolutely non-political and these men are still actively in politics, we shall omit that part of the speech.

We all enjoyed Mr. De Lisle's visit; and we would be very glad to have more of the Old Boys come back to see us if, to mis-quote Shakespeare, they have the time and their lectures be worth hearing.

BROTHER BARNABAS

Brother Barnabas, the big brother of the Bowery Boys, explained his work to all the students of both the High School and of the College, in the College auditorium. He is one of the originators of the "Big Brother Movement," which has become so popular of late years; and he has devoted all his time for the last thirty years to the betterment of the condition of the underprivileged boy.

We who have never known the terrible hardships of life in the slums or the very crowded portions of a big city are all too prone to condemn the boy or young man when he first goes wrong. We seldom take into consideration his education, surroundings or home life. It is this condition that

Brother Barnabas seeks to remedy; and he is now lecturing in the big cities to bring to the attention of the educated classes, the terrible odds against which these boys have to fight, if they wish to live an honest and upright life.

The lecturer spoke as follows. "As New York City gradually grew up, its vacant lots became more and more scarce; and the result was that the children in the heart of the city were forced to play in the streets. They could not play indoors because most of them lived in very cramped quarters: a whole family sometimes occupying only one room. Complaints then began to pour into the city hall about the different games which were going on in the streets. Perhaps a store window, owned by some wealthy landlord from the suburbs would be broken by a ball. On learning of this mishap the injured person would immediately go to the city hall or to some alderman friend of his and register a complaint against ball-playing in the streets. At the next session of the municipal council a by-law would be passed, prohibiting the children from indulging in this healthful pastime on the city streets. Perhaps again there would be a snow-storm and as snow is not as plentiful there as it is here, the temptation to make use of it for the purpose of 'snowballing' is much greater. Then some stylish plutocrat, while taking his morning constitutional, might have his new silk hat knocked off. He also would immediately hasten to the city hall and another by-law would soon be passed striking the legal death knell of the snow-ball. So it was with all the other games; they were all banned. About thirty years ago when the "Big Brother Movement" first began, the New York boy was expected to derive infinite pleasure from the exciting game of twirling his thumbs; and he could not even indulge in that unless he went up into an alley, where no one could see him, and where he took care not to stick his elbows out too far.

One of the first efforts to help the underprivileged boy was made by three post graduate students of Columbia University.

They hired a room in one of the crowded sections of the city; bought some sporting goods which they thought would be useful and started a club for the boys of that neighborhood. Each one gave a few hours of his time each week to supervise their games. This club proved very popular and to-day it occupies a large building; while there are many other similar clubs, directed by various societies, scattered throughout the city.

This is one phase of the movement. Another consists in combating legislation which tends to make the juvenile delinquent a hardened criminal by punishing him severely instead of advising him and helping him to reform. After many years of hard fighting the directors of the movement have succeeded in having a law passed in New York State, which allows some men of good standing in their community to take care of a delinquent boy, instead of having him sent right off to the reformatory. They have also secured more freedom for the boys in New York City; so that when we visit that city, we see now on the streets and in the squares hundreds of boys, whose ages range from five or six to about eighteen years, all playing tipcat or, as it is called here, 'tippy.'"

Brother Barnabas, who had lectured in Toronto a few days previously, was especially opposed to the reformatory system in use in the Province of Ontario. He declared that once released from a reformatory, the boys, almost without exception kept on the downward path going from the reformatory to Mimico, from Mimico to Kingston, and from Kingston to Guelph. This statement caused great laughter; for it is well known to the students that the Jesuits' novitiate is also situated at Guelph.

I interviewed Brother Barnabas after the lecture; and he stated that it is wonderful in how many ways we can help some poor boy with very little inconvenience to ourselves. A little help in his studies, if he is at school, or the gift of some toy will go a long way towards securing for him a better understanding of college men and a more cheerful outlook on life, by

showing him that we are not all as hard hearted as he imagines.

I think that most of the boys at Loyola are, as yet, too young to do much for the "Big Brother Movement"; but I am sure that in years to come, when they have more experience in life and more leisure, they will remember the sad story told by Brother Barnabas and do something to help the under-privileged boys, who have to contend against great odds, in their struggle to become honest and useful citizens.

REV. FATHER FILION

The Very Rev. Father Filion, S.J., provincial of his order for Canada spoke to the members of the two Sodalities (N.R.S. and R.S.) at a joint meeting which was held in the College Chapel. The subject of his instruction was: "The importance of following that vocation to which one is called." This was a very appropriate subject, as the choice of a vocation is probably the most difficult problem that the average boy has to solve during his stay at the college.

The Very Rev. Father said "That we all realize that there were many weighty reasons which influenced the Blessed Virgin to accept the offer which was made to her by the Angel Gabriel. On her choice depended the salvation of the whole human race; and we think that if we had been in her position we also would have immediately accepted it. This is all very true but it is nevertheless of the utmost importance for us to make the right choice in our own case. On this depends our happiness in this world, and probably in the next."

Here Father Filion said that he would try to express a thought which he had tried to express many times, but had never succeeded. He would make another attempt however hoping that even if he were unable to express it in the manner he would like, some of us might grasp it and possibly be able to express it. I will try and reproduce this beautiful and striking thought, hoping that some of my readers will succeed in understanding it, and that possibly a second Newman, after reading my poor

lines, may put it in the form of which it is worthy."

Reference was made to the Annunciation when the Angel Gabriel asked Our Lady if she was willing to become the Mother of God. When she was assured that this would not interfere with her vow of virginity, she immediately accepted.

When we study the account of this happening we immediately say to ourselves that, if we were called to any vocation in so evident a manner as this, we would not for a moment hesitate to heed the call. Father Filion, however, says that the reasons which impelled the Blessed Virgin to accept Gabriel's offer are thousands of times greater than we can ever imagine them to be; and that the reasons which should urge us to follow that vocation for which God has destined us, are as great as we imagine those of the Blessed Virgin to have been. It would be of great benefit to every boy, to bear this thought in mind, until he has made a final decision.

Father Filion also dealt with the different vocations to which we may be called. In this matter health, intelligence, temperament and many other considerations must be taken into account. A boy should never be forced to follow a vocation to which he is not called, nor should the boy neglect to make the proper use of his peculiar talents because some fond relation would like him to enter on a career for which he is utterly unsuited. The most effectual means of obtaining the grace to know our vocation and of making use of that knowledge, are prayer, meditation and the frequent use of the sacraments.

As a Sodalist I wish particularly to thank Father Filion for this sermon. It was, as I said before, on a very interesting and appropriate subject, and it was, I am sure, appreciated by all present.

Basil R. V. Cuddihy.

FATHER GASSON

After briefly alluding in general terms to the splendid student organizations existing at Loyola, more especially the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the speaker

immediately approached the subject on which he proposed to address us, namely, "Our Life Calling." As he felt assured that ample attention was paid by our spiritual directors to those contemplating the "Higher Life," he would confine himself entirely to the secular consideration of the question,—to the possibilities lying before the prospective business-man, and to what those might expect who aspired to any of the lay-professions.

But before he proceeded any further, he wanted to know what the necessity was of choosing any particular vocation. Would it not be much easier to disregard this perplexing problem altogether, and let circumstances take their course? This latter attitude he likened to that of a captain of an ocean-bound vessel, setting out on the high seas, with absolutely no idea of his destination. The latter would surely be considered incapable of holding such a responsible position and a fit candidate for a sanitarium for the feeble-minded.

Yet, were we not, each one of us, a captain of the greatest craft yet known,—a human body endowed with an immortal soul; and were we not about to set out on the high seas of life? So, it was as much our duty to know our destination—our calling—in life, as it was the duty of the captain of the sea-going vessel to know exactly whither he was to direct his course.

It was not too early for the youngest of us, he declared, to be thinking of what he would be when he left college. The sooner we made up our mind the better, because then we would be able to specialize to a certain extent, in that particular branch of studies which would be of the most use to us in after-life. To help in arriving at a fairly certain decision, he recommended that we put this question to ourselves: "What would I do to-morrow if all belonging to me were suddenly called by death; and if I were left without a cent?" Then, he assured us, looking at the question from this point of view, we would in all probability choose that walk of life which would be the most congenial to us.

There were three means which we might take to answer this question, and which

would enable us to solve with the greatest degree of certitude, that most important, yet oftentimes most baffling problem, namely the choice of our life-work.

The first of these means might be called a process of elimination. By taking stock of our talents and inclinations, and thus seeing what we were not fitted for by nature, and what we were not inclined to by disposition, we might arrive at a negative conclusion. For example, the lecturer suggested, a man who was always afflicted with stage-fright when he stood up before an audience, might safely conclude that he was not called to be a lawyer. Likewise one who was always of a frail and delicate constitution would not be fitted by nature for the profession of blacksmith. Continuing in this manner, we would find that, even if we did not come to a definite decision, still we would greatly narrow the field from which we might choose.

The second means was that of consulting our professors and spiritual advisors; for who was there better able than they to direct us in this matter? Then, as nothing of account could be accomplished without the aid of Divine Assistance, the lecturer recommended as the last and greatest means within our power, that we seek the light of the Holy Spirit. And since Divine Grace only enters those souls that are in a fit state to receive it, he strongly exhorted us to conduct ourselves, that we might ever be in the state of perfect friendship with our Creator.

Having then determined upon a certain calling, we must have a high ideal. If it was law that we intended following, then our ambitions must rise above those of a shyster lawyer. The life of the late Chief Justice White of the Supreme Court of the United States, was a worthy example of what the lecturer would have us pattern our own after, and the deeds and accomplishments of this illustrious son of the Church might well be emulated.

To those interested in medicine, the lecturer again stressed the necessity of having a high ideal, and quoted one of the recent successes in this profession, the eminent Dr. Murphy of Chicago, referring

in particular to his famous operation upon the skull of a feeble-minded youth, which resulted in the unfortunate lad regaining the full use of his faculties, a privilege he had never before enjoyed.

It was said by some that the professional chemist could seldom boast of a lucrative remuneration for his services to the community at large, be they ever so useful or indispensable. In answer to this the lecturer would merely mention one of many instances that had come under his personal experience. Several years ago at Fordham University, N.Y., the speaker, who was at that time rector of this great institution of learning, was consulted by the father of one of the students. It seems that the parents of this boy were anxious for him to take up law, but the boy himself felt more inclined to chemistry. The rector, after a little reflection, advised the son to continue with his chemical researches. The soundness of this advice was surely attested to, when, a few years later, upon the signing of the armistice, this same young man,—not yet twenty-six years of age, persuaded the United States government not to destroy millions of dollars worth of gas as had been their intention, and showed them how to utilize it for commercial purposes. This same performance he repeated a short time later, and his talent being now known the world over, he was offered contracts which would make him a millionaire overnight. He is now sole owner of one of the largest chemical factories on the North American continent, besides being a shareholder in many other corporations of a similar nature; he is paid a bonus on all his inventions, and moreover rich royalties which net him many thousands annually; and all this apart from the little check which he draws every twelvemonth that runs up into the six figures,—and this merely for the use of his name in the manufacture of a certain kind of dye!

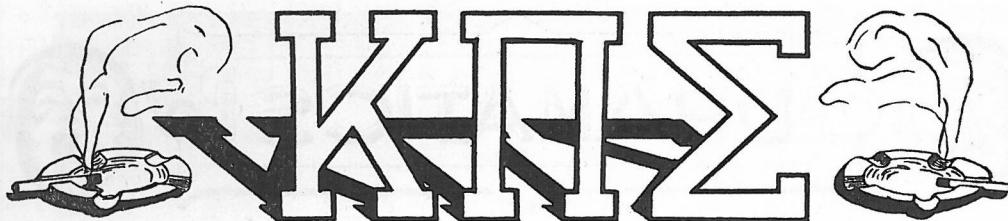
The Reverend Lecturer did not have to insist on the need of good, staunch Catholics in the high positions of government, business or even social life. This regrettable lack was everywhere in evidence at the present time, but it depended on us, the men of tomorrow, to decide whether or not this state of affairs should continue to exist.

Here followed the speaker's peroration, and more impressive words we have seldom had the pleasure of hearing. He spoke of the excellent opportunity those of us who intended to follow the course of Ethics at Loyola, had of getting a firm and thorough grasp of the principles underlying all thought—principles which would serve us throughout our life, if we would only avail ourselves of them—principles to which the late Chief Justice White claimed that he owed the greater part of his success. He spoke, moreover, of the golden age of advantages before every well trained college man starting out in this fair Dominion.

"But," he reminded us, "these advantages bring with them corresponding responsibilities. Your country will be what you as citizens will make it. The true Catholic citizen will make a careful study of his country and its people, its government and all its questions of vital interest, constantly being on the alert to champion the cause of his faith."

It is only to be added that the speaker throughout the course of his most interesting lecture, was at all times in direct touch with the hearts of his hearers, frequently drawing forth enthusiastic applause; while at times again, his keen sense of humour manifested itself, and caused "waves of mirth" to pass over the audience, which were as delightful as his serious and earnest words were engaging and powerful.

Douglas Archie MacDonald, '26.



EARLY in the year the first general meeting was held for the election of the officers for the coming year. All were surprised to note the considerable increase in membership, and fears were expressed that the present quarters would be too small. The officers chosen were as follows:

<i>President</i>	- Thomas Walsh '23 (by acclamation)
<i>Vice-President</i>	G. F. Anglin, '23
<i>Secretary</i>	- John Malloy, '23
<i>Treasurer</i>	- H. P. Phelan, '25
<i>Committee</i> :	Messrs. Suinaga, '26, Des Lauriers, '23, Magann, '23.

Mr. Malloy later resigned on the grounds of lack of time, and Mr. Cuthbert Scott, '25, was elected Secretary in his place. These gentlemen held office for the remainder of the year and very ably carried out their duties.

As time went on, some of our younger members became a little too boisterous, and two sergeants-at-arms were found to be necessary to maintain order. Messrs. Maloney and Donovan were chosen; and after that nothing disturbed the peaceful, smoky atmosphere of the club except an occasional Sophomore-Freshman fracas.

As soon as affairs had been set properly in motion, preparations began for the initiation of "the new arrivals." The trembling candidates were worked up to such a high degree of fearful anticipation that their countenances grew paler and paler as each succeeding day brought the ordeal nearer. At last the dread Saturday night arrived; the candidates, clothed in pyjamas of every shade and hue, filed slowly into the hall in lock-step, to the mournful sounding of the dead march. Up to the throne they marched, where King Pickle IV sat in state and after proper homage to His August Majesty, all

filed out once more and ceremonies began.

It is not our purpose here to divulge any club secrets, and therefore let us draw a veil over the subsequent proceedings. Suffice to say that, in the capable hands of Messrs. McNally, Donovan, Mill, Fregeau and others, the candidates were duly received and accepted as members of the student-body.

A memorable event in the history of the Smoker took place one night shortly before Christmas. The majority had ruled that the ancient billiard table, long an encumbrance, and a yearly drag on the finances, should be removed. When a few attempted to stop the evacuation proceedings a general melee took place, from which the table-removers emerged victorious. Since then at times the table has been missed. But the greater convenience afforded to locker owners and bridge players vindicated the truth of the assertion that "It's space was preferable to its company."

The annual banquet came off as usual in fine style. The groaning festive board was graced by the presence of several former members, all of whom recalled happy memories, and wished the Smoker's Club as great success in the future as it has had in the past. As for the annual concert, the "Nicotine Follies", it cannot be sufficiently dealt with here, and receives its share of space elsewhere.

On the whole, the club has had a very good year. Ray Phelan's diligent attention to duty assured the good condition of the finances; and the good-natured willingness of that excellent pianist Marc Girard (to say nothing of Lyden O'Connor) whiled away many a dull recreation. May all our years be spent as pleasantly as that of 1922-23 in the cheerful atmosphere of the Smoker Club.



SAILORS' CONCERT

THE Dramatic Season for the academic year 1922-1923 opened with the Annual Concert given, in aid of the Catholic Sailors Club on November 1st, before a large and appreciative audience. The programme included items given by outside talent, by the sailors themselves, and by the students. The College orchestra provided the overture. A very appropriate opening chorus was sung by the Glee Club. One of the most picturesque numbers was a number of Scotch dances performed by the Misses West. These little girls, clad in full Highland costume, dancing to the tune of the bagpipes, furnished a number which was enthusiastically received. Robert Choquette sang in a very pleasing manner a well-chosen song. A short skit depicting the activities of two rather odd-looking policemen was performed by James Maloney and Roger McMahon. Desmond and Noel Walsh entertained the audience for some time with a few songs. Among the sailor performers were a female impersonator, who received quite an ovation; and two club swingers, one of whom was announced as holding a record for swinging twelve continuous hours. A sextette composed of W. Donovan, A. Fregeau, P. Gorozpe, L. Shiels, and R. Choquette sang a number of popular songs, and all entertainment offered was of a superior quality. We would here like to express our sincere thanks to all who helped towards the success of the performance, especially the Tremont Dance Orchestra, under the able leadership of Mr. Mark Girard; its excellent numbers were thoroughly enjoyed by all. We also wish to thank the Director of the Glee Club and Orchestra, Mr. D. J. Mulcahey, S.J., to

whose zealous and untiring efforts the success of the concert was largely responsible.

SODALITY DAY CONCERT

THE entertainment which has become the traditional ending of Sodality Day, December the 8th, this year took the form of a concert. The programme was a well balanced one and included a variety of offerings that satisfied practically every taste.

The orchestra provided an overture, appropriate and well played. Some twenty members under the capable direction of Rev. J. A. Senecal constitute this organization which for years has played a prominent part in all College functions. Robert Choquette opened the programme proper with a song entitled "The Gift." Endowed with a pleasing and musical voice, his selection gave pleasure to all his listeners. "The Song of the Market Place" a declamation on a theme always pleasing, was delivered by Horatio Phelan. The next number was a violin solo by Eric Zimmerman, accompanied by his sister, Miss M. Zimmerman. Both are a credit to the name they bear, a name widely known in the musical circles of Montreal. The first touch of humour came in several limericks sung by William Donovan. Being excellently rendered, their amusing nature appealed greatly to the audience, and his hearers were not satisfied till several encores had been added. A sextette composed of A. Fregeau, P. Gorozpe, R. Fregeau, C. Scott, L. Shiels and F. McNally furnished popular songs. These were followed by Desmond Walsh with his "Nonsense Rhymes." The comical nature of these ditties, which were composed by the singer himself, seemed to be greatly



COLLEGE BAND
REV. J. A. SENECA, DIRECTOR



SMOKER CONCERT

enjoyed. Clyde McCarthy dressed in a typical habitant costume, with red sash around his waist, tuque, moccasins, a pair of snowshoes flung over his back and an old pipe in his hand, delivered in a very pleasing way Dr. Drummond's "Mon Choual Castor." The last number was a song by Lester Shiels, entitled "Mother of Mine." Mr. Tom Walsh, Prefect of the R.S. S.B.V.M., at the close of the concert, thanked in the name of the Sodality, those who had honoured them with their presence and also the members of the Sodality who had helped to make the evening such a successful and enjoyable one. The evening closed with the singing of the National Anthem. It was a very entertaining concert and we congratulate the performers and all those, who, through their efforts, contributed to the evening's pleasure.

THE last evening before the adjournment of classes for the Christmas Recess, December 20th, was devoted to entertainment. William Donovan and Desmond Walsh united for the first time in "Gallagher and Shean." They have been continuously popular ever since. Should the original pair which was so frequently head-lined under that name hear them, one cannot say but that they might perhaps demand an immediate cessation of the impersonation. No doubt this would be due to the fact that they are at present, the recipients of a considerable salary which they are of no mind to forfeit. Messrs Montague and Graf in a negro skit added considerably to the numerous laughs of the evening. Mr. Montague, inclined to be of stocky build, and Mr. Graf, tall and athletic, made a pair of coloured men who might be favourably compared with many a professional.

The climax of their little act came when out of consideration and as a special token of admiration for his splendid work, Mr. Graf presented Mr. Montague with a bouquet composed of a three foot Christmas tree. The Brass Band of the Loyola College Contingent, Canadian Officers' Training Corps, making its first public

appearance for the year, furnished several well rendered selections. This is a comparatively new organization, being only in existence two years. A great deal of credit is due to Rev. Fr. Senecal, its Director, whose tireless energy has moulded a few musicians and several raw recruits into a harmonious and well-balanced unit. The singing of "God Save the King" brought the evening to a close. Towards the close of the entertainment the L.C.A.A. presented to the members of the Junior Inter-collegiate Champion Rugby Football Team of Canada, the Block "L."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CONCERT

THE St. Patrick's Concert took place on March 16th. Outside talent constituted the principal part of the program. Four soloists from the Capitol Theatre under the personal direction of Professor J. J. Shea gave several well chosen and excellently rendered selections. Humorous and serious numbers each had their place and the trained voices of the performers delighted a very appreciative audience. The old Irish songs and the few others which they sang were very well received. Repeated outbreaks of applause demanded several returns of the performers who very generously responded. A recitation entitled "The Top of the Morning" was very well delivered by Emmett McManamy. Then came "Gallagher and Shean," or rather parodies on that tune, all dealing with the various incidents of College life; the singers—Messrs. Donovan and Walsh. As I have said previously the repeated appearances of this pair is sufficient comment on their talent. In the course of the evening, Rev. Fr. Provincial, who was then staying at the College, presented the Intermediate Rugby Team with the Intermediate "L," which they had won during the last Rugby season. Moreover he took the opportunity to congratulate the debating team for their showing in the Inter-University Debating League of Canada. We would here like to extend our most sincere thanks to Professor J. J. Shea for all he did towards the evening's enjoyment.

Fully realizing the inconveniences and troubles to which he put himself for our pleasure we would like to convey to him our deepest sense of appreciation.

THE NICOTINE FOLLIES

THE Annual Concert of the Kappa Pi Sigma was given this year on April 21st in the College Hall. The hall was crowded, the show having attracted the largest audience of any during the year. The entertainment was of a rather unique and interesting nature. The curtains were first drawn aside to reveal a scene in the Club Room. Upon being asked for ideas relative to the proposed concert, some member suggested a radio concert. Immediately the idea was taken up with enthusiasm. As an opening, the pianist, Mark Girard started to play "Radi-adio" and all joined in the chorus. Then everybody left the stage, the hall became intensely dark and lo!—the spirit of Radio appeared in the person of Tom Casey. Dressed in a very foreboding costume and outlined by a special lighting effect which created a very spectre-like appearance, he announced who he was and briefly outlined the programme. He then seemingly disappeared into the air and with the return of the lights a voice could be heard coming from the magnvox at the front of the stage announcing that the "Kappa Pi Sigma of Loyola College presents the 'Nicotine Follies' of 1923." Each item throughout the whole programme was thus announced. As is usual with all radio concerts broadcasted in the evening, the first number was a bed time story. Mr. William Donovan in his usual engaging manner kept a large audience, composed almost entirely of adults, charmed for fifteen minutes with a "thrilling" fairy tale. He was followed by "The Flat String Band" which was announced as "one of the finest of its kind in the world." Whether the publicity agent exaggerated or not we shall not venture to judge. But we do assure you that Hector Decary with banjo mandolin impersonating a hebrew; Gerald Bray as a country bumpkin and Gerald

Anglin with his guitars, impersonating several characters, formed a trio whose efforts were, if we may judge from the applause they received, to say the least, appreciated. The "March of the Wooden Soldiers" was sung by Messrs. D. Walsh, C. Scott, P. Gorozpe, J. McCrea, J. Lynch-Staunton and H. Mitchell. Dressed in the true military style of the toy shop their manoeuvres were very picturesque and though naturally very stiff were for this reason more enjoyed. Roger McMahon then sang in a very pleasing style two songs. The discovery of the tomb of King Pickle, who reigned in the year 1923 and who had lain in the tomb for upwards of 3,000 years brought to light many unusual things. Messrs. N. Walsh, J. Beaubien, L. Bartley, and D. Mulvena constituted the cast of this pleasant little act. Mr. Raymond Girard entertained the audience with a saxophone solo during the change of scenery. A typical "hick" scene with rural settings and temporarily rural actors next occupied the stage. The part of Uncle Josh, the caller of all the barn dances throughout the countryside was well portrayed by James Maloney. Messrs. Scott, Walsh, McNally and Plunkett, all of whom sang solos made excellent rustics. The female parts were taken by Messrs. McCrea, Harwood, Corcoran and Pelletier. Among these four blushing country lassies a worthy rustic had little opportunity to own his heart for any great length of time. The village fiddler, F. Lynch, furnished the music. A jungle scene in which Eno, who was excellently represented in the person of Albert Fregeau, pleaded earnestly in song for the hand of King Cedar Mop's daughter was a very enjoyable number. Mr. Harpin took the part of King Cedar Mop "The last and stirring scene from that famous Drury Lane success "The Lady in Red" was very successfully rendered. Mr. William Donovan, with his characteristic skill executed his part to perfection. Miss Emma Bevington, played by Hector Prince, was indeed a charming leading lady. William O'Connor, in the character of Whang Ho, the Chinese servant, acted very well. The part of the

hero, Victor Fairhair, was portrayed by Horatio Phelan. Francis Burns in a very interesting monologue delighted his hearers. "Mr. Gallagher and Shean" with their picturesque costumes were again represented by Messrs. Donovan and Walsh with their usual success. The last item brought the scene back to the Club Room again. The members were singing "Happy, always Happy"; and the strains of "O Canada" closed the entertainment. Congratulations are due to the actors, all of whom worked diligently to make the concert a success; and especially Mr. Tom Walsh, to whose tireless efforts is due most of the credit for the success of the performance.

THE RADIO CONCERT

FOR the members of the College Band, the best event of the year was their concert broadcasted through the courtesy of "La Presse" from their station on St. James St., on the twenty-sixth of April. The programme consisted of vocal, instrumental and band numbers, declamations and quartettes—and the listeners-in—the

"Presse" man told us there were 100,000—to some of whom we spoke afterwards, were highly laudatory of the musical abilities of the band.

The entire credit for the evening's programme is due to the patient instructor of the band—the director who continually hums the alto part to G. Daly and M. Escandon; who looks with such frantic eye on the drummer Suinaga, when the latter yields to his weakness for sleep; who encourages J. Brady; and soothes Gorozpe, when he misses the lower register; who finds sorrow in his cornetists, and helps Pelletier "roll," and gets satisfaction only in the baritone; who is deafened by the tenors; who puts up with the clarinetists; and with all his ambitious musicians, exercises the resignation of the patriarch Job.

It is with the deepest gratitude that the band members express their appreciation of all he has done for them, and they hope to have the good fortune of being under his baton "for years, and years and years."

H. Phelan, '25.

DAWN

From out my cell I watched the coming day
 Upon the world a greeting fair bestow;
 Soft on the pines and heath half hid below
 In one bright cloak of light it's radiance lay;
 Swift to the lowing kine there sped a ray
 With joy and mirth and sweetness all aglow;
 A pause, then from the heavens seemed to flow
 A wealth of dancing colors bright and gay.
 Deep waves of light, in crimson silence, rolled
 Down into verdant glens, from whence the night
 With hasty step her swift departure took;
 Then blazed the heavens forth, a dome of gold
 Reflecting glory from the king of light,
 'Till nature lay revealed,—an open book.

—*J. L. Bartley, H.S., '23.*

The Juniors Through Senior Eyes

HUGH ALLEN. The ever losing taker-of-sure-things at any odds. Although not an enthusiastic follower of outdoor sports, there are a few indoor games, such as "Bridge" and "Euchre" at which Hughie claims few equals. He often wonders why medals are not given for efficiency in this line of endeavour.

Hughie, in brief, thinks in dollars and cents, and his favourite expression is "This is my argument."

*"And on the flute he'd sweetly toot.
The sweetlier the tootlier."*

EDDIE BRANNEN. "I am ever happy when I hear sweet music" seems to be Eddie's motto, judging from the (?) sounds which we hear throughout the "Flat" at most any hour of the day; as yet, we have failed to determine from what instrument EDDIE could produce such "noises."

Eddie not only shines in his studies, but has also proven his worth in athletics, being a member of our famous foot-ball squad.

His "hobby" is "sleeping-in" occasionally, and his favourite expression is "I don't see the joke."

GORDON CARROLL. "Red," as he is called by his fellow students, has been in our midst for at least seven years, and we may say that we have always found him to be a "jolly good fellow."

Besides his scholastic and athletic abilities, he also finds time to devote to amateur theatricals.

"Red's" smiling blue eyes and brilliant hair are his most perceptible physical properties.

PAUL CASEY Philosopher, Chemist, billiard-palyer and yachtsman; member of the Casey-Carol and Carol-Casey combine. Paul's phil-

osophy consists in witty remarks permeated with sarcasm.

As a chemist he clearly showed his affinity for side-walks, which in the course of time caused the withdrawal of two molecules from his upper jaw and, moreover, the arrival of new porcelain grinders.

Occasionally, Paul attends "Biology Lab., " and at present is at work on a device which he hopes will prolong the life of a vivisected rabbit. "All wool and a yard wide."

When resting, Mr. Casey indulges in billiard-playing and "water-ploughing," which, of course, are only undertaken for the scientific pleasure desired. We can't really flatter Paul much more; his modesty and retiring disposition prevent us.

TOM CASEY "Still waters run deep."

Tom's popularity as an orator has been firmly established in the mock parliament where he presided as the only socialistic member, and his activities have thrown the cabinet, many times, into panics. He is also a well-known boxer, and during his spare time assumes the occupation of "sparring-partner" for Franci-Villela.

His pet pursuit is "Getting up early to have a long day's rest."

PAUL CUDIHY. Although Paul is reticent about disclosing the facts of his career, someone has been able to ascertain that he was born in Montreal. He is hardworking, conscientious and reliable; and sometimes causes a sudden commotion in the class by trying to demonstrate his ability as a tragedian.

Paul plays a little hockey for recreation purposes; and his favourite expression is "Behold, is this a dagger that I see?"

MORRIS DAVIS. "Rusty," as we wish to introduce him, is a clever exponent of "jazz." Besides philosophy, we find he has a most remark-

able talent for mathematics (?) He wears his hair in would-be Bohemian fashion, and has a weakness for the Seniors' text-books, especially on the eve of an exam. Has a propensity for coming late.

"ALEX" GRANT. Alexander, who like the Alexander of old, grieves for more worlds to conquer in the realm of studies, is a brilliant student and bearer of the proud title of "fighting person." A person of neat attire and scrupulous settings, with well-directed antipathies to midnight interruptions of "sleep hours."

EARL LESAGE. Earl made his debut with us a good many years ago, and has always given us opportunities of appreciating a very sociable character, as well as an impeccable taste in matters expressing a pleasing personality —at least exteriorly.

We would be tempted to say "Shave the surface and you shave all." Earl is well known because of his activities in the Chemical Lab., where is still endeavouring to find the "cyanide radical" which Marc Girard hid last year.

PAUL LEVESQUE. When Paul first strode into the philosophers' sanctum and began to expound with great vigour the ways and means of studying philosophy, chemistry and other similar subjects, we truly thought that a genius had arrived in our midst. Although Paul did not live up to our first estimates of him, nevertheless the light of knowledge can often be perceived burning brightly in his large brown eyes. When he is with us he acts as porter, and every Monday he astounds the class by his orations on numerous intricate questions. His favourite hobbies are "motor shows" and "politics" in both of which he claims to have a bright future.

DENIS MALONE. Has shown himself to be an earnest student as well as a broad minded thinker, and has well deserved the reputation of being

the most consistent worker in his class. That "Dinty" takes great pride in his hair is not disputed even by his classmates. He also has a weakness for "Sunday night parties."

JIM MALONEY. A sturdy youth for his size, hails from Eganville, Ontario, a town composed of some few odd, hardy lumber-jacks.

He is a new-comer in our midst, but his natural smile and valuable sporting abilities have easily won for him a place of much esteem among his class mates. As a hockey-player Jim is no mean "wood-chopper" on the defence, and his fine plunges on the "gridiron" have sent cold shivers up the spines of many opponents.

A sure way of knowing Jim's presence is by his constant wheeze "Gimme a cigarette."

ALAN SCOTT. Here is one of our budding Juniors who can claim the unique distinction of being the sole representative of the "Capital Class."

Alan is a well-known figure in local "bridge circles," and his glossy and radiant hair, no less than his captivating smile, causes thousands of dollars damage per annum to the hearts of young damsels. It was not undeservedly either that Alan was declared "Publicity Agent for the Flat." He always had the latest news while it was new. Alan is also one of the chief promoters of the "Faculty vs. Flat" hockey classics.

LEO SKELLY. Came to us from St. Laurent three years ago. "Flash," as he is known by his most ardent admirers, had very little opportunity of proving his worth on the gridiron, being laid up most of the season with "cellulitis," but when in the game, often brought the crowd to its feet with his dazzling end to end rushes. Very little else can be said of Mr. Skelly, although behind that "poker face," we surmise, are thoughts too deep for words.

The Wreck of the Sophomore

It was the class of Sophomore
That gathered in the room,
They wished to pass their term exams;
At least so I presume.

Blue were the youths as the deep sea wave;
Could they, they would have fled.
For months they'd dodged their daily toil;
Could they, the rocks ahead?

The master sat upon his throne,
His eyes fixed on the class;
And as he watched those faces long,
He knew that few would pass.

Down came the questions, smiting hard
That poor class in their might.
The students wished they'd worked last
term
They prayed in vain for light.

Then up and spake a scholar old
Who'd failed in many a year:
"I pray thee, cut the job in two;
Or I'll be plucked, I fear."

Now listen son! Do thy daily task,
Be guided aright by me.
For I was that wretched sophomore
In the June of '23."

C. Scott, '25.

Last night I studied long and hard,
To-day no hope I see."
The master answered ne'er a word,
But scornfully laughed he.

Then the students clasped their hands and
prayed.
That enlightened they would be,
And they tried to remember what Kelly
wrote
In his handy classical key.

"Oh Father I hear the sound of sighs;
O pray what may it be?"
But the Father paid him no regard,
He was reading his breviary.

In assembly hall on closing day
A parent stood aghast,
With faltering voice, his sophomore son
Had whispered he had not passed.

The moisture glistened upon the brow
Of that youth with the haggard look,
As he saw his parent's strong right hand
Put away his pocket book.

Class Chronicles

FOURTH YEAR HIGH

THE last rays of the sinking sun were shining dimly through the netted canopy of trembling leaves, painting them in a hundred colors that danced, and waved, and tossed in the nocturnal breeze, as I passed into the forest and came to the magic cave.

Seated near the entrance, bent and shrunk by age, and tanned by the sun of many summers, was an old woman. As I approached she looked up. Her face was wrinkled and scarred, the flesh drawn and shrunken, the nose pointed, the forehead high, the lips thin, the eyes large and dull, but they seemed to shine with an almost supernatural light, "Can you see into the future," I asked. "Yes" she replied. Her voice was low and sweet and came as a surprise from those harsh features. "Come" she said. I followed her into the cave, along a rough and damp passage; the daylight faded behind us; and we walked in a night as black as pitch.

Suddenly she stopped and ordered me to sit down. I stumbled upon a piece of jagged rock and remained there. "The class?" she said. "Yes" I replied, dimly wondering how she knew. "Watch" she said, "the past!" I strained my eyes into the darkness, but could distinguish nothing; then I saw it, a large crystal of rolling clouds. Gradually it cleared and I beheld the classroom of IV Year High. Many familiar faces were there and it stirred up a chord of memory within me as I thought of the time when I was young, of the pranks we used to play, of the homework we were accustomed to leave at home, of the drill we were wont to skip; the time of Frank Burns' "Stare of the Corpse"; of Joseph Murphy's "Fisherman's Dream"; of Bob Gonzalez's Sherbrooke friend; of Brendan Cloran's time worn soliloquy "Great suffering Cæsar's Ghosts;" and of that memorial occasion when ex-sergeant-at-arms Brady thundered out, in oratory that would have put Sheridan to shame, his appeal to the Debating Society that they should punish

his offenders. The scene faded and the crystal again became clouded.

"The future!" said a voice, and, as the clouds rolled away I saw a crowded courtroom. On the judge's seat was Lawrence Bartley with wig and cape and, if you please, a large moustache. Standing as lawyer for the defence, his hand upraised in a noble gesture, was Frank Burns. As his companion, I saw Charles Harwood, beaming approval on the firm if somewhat heated arguments of his colleague. Mr. Murphy was the victim; his crime—that of being the author of "How to Improve on Shakespeare." When Mr. McManamy, the lawyer for the crown, arose, he seemed to have the court with him by his Sherbrookian eloquence, and the results looked bad for the prisoner. But I know not what the decision was for the clouds of fate rolled over the scene and another vista took its place.

This time it was the inside of His Majesty's Theatre. On the stage, facing the hushed multitude, his arms raised, his body that of a tiger about to spring on his prey, his whole appearance one of defiance, was John Charlebois in his world-famous scene "Is this a dagger I see before me." He retired amid the thundering applause of the audience and Kenneth MrArdle came in and gave his well-known lecture on "Extemporaneous Speaking." After him came Mr. Harpin on "How to keep lean on fat." The audience simply roared. Then Mr. Wall and Mr. Courtemanche appeared in their one act comedy-farce "Five Hundred." They were the bowers and the whole affair was a joke-r. Following was Mr. Christison on "How to be an Usher," and Harold McCarry on "Greek Dialogues."

The apparition faded and was replaced by an even more startling sight. I beheld a great crowd of people surging and swaying in front of a magnificent building. On a raised platform far above the heads of the encircling multitude stood Manual Escandon, President of Mexico, speaking words of encouragement to his people. By his side with the "Legion of the Aztecs"

on his breast was General Gorozpe, commander-in-chief of the Mexican army. Suddenly the crowds divided and there came prancing down that sun-lit avenue, four white horses with spangling harness, drawing a beautifully cushioned carriage in which I saw with amazement Ramon Mantanzo, Vice-President of the Republic of Porto Rico. As the horses drew to a standstill in front of Señor Escandon he descended to greet him—but I did not see the meeting, as at that moment the image clouded and faded away.

This time the scene opened on a busy street, and in that street was a shop-window, and in that window I saw many books which had been written by former class-mates—volumes of every size and shape, treating on all the subjects of the earth, scientific and moral. I noticed one in particular—a bulky volume, gilt-edged entitled "The Science of Homework Excuses" by Jack Chevrier; another "My Theory on Why the Car Service is Late," by Alex. Rolland; while one that really surprised me was by Moore Bannon "Tremulous Tragedians." On the front page of which I noticed a life-size colored plate of the author. Among the many that lay scattered around were "Drill and how to Avoid it," by Thomas Mooney. "The Secret Out, or How to Study," by Jake McConomy. "Greek Verbs" by the famous linguist Desmond Walsh, and "Self-supporting (the wall)" by Jules Massé.

It is impossible to tell of the many visions I witnessed in the magic mirror, for it would take many a volume and time is running short; I will but mention them as they passed before me. I saw Frank McDonald as a famous writer and critic on Macaulay; Hallé as Sixtus VI., Brendan Cloran as Professor of Theology in Rome; Réné Brosseau as a Professor at McGill; Hoeschen as a Doctor of Rheumatism; McGovern as a poet of no mean ability, whose poetic definition of April had brought him great fame; Robert Gonzalez in Trinidad—a dealer in date and fig trees; he was married to his former friend from Sherbrooke.

I saw Edward Cannon riding in state in Quebec in a rubber-tired calash; Joe McCrae as High Sheriff of Springtown with a gun on each hip; Harold Lacroix as trainer in a large gymnasium; Adrian Anglin as a Member of Parliament for Toronto, and Clyde McCarthy as a Baseball Manager in Three Rivers.

For the last time the crystal became clear. Rolling hills and waving meadows met my gaze; a little farm-house, appeared surrounded by towering trees, a trickling stream, a large apple tree where a hammock slung, in which, surrounded by bright-eyed children, and listening to cow bells in the distant fields was Mr. John Brady, Esq., happy as the 20th of June.

Darkness descended and all was still.

Then a voice spoke softly and distinctly, "What you have seen this night, tell no man. For you have seen the future and future is not for man. The present and the past alone belong to him. When you leave this cave in a few minutes you will never see it more. A few like myself have the power to see into ages yet unknown. Farewell! The Past is gone! The Future is yet to come! Go!"

The voice ceased and the stillness of death was present. I felt my way to the opening of the cave and passed into the silent glade. I turned at the edge of the clearing and looked back, and lo! the cave was gone. Her prophecy had come true. Where a moment before the opening of the cavern had been was a blackened stump surrounded by waving grass; the silence was broken only by the night breeze, crooning o'er the darkening moor, and shadows glimmered grey beneath the rising moon.

A. H. Pangman, H.S. '23.

THIRD YEAR HIGH

BEFORE reading this article let me explain the purpose of such an undertaking. My aim is to give the class of Third High the "once over" before the fast approaching summer vacation raises havoc among the members of the Class.

It was bright and early one winter's morn about the middle of the school year when I set out to perform my duty as war correspondent for the "Review." This period of the year was selected because I hoped to find the Class *tout ensemble* rigorously attacking Cyrus and Cæsar under the able leadership of their captain and was prepared to see them fully engrossed with angles, lines and squares.

Having reached the main building, I found it no trouble to locate the scene of operation for I just naturally followed the noise which re-echoed and reverberated in all the different nooks and crannies of the entire building. Ah! said I to myself, "you are about to enter the precincts of an extremely busy boiler shop!" Nevertheless, summoning up all my courage, I gently opened the door of the Class and slipped quietly in. Under cover of the battle's din, unnoticed, I entered and wished to remain so for a time within the four walls, for my purpose was to observe and not to be observed.

I took my stand in the corner of the room so that I might "get a line on things." From this post of observation, I vainly endeavoured to figure out, above the din of battle, just what line of attack these eager fellows were about to pursue. When the first smoke of the fracas had cleared and the class had settled down in their respective places, I understood that mathematics was to be the first object of assault.

With the exit of the mathematics' teacher the class resumed its hilarious activities in good form during the five minutes recess. Upon the entrance of the succeeding professor, the scene which ensued reminded me of the triumphant return of some victor to his native city, so enthusiastic was the joy which prevailed on the part of the class. Their exultant feelings were multiplied when a broad smile was bestowed upon them.

With the "stand at ease period" ended, the class resumed its original bearing. However the trouble started when the memory flaunted its challenge before the class. I was surprised at the numerous weak efforts which revealed themselves

during this period. Latin composition next attempted a skirmish. Here I was nearly overcome by the quick firing Latin phrases which most likely would have made Cicero turn green with envy and Cæsar turn in his hallowed grave.

While thus meditating, the recess bell had rung. I, however, unaware of this fact, was swept aside and almost trampled to death by the onrushing horde as it rushed for the door.

After this lull in the battle, I observed that the class had opened hostilities upon Cyrus and his Greek Confederates, the very irregular verbs. This attack I found to be less furious. The reason I soon discovered were the rations which were being consumed under cover. Glancing casually at my Ingersoll I became aware of the fact that the hour was fast approaching twelve. In order to prevent a re-occurrence of being trampled upon, I withdrew from the scene of conflict. In the corridor I felt very much relieved and was thankful that such an ordeal was over.

"The history of Rome," wrote Maxime Formont, "is the history of the Latin Spirit," and the history of Third High is the history of the class spirit: *Semper Eadem!! Gordon Lynch, H.S., '24.*

SECOND YEAR HIGH "A"

THIS morning, the First of June, 1923, 2nd High "A" is in session in a spacious, lightsome class-room on the south side of the main corridor in the Junior Building; and thus we are right beneath 2nd High "B" our better half. The first to come in is the tall, limber, beaming Paul Bray. His well-rested books are there ahead of him. Cheerful Austin Wilkinson is another early comer; and by his ancestry as also by his industry he honestly comes by the bully slogan: "What we have we hold." Francis Cuggy and Thomas Hanley from the same parish, on the same tram, come to college to hold up the same honour, the Loyola scholarships of St. Agnes' parish. Down the same cosy corner, they claim the same last-row double bench. Yet, the topknot of one is sombre Latin, that of the other oseate English.

Across from them, and right with their backs to our 200 square feet of window space, sit the playful Maurice Janin and the staid William Carrick. Alas! Early in the year all desks and seats and scholars were given the command: "Wheel to the right." To all our distractions from the quadrangle, it was a dark good-night. Moreover, the new position forced Willie to turn his back to St. Hilaire, and Maurice so to increase his inner visualization and exterior dramatization that already we see in him a new Lord Byron or a second Sir Henry Irving.

And now the pre-nine o'clock noise begins. George Pigeon is being provoked by O'Neil Cherry. George is a matter-of-fact bird. He knows when he doesn't know and questions. He also knows when others think they know, and don't. A future Socrates or Aquinas, his pupils will have to be little Platos. No wonder his indignation is early aroused by our youthful, grandiloquent O'Neil. Yet extremes do meet in peace; and George's philosophy will some day be broadcasted by his anti-type, then poet, patriot and preacher.

Class is on, and Professor Montague, who opens the day with an hour's Algebra, is tackling John Richardson. This is Dick's specialty as is also the honour of representing us on the Senior College Hockey Team. His rival for Algebraic glory is Gavan Power from Quebec. Besides, G. P. managed our hockey interests so well that we secured the Intra-Mural Intermediate Pennant. The poor in body and soul, in the farthest parts of the world may in time be attended by him as their excellent good Samaritan. His main athletic helpers were Rolland Gagné of Sorel and Plutarco Amoury Gomez y Castro of Havana. Both these are moreover, masters in all the laws of grammar; Rolland amitious to be the framer of Quebec Public Health Laws and Amoury is studying politics and planning a Cuban *coup d'état*. During our Cicero period, Ronald Currie and Henry Tymon by turns, take to day dreams about public careers. Ronald sees himself Provincial Treasurer. He never did mind annoying others, and he doesn't waste a loud breath.

Henry's prominence in matters scholastic, is in inverse proportion to his physical stature. His impersonification of Miltiades in our drama "Marathon" evinced in him the abilities of one who might wield a New York governorship and ever say:

Viam inveniam aut faciam.

In the recitation of lessons, you notice that John McNamara, Murray Chisholm, Ademarh Munich, Lester Saylor, Norman his brother, and Hullett Desbarats are seeking class honours. The first named on account of his knowing and deliberate answers is generally referred to as the "Judge." His Honour Mac, is closely resembled by Murray Chisholm. You look at the latter and explain: "Sweet Auburn." Hardest blows even in lacrosse are light to him and being within reach of his arm of iron, we dare no further compliments. Besides, questioning seems in order. Ademarh M. is leading our Father Cloran. In class, Bobie spars as truly and strongly as when in the boxing-ring, battling for the Junior City Lightweight Title. The Saylor brothers are twins in school successes. Of them the Hiawatha poet might have written: "Week-in, week-out, in the reading of the notes, 'tis like the black-robe's ringing of his chapel bell—First Lester. Second Norman; First Norman, Second Lester." To them, like their nearest rival for brightest laurels Hullett Desbarats, all roads of life are open; and for them, none are too steep, none too high ascending. Excelsior! The "Reds" blaze the trail in Algebra, French and Latin while in Greek and English composition, the spoils are most often seized on by "Rats." Does some fair one call out "Oh my, what horrid names!" We reply: "Pardon, Sister dear, with us boys, the gentler the name, the deeper the shame; the odder the same, the brighter his fame." Hullett's stories are thoughtful; in their selectness and naturalness, Grecian. Given full years of culture and inspiration from loftiest philosophy, Hullett's mind and pen and those of several others, will be fountain-heads of noblest thought in clearest argument and classic English.

'Tis recess time. Our General Manager, Luke Stone, is busy sustaining his reputation as the provider of stirring events for the Juniors, from Sept. to June. His Rugby eleven rarely lost and *eo duce* our second hockey sextette won the Junior Intra-Mural Shield. Also at break time, Jimmy Corcoran is singularly much alive. What either of them undertake for sodalities or clubs, is ever carried right through. Recess over, we're on to Greek History. In the debate: "Resolved that Athenian Imperialism is the most beneficial that the world has ever known!" four members of the old guard of the class are strongly Anti-Greek. Lyndon O'Conner, Count of Toronto, dilates upon Africa where he has traveled extensively; Paul Demers, Duke of Westmount, whose sauvity smacks of Versailles, lauds the times of Louis Quatorze; Jeremiah Walker, Baron of Windsor also prefers modern imperialisms and in well-pondered words, he attributes the prosperity of Canada and the United States to the over-seas action of the French and the British.

The apple of discord has sprouted among the anti-Greeks! Gentleman Forbes, cannot allow even in debate, that America owes anything to anyone. Bright-eyed Athene smiles and the pro-Athenians exult and re-echo Phidippides' shout: "Nikomen! Nikomen!"

Let us take up Latin trans! Eugene Robert, just along from Ottawa Collegiate; Edward Murphy, just in from Montreal High and retired Col. Stephen McGuinness are to the fore. They are delighted by Tullius' epistolary cautious "Cura, cura te, mi..., nihil est quod festines nec quicquam cures nisi ut valeas." "Oh no!" they protest, "it is just that Latin trans. is an excellent means of cultivating English style. And in this we join company with Cardinal Newman."

As the morning class craws to its last moments the striplings grow restless. By their names' first syllable, they're; We'—Kil'—Lon'—Brad'. We' stands for Dessie Weir, usually "in blue." For blue are his eyes as the fairy flax; his ties, his winter tuques and summer suits and all. Sure he

descends from the skies only when merry reading takes us up into the drowsy, blue highlands off by the Hudson. As for Kil', well does it stand for Kenneth Kilcullen. He is the reddest cheeked youth, you ever met, and try as you may, he'll ever be the jumping-Jack of the Class question-box. To Kil's left sits Lon'; and one seat to the rear, Brad'. Comparing the former to these two, old Nepos would write; "In his cognitum est quanto antestaret eloquentia, innocentiae atque abstinentiae." But later on, when grown from little acorns to mighty oaks, and when the sun of public interests beats down upon them, they'll give to all industry—shelter, force and stability. And now for the lad of mystery. Only one incident; charged with gravest offences, he was arraigned before a jury none too favourable and had but a few weak witnesses for his defence. And that jury voted that he be acquitted! But, in his pleadings how cool, smooth and deep he was; How at will his large bright eyes melted, or flashed fiery defiance? He understood not the accusations and yet, how adroitly he presented alibis? Cicero-like, he made most damaging evidence turn to his glorification. A man of great qualities, yet content to remain hidden, he was at last forced to reveal himself. There then arose the vision of Edward Flood as a future Supreme Grand Knight or Black Pope with worldwide influence. Either out of motives of retribution or of appreciation of their endurance, E. F. has assigned all his former teachers at Loyola to coldest Siberia or darkest Africa. He has summoned to him from the four continents the most prominent of his former class-mates. In council with them he has sketched the millennium curriculum of uniting freedom from the classroom with success in school-work and has revised the gospels, combining insurance of pleasure with assurance of every duty well-done; and all, of course, A.M.D.G.

'Tis the end of class. Homework has been "piled on." Jack Brad has made for the corridor and the gongs are sounding: "Angelus Domini." But you have spent three hours in a classical class and as we

read in Irving about Roscoe, so of each of us—happy tenants of this class this morning—you may truly say: "He has lived with antiquity, in the sweet communion of studious retirement; and with posterity, in the generous aspirings after future renown."

J. Walker and S. McGuinness, H.S., '25.

SECOND YEAR HIGH "B"

ON September 7th, 1922, we set sail for the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Our expedition was organized for the express purpose of delving into the hidden mysteries of Ancient Greece and Rome—we purposed also to take an occasional excursion through those more ancient realms where Euclid and his gray haired compeers sat in lofty state and discussed learnedly and interminably of mathematics. Our good ship II HIGH B., captained by her worthy skipper Father A. Bradley, was manned by a crew of thirty-six would-be masters of ancient lore. Nor were we alone on this voyage of exploration. Some six or seven other ships, forming what may be called a High School Squadron accompanied us. During the first few weeks after our departure from our homeland all went well. But as time rapidly winged its flight, the weekly inspections (better known as tests) began to cause us consternation and not a little worry; soon, however, the necessary adjustments were made, and the crew began to assume an orderly rank. One of its members, John McAsey by name received the title of first mate. His qualifications for holding this title however were closely scrutinized by J. McCory, G. Britt, W. Stanford, W. Connor, F. Elliott, J. Nelson, and R. Timmins. Each of the above-named members had a well-founded ambition to claim that title for himself. About Xmas we were allowed a short leave of absence, but when we returned, we were subjected to a most rigorous inspection, and sad to relate six or seven of our crew had their names taken off the list. We were some-

what consoled however for our loss, by the reception of a new member, who proved to be a real treasure, in the person of J. Masterson. Not satisfied with being stout and jolly he aimed to subvert all our former plans and take upon himself the duties and responsibilities of first-mate.

About this time a slight mutiny arose, but was speedily suppressed, and again we were minus two of our members. Their names remained upon our lists, however, pending a more thorough investigation; we are happy to report that they have been reinstated.

As the months of toil and research passed by, the various talents of our crew began to declare themselves. J. Beale, I. Vanderlak and E. Daly were marvellously successful in accumulating a great store of Ancient History. E. Dolan and W. Britt showed a remarkable facility for solving nasty problems in mathematics. J. Murphy and G. Kennedy gave promise to outrival Demosthenes and Cicero. P. Decary has made such a close study of Cæsar's military tactics that he has recently been promoted to the high command of the cadet corps, associated with him in this onerous office are to be found Sergeant Stanford and Corporal Kennedy. W. O'Connor, S. Shaughnessy, J. Shea, and B. Meschio have excelled in athletics, while Ciceri has won the Marathon over Greeks and all-comers. H. McDougall the man from the land of Evangeline, has proved to be the best fisherman on board; while A. Benziger distinguished himself by capturing single handed a ferocious Corean tiger. Lemieux and Lonergan have made fine sketches of Grecian and Roman statuary. The Gloutney Bros., and J. Walsh were noted for their quiet unassuming ways and genial good nature.

Now we are homeward bound and I am sure all will agree that we have accomplished nearly all we set out to do; we sincerely hope that when our good ship drops anchor on June 21st we will depart after the final inspection with joy in our hearts for a long leave of absence.

J. Hart, H.S., '25.

FIRST YEAR HIGH "A"

ONE day on my travels, I came upon a gentleman calling himself Dr. Coué. He told me he knew a fine group of boys, at present in First High "A," Loyola College, and said very confidentially "Every day in every way they're getting better and better." He then described some of their doings.

He mentioned first the class feather-weight, Sinclair, who counts his money in Latin. Arthur Huestis is a Quebec boy, and faithfully follows the fortunes of the Sons of Ireland Hockey Team. Frank McDougall is one of the class that, accidentally, of course, forgets to do the homework. He has queer ideas about the location of some of Europe's principal cities. Lester Feeny is a curly-headed youth, very bright in Algebra, and a fierce enemy of any barber.

Dr. Coué considered John Slattery a very deep thinker, always trying to coax ideas when compositions come around. Jim McDonagh comes from the "wild and woolly Point" and sometimes tries to study. The Doctor almost forgot John Dunn, the youth with the everlasting bow tie. He is the strong man of the class; once during the geography lesson, he moved Australia into South America. He frequents Montreal West a lot. I wonder why? Severo Lopez is our only representative of Sunny Mexico and does very well as captain of a side. Joseph O'Connor has bright prospects for the future. I presume some day he will put Shakespeare and the rest of the poets in the shade. Westcott is getting later and later every day, said the great Doctor. Still when I see him saunter in, I know that Johnny Altimas will be along soon. Andrew Duggan is getting bigger and bigger every day in every way. He'll never let the grass grow under his feet. John Lieval is a bright boy hailing from New York State and is noted for the brevity of his debates. Eddie Tellier is a fiery youth with fiery locks, always determined to stay up last in the concertations, but he generally fails through hard luck.

Frank Goodleaf may be a slow talker and a slow thinker, but you should see him at the Forum getting in shape for the meet. John Ryan lives on the Main Street of the Point, and watches from his dormer-window Jimmy Hogan sprinting home home from Jug. Neither a simultaneous equation nor a paragraph from the Historia Sacra can disturb Horace Morin. George Foy, our Torontonian, is noted for his good compositions and peculiar love for the verb "procurro." Quain McCarrey, absentee detector, has found out that the class is growing smaller and smaller every day. Eddie Quain's difficulty is "Where would the summer be without the winter." Mention drill, says the Doctor, and Tom Burke's heart sinks to his boots. Jack Farrell could play "O Canada" if it wasn't for the music. Willie Menard's life at college is like a long distance call; you can reverse the charges: he's either home-sick or sick at home. Bob Close whiles away his free time playing the difficult parts of First Year Latin on his violin. Widmer Bland is still wondering how Plamondon managed to learn all the Latin vocabularies. Albert Brown's method of doing equations is entirely original.

And with these reflections the worthy Doctor sauntered on his way. Was he telling the truth or making use of auto-suggestion? That is what I'm wondering.

The Class Scribe.

FIRST YEAR HIGH "B"

Thirty-three students make up our class
All are ambitious, and anxious to pass.
"B" unveils Beaubien, who studies awhile,
Then turns to his neighbor and gives him a
smile;
"C" brings Choquette, a studious lad,
Yet slow to distinguish 'tween shall, will
and had.

"C" stands for Clarks; of these there are
two,
Edward and Harold, but cousins 'tis true;
"D" to our list adds three more, whom
you know,

Donald and Donnelly, Dandavino;
 "F," only for Farrell, no more can you
 find;
 Of expert musicians, there's but one of
 each kind.

"G" is for Gill, so cheerful and gay,
 He talks more in an hour, than the rest in
 a day;
 Green, yes and Grogan, we must not forget,
 The first has worked hard, the latter not
 yet;
 Imbleau and Innes need never be shy,
 Without boasting at all, it will always be
 "I."

Kent is our wonder, he thinks it a snap,
 Of Europe and Asia to outline a map;
 Leon, Laplante; two L's have we now,
 English Grammar is easy, but they can't
 see how;
 "M" gives us Mooney and stalwart John
 Meagher,
 The first shines in class, John will at the
 bar.

Nelson—we lost him for three weeks or
 more,
 But he's with us again, and of jokes
 brought a store;
 Pelletier and Quinlan, debaters of fame,
 Long will we cherish and think of each
 name;
 And now for our small, sunny "Jack-in-the-
 box,"
 Rinfret is sure to spring up when he talks.

Three Rivers has sent us a model young
 man,
 Ryan will always do what he can;
 Smith, Snow and Stopes; you need have
 no fear,
 The first two will study, the last will bring
 cheer;
 Tellier and Tyrrell have both made their
 mark,
 Tellier knows Latin, Tyrrell walks in the
 dark.

Derrick McDonald, but lately he came,
 To glory he'll rise; just think of his name;
 Charles Williams, so dignified, stately and
 tall,

He studies at times, but can't outclass
 Paul;
 One more must we mention, James Wilson
 comes last,
 His greatest ambition is to play hockey,
 fast.
 And these are the thirty and three in our
 class
 Each one is ambitious—but will they all
 pass?

—Galba.

FIRST YEAR HIGH "C"

ON the beach of one of the Canary Islands down by the coast of West Africa a native to his surprise picked up a log-book badly damaged and written in a scrawly and scarcely-to-be deciphered hand. Inside the first page he read: "Anecdotes and Events of the Good Ship First High "C" on the Sea of Knowledge." Many of the pages were badly watersoaked but the few which remained pleased this lonely native. And this is what he read:

29th Day out: Kelly, the boy comedian, otherwise rather clever, lets slip a wise remark. Bailey, to us, "Little Ralph," starts laughing and gradually works himself into hysterics until Dr. Blagdon, N.I.X., the ship's distinguished physician, in a new grey suit succeeds after considerable difficulty in calming his emotion.

51st Day out:—The ship is beached, Keating loses the index of x while the crew take shore leave. Nelson, a native, is brought on board. We discover that the natives make grease from fish. It is described by Gomery as being excellent for hair purposes. Keating and Nelson promptly claim it.

72nd Day Out:—Sea of Disaster is reached. Large gale blowing. Blasé, Brown and Donnelly are washed overboard and picked up later by the frigate "Prep."

P.S.—Beaudin and Brady see to it that the crew receive their Bedtime Stories on the Radio regularly.

89th Day Out:—Owing to miscalculation on the part of Millen the ship is again beached. Dubuc deserts the ship. Nelson takes sick. O'Connell organizes a baseball

game to cheer the crew. Rolland and P. Donnelly are rooters with Burke searching for lost base-balls.

173rd Day Out:—Nelson better; but Perego again succeeds in his pet trick of hurting his right hand to the extent of a few weeks exemption from work. Deegan takes life easily, works when obliged and then only to a limited degree.

150th Day Out:—Harry Burns rushes up in great excitement with the news that he has sighted the Mississippi, but it is later identified as the Niger River on the coast of West Africa.

160th Day Out:—Ship docked at Lagos for supplies. V. Burns kidnapped by natives who claim he is a lost member and can be easily recognized by his hair. H. LeMesurier matches his wrestling ability with a darky and strains his side.

189th Day Out:—Phelan while taking his usual morning run about the deck in preparation for the Spring Meet in which we all wish him luck arouses McMahon from slumber. Bill Smallhorn again decides to work but finds it difficult.

201st Day Out:—Brady receives a Radio message from Perth, Ont. Mickey Foy succeeds in meeting a distinguished ball fan. Bailey attempts to make a radio set with the aid of Burke who found that wireless wire served as a good aerial while Beaudin declared he heard scratching on a home-made insulator.

248th Day Out:—Parrot busies himself by repairing his new picture machine which he promises will soon be ready for an evening's entertainment. When asked which was the best method of killing a bull, Burns, our American friend claimed shooting the bull was by far the most agreeable pastime he knew. And on the last page the native read,

"Never failing—Slow but Sure."
—W. Nagle, H.S., '26.

PREPARATORY

SEVEN and ten, in number started out, last September, filled with the highest ambitions and expectations. We imagined that in a little while the whole

world would be astounded with our ponderous learning and that we should be the cause of considerable stir. What a great change has been produced in us in six months! Now we realize to a certain extent how little we know, regardless of what we may accomplish in the future. Great inroads have been made in our ranks. The hard-heartedness of I High teachers has enlarged our class, so that to-day we can boast of thirty-two members.

The new brothers in distress represent the noted localities of America. Pedro, who comes from Mexico is a bosom chum of Stopes from the "Bally old Sod." Martins hails of New York; Blasé of the same metropolis wonders why he was sent down, and his class-mates wonder how he got up. Donnelly, Brown, Cherry, Kelly, Kearns, Byrne, Stevens, Deltorquio, Whitton, are of the gypsy type, fond of wandering (especially mind wandering), Shag, Lennon, Bradley, Gagné and Vachon, occasionally show slight symptoms of genius when squirming for an excuse for not having homework done. Balfe after close association with Cavanagh and Boileau may learn to speak French. Hill and the Hushion Freres, love cadet drill and their teacher; Lynch, Roe and Smith the unholy trinity, make the complete list of the class.

However we feel confident that our course has not been a failure. The former "preps" have established a very creditable record, and this year, undismayed by the cosmopolitan numbers, nay, rather inspired by the former traditions we have striven to excel the former greatness of the class; and not in vain. In all branches of learning and sport we have done well, and there is a great race for supremacy between the day scholars and boarders, the latter claiming a slight margin.

In these days of advanced education, history is moving fast. It is not safe to prophesy what the future will bring, yet we are confident that regardless of future events, the boys of Senior Prep. will ever conduct themselves in a manner worthy of their College.

The Loyola C.O.T.C.

WHILE perusing an old "Review, that of June '15, I find an interesting article about the Cadet Corps of that day, which reads as follows:

"The complete organization of the L.C. Cadet Corps was left over until we should be in our new Sherbrooke St. College. Our first experience in the work has led us all to conclude that there are in Loyola College the materials for a cadet corps, second to none in Canada.

If the anonymous author of that article, now no doubt working his way in some part of the world, could see our Officers' Training Corps in all its splendor, I am sure he could not help but feel proud that he was connected in some small way with the finest military organization at Loyola. At present our C.O.T.C. is four years old, having received its organization as a militia unit March 17th, 1919, and so far it has borne itself in a very creditable manner.

Three sets of examinations have been held and although as yet the latest results from the War Office have not been announced, out of the two previous examinations, twelve candidates were successful. Though at first sight this may seem rather a small percentage, nevertheless, taking into consideration the number of candidates who presented themselves for the preliminaries, the threefold examinations of Drill, Musketry and Tactics and map reading, every one must agree that the Loyola Contingent has done itself justice.

The present strength of the Unit numbers about 90 members, making one company of four platoons. The Unit is under the command of Major E. Reynolds, with Captain Edward O'Brien as second in command. Both these Officers are late of the Duchess of Connaught's Own, Irish Canadian Rangers, and saw service during the Great War. The commanders of the four platoons respectively are Lieutenants Walsh, Laplante, Scott, and Plunkett.

The first important parade during the past year was in November, on the occasion of the Annual Garrison Church Parade

of Military District No. 4, in which the L.C.O.T.C. took part, attending St. James Cathedral, with the Catholic units, and marching behind the Royal Montreal Regiment for the March Past.

On February the sixth a preliminary inspection of the Corps took place by Lt.-Col. R. O. Alexander and Major Neilson, from Militia Headquarters, and the result was we think quite satisfactory.

Our Second Annual Mess Dinner tendered to the Officers of the Irish Canadian Rangers was held on April 24th. It equalled in every way, the mess dinner of last year, there being some thirty-five guests from the Officers of the Irish Canadian Rangers. Major Reynolds, O.C., was toastmaster and fulfilled that position as admirably as is his custom.

The toasts were as follows:

The King—Capt. O'Brien, President of the Mess and Lt. T. J. Walsh, Vice-President of the Mess.

The Irish Canadian Rangers—Major Reynolds, responded to by Lt.-Col. H. J. Trihey, I.C.R.

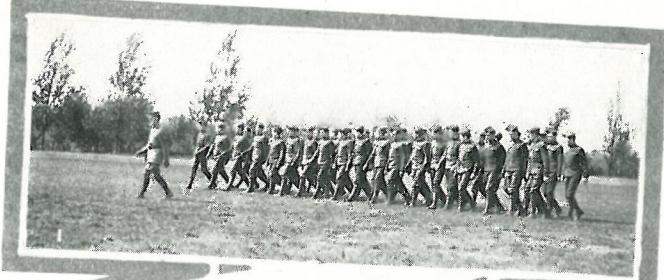
The L.C.O.T.C.—Captain Mullally, I.C.R., responded to by Lt. Cuthbert Scott.

The College Faculty—Major M. J. McCrory, responded to by The Rev. W. H. Hingston, S.J.

One very pleasant incident connected with the Mess was that we had with us once more, Major McCrory, who was our first O.C., and held that position until his resignation last spring. His popularity was felt by the manner in which he was received when he arose to address the gathering. Furthermore the Mess Dinner witnessed the first formal appearance of the O.T.C. Brass Band of thirty pieces, which played "The Wearin' of the Green" as the Corps marched into the mess and rendered very tastefully at various times throughout the dinner selected pieces, finishing with "O Canada."

While relating the activities of the O.T.C. for the year, I feel that something must be said in praise of the admirable

MILITARY ACTIVITIES



1. CADETS AT DRILL

2 AND 4. ANNUAL INSPECTION OF CADET CORPS BY (3) LT.-COL. KEEFLER

5. C.O.T.C. AT CHURCH PARADE

spirit and work accomplished by both Major Reynolds and Captain O'Brien.

In taking charge of the corps they have undertaken a task which is by no means an easy one, which is often quite an unpleasant one, and which always taxes their valuable time, which they have given most generously.

Major Reynolds was our Second in Command in past years and we had reason to know his efficiency and other admirable qualities before he was elevated to the command of the Unit.

With the appointment of Captain O'Brien the corps has found an excellent officer from every point of view and a kind friend.

To the energy of Captain O'Brien we may attribute the advanced course in musketry instruction which met with such great success this spring. A rifle range has been fitted out, adding a new stimulus to the interest of the members of the Corps.

Our annual inspection, which was held on June the seventh, finished the activities of the O.T.C. for the year 1922-23.

THE CADET CORPS

THIS year may easily be called one of the most successful years Loyola Cadets have witnessed. Under the able care and patient instruction of Major Long and of his assistant Sergeant-Major Murtagh we have, we flatter ourselves, attained a degree of success superior to that of our friendly rivals the C.O.T.C.

Our Corps is two hundred and fifty strong and is divided into four platoons. Each platoon is commanded by a lieutenant assisted by a sergeant, while the company, which is of full wartime strength, is commanded by a Cadet Major and a Second-in-Command who ranks as a Cadet Captain. Last but not by any means least, are the Company Sergeant-Major and the Company Quarter-master Sergeant.

We started for the first time this term, a series of route marches which proved an incredible success, an innovation which we hope is but the beginning of our field manœuvres. In the very first days of the year we took part in the Montreal Garrison Church Parade and despite the fact that our ranks necessarily held many raw recruits, we were complimented as being second only to our own C.O.T.C. (and then not so very greatly inferior to them either!) in smartness, appearance, and efficiency. However we ourselves are privately of the opinion that, though we should not pretend to be quite as soldierly as the C.O.T.C., nevertheless we would not be hopelessly outclassed in an inspection with them. And though we are not feasted

and banqueted after the final inspections as they are, yet the ambition of every single cadet is to make our Corps a success, a credit to our Alma Mater and the smartest in Canada.

Commendable care was exercised regarding the appearance of Cadets when on dress parade and the shine on buttons, equipment, and boots caused such a glitter that he would be blind who would not be struck by our neatness and soldierly appearance. On several occasions Father Rector inspected us and passing through our ranks would point out a belt that needed tightening or loosening, a puttee not accurately rolled or a service cap needing adjustment. These minor imperfections were soon set right and he proceeded to pronounce the result entirely satisfactory.

Despite the fact that rifles have been issued to the fourth platoon for the first time, we feel that when our inspection takes place it will be an entire success far eclipsing that of last year.

This is only the Military side of our Cadet work; there is also the physical side. To this, great study and care is devoted by Major Long and many a Cadet is straightened up and broadened out by the untiring patience of the Major. Often a culprit arriving late will note with a qualm the stern look in the Major's eye, and in consequence will doff his coat and hurry to his place to do his utmost during the period in order to regain the forfeited

esteem, and bring back the merry twinkle which we all like to see in the eyes of our instructor. Then there is the Sergeant-Major with an unending vocabulary of picturesque expressions constantly reminding us that we must remember who we are, that on the command "About turn" we are not human windmills and that there is absolutely no necessity for flailing the four winds with our arms. Our work is all the snappier for these little

gusts of humor and the time passes quickly. During the drill there is no soldiering; for, owing to Major Long's frequent and delightful chats and anecdotes, each feels that he should outshine the others, hoping that the next year he shall have grown enough during the summer to be picked to swell the ranks of the C.O.T.C. in the following September.

*E. Christison, H.S., '23.
Cadet Lieutenant.*

CONSOLATION

An angel paused in heaven so wondrous fair,
And stole a glimpse at our sad world below.
One glance enough, he scarce could bear
to know
The depth of human woe depicted there.
Then sore at heart, head bowed deep down
with care,
He wept, and let his tears of pity flow
He wist not where, save that they falling
slow
Would come to earth and bounteous
blessing bear.

A ruby rose was wilting in the heat
So sad that life was soon to pass away.
In sadness thought of Spring and Youth
and May—
Her tender growth through many a sunny
day.
A diamond raindrop bent her petals sweet,
She raised her head and smiled through all
the day.

Kenneth McArdle, H.S., '23.

Class Specimens

CHEMISTRY AT LOYOLA.

ON Thursday evening, May 23rd, the Junior Year of Loyola College gave its second successive annual demonstration in chemistry. This public act was dedicated to the Advisory Board of Loyola College, and was presented in Philosophy Lecture Hall before the College Faculty and a select gathering of friends.

Edmond Brannen, '24, after a few explanatory remarks on the subject "Water" introduced the speakers.

James Maloney, '24, the first lecturer, considered water from a natural point of view, dealing methodically with its Occurrence and Distribution in nature, its Occurrence in foods, in man and in animals, the impurities it contains and the different modes of Purification we have at our disposal. His lecture, devoid of the many pedagogical and technical expressions which debutants are tempted to introduce liberally, was fittingly illustrated by a series of experiments performed creditably by Alexander Grant, '24, and Leo Skelly, '24.

Paul Casey, '24, the second lecturer, dealt with water as a purely chemical substance, explaining its Composition and Action, and the phenomena of Solution. Mr. Casey is gifted with a decidedly humorous temperament to which he gave expression on several occasions during his demonstration, in no way however, detracting from the very serious character of his scientific talk. His demonstrators were Earl Lesage, '24 and Leo Skelly, '24, who ably assisted him.

At the close of the lecture Dean Adams of McGill University, congratulated the lecturers and their assistants on the success they had achieved that evening. He said he would like to call attention to the fact that these experiments looked very simple to perform, yet the chances were fifty to one hundred that they might fail. He could readily attest to the success of all the experiments during the evening. In con-

clusion he wished to thank Rev. W. H. Hingston for his kind invitation, and expressed his pleasure at having been able to attend.

The scientific demonstrations given by the junior and senior students of the College, in chemistry, in philosophy, in physics are now regular annual events, and judging from the successful beginnings, we have no doubt but that future ones will be both interesting and instructive.

Jean Casgrain, '23.

PUBLIC ACT IN LITERATURE

ON May 19th, 1923, the public act in literature was presented before the Faculty and College students of Loyola by the class of Freshmen. The lecturers had well prepared their papers, and their delivery was worthy of more experienced speakers. The collaborators of each lecturer had taken so much pains to improve upon their pieces and selections that the result according to impartial critics, was worthy of the subject, worthy of the class and worthy of the College.

The act began with a Latin song rendered by the Freshman chorus. The Chairman, Mr. Mitchell, by way of introduction, explained the purpose and scope of the specimen, and begged of the audience to pardon any unavoidable brevity in the treatment of such a lofty subject; after which, in a very pleasant manner, he introduced the first speaker, Mr. McDonald.

To discuss narrative and dramatic poetry was the task of Mr. McDonald. His paper on epic and dramatic poetry recalled to our minds the efforts of years of toil, the immortal flashes of genius and the criticisms of many centuries. The lecturer in reviewing the theory and practice of heroic poems called upon Mr. Carroll and Mr. Gorozpe to recite some selections taken from one of the greatest masterpieces of English literature, Milton's "Paradise Lost."

From narrative poetry Mr. McDonald passed on to discuss the essentials of Tragedy. Such a study would certainly have required a much longer time, but he explained the theory of Drama in such a compact and interesting form that it delighted and instructed at the same time. Mr. Donovan and Mr. Suinaga rendered a selection from King Lear. Mr. Fregeau impersonated Shylock, while Mr. Escandon acted as the Duke. Mr. McDonald finished his lecture by giving a short review of the history of Tragedy, adding some criticisms of the Greek, French and English stages. It is not too much to say, that the success of the first half of our specimen was due in great part to the untiring efforts of the lecturer, Mr. McDonald.

After a musical selection rendered by the Freshman Chorus, the Chairman introduced the second speaker, Mr. Mulvena. He began his lecture by giving a detailed analysis of lyric poetry and its principal sub-divisions. Many students of the class were summoned to illustrate some important point in the lecture. Odes, elegies, lyrics, songs and other divisions of lyric poetry were rendered by Messrs. Donovan, Suinaga, Manley, Mitchell, Fagan, McCrea, Flood, Farmer, Malloy and Mill. Having attempted to communicate to his audience an idea of lyric poetry as clear as that which existed in his own mind, Mr. Mulvena proceeded to discuss the less important species of Poetry—Didactic and Pastoral. Thus he brought to a close an essay which in the opinion of all, deserved great praise for its elegance, clearness and simplicity of style.

Thanks to the benevolent indulgence with which our work was considered, thanks to the earnest co-operation of the Freshman Class, and especially to the untiring efforts of our Reverend Professor, we have been successful in our attempt to put before the Arts Course and the Faculty of Loyola College, not a learned dissertation clothed with rhetorical magnificence which becomes maturer years, but only the humble efforts of young students scarcely initiated in the beauties of the Art Sublime.

FOURTH YEAR HIGH CLASS SPECIMEN

ON the 16th March, 1923, the graduating class of High School presented a specimen of the year's progress, in the College Auditorium, at which the Faculty and student body were present. The stage was tastefully decorated, and presented an exceedingly pleasing appearance by reason of the variety and profusion of colours which it exhibited.

The programme was opened by Charles Harwood, who in a well-worded address welcomed our presiding visitor, Rev. Fr. Filion, the Faculty and students, and gave the audience an outline of the succeeding numbers on the programme. The young orator retired gracefully amid the plaudits of his hearers, and the curtain was suddenly drawn aside. The whole class was on the stage, and a chorus was sung to the tune of "Jingle Bells," recounting the adventures of Cyrus, Cicero and Catiline. There is grave reason to suspect that our Reverend Professor had something to do with composing the words, which were as popular around the College as any of even the most popular songs and were caught up and sung by everyone from the youths in 1st High to the moustached men in Philosophy.

A concertation in Mathematics followed the chorus. Emmett McManamy, of Sherbrooke, took the roll of professor, while his class was replete with stars in the heaven of mathematics. John Hoeschen, Jacques Chevrier, John McConomy, Thomas Mooney, Alexander Rolland and Brendon Cloran were members of the class; they, with Robert Gonzalez and Raymond Harpin gave clear explanations of various problems involving Graphs.

Joseph Murphy and Moore Bannon, two brilliant elocutionists gave recitations. Jos. Murphy's piece, "Clarence's Dream," gave him an opportunity to display his technique in interpreting such a selection, while Moore Bannon delivering "Wolsley's Soliloquy," showed splendid dramatic ability. Both were applauded heartily, and indeed deserved every bit of the praise given them.



CHEMISTRY DEMONSTRATION



PHYSICS LABORATORY

A concertation in English which had been prepared by Kenneth McArdle was very successful due to the fact that instead of holding a mock class, he introduced into the act certain elements which made it resemble a play and thus rendered it more pleasing and interesting to the audience. The host was Kenneth McArdle and his uninvited guests, prominent literary men. The generous host on finding that his guests had been invited to his apartments by a young rival across the hall "who wished to play a joke on him," immediately invited them in and they engaged in a dissertation on Literature.

A Greek dialogue from "Lucian," between Harold McCarrey, Adrian Anglin and Ramon Matanzo, was one of the most successful and certainly the most humorous act. The plot is an argument between a ferryman and his passenger. The ferryman has first conveyed his passenger to the edge of the next world. His charge being out of money is unable to pay his fare, and the ferryman is in a quandary. He cannot take the man back because he is dead, and he cannot get his money because the ghost is financially embarrassed. The problem is solved by the God of Commerce, who pays the ferryman for his trouble.

The last act portrayed a scene in the Roman Senate. The Senators were assembled in their various places when the Consul, Edward Cannon, entered, followed almost immediately by Cicero. This famous character was portrayed by Frank Burns, who launched into a fiery invective against Catiline. That worthy entered the Senate a few moments later, but as soon as he approached his seat, the other Senators drew away from him and left him to himself. He attempted to reply to Cicero's charges but did not succeed very well and was banished from the city of Rome.

During the specimen a delightful piano solo was rendered by Manuel Escandon, whose skill with that instrument has pleased many an audience at various College entertainments.

At the conclusion, Rev. Fr. Filion, complimented the class on having presented a very successful specimen; and granted the

four classes of High School a half holiday. The success of the specimen was in great part due to Rev. Fr. Mulcahey, our professor, under the direction of whom the novel and interesting programme was so well given through the hearty co-operation of each member of the class.

FIRST YEAR HIGH CLASS SPECIMEN

ON the morning of April 30th, at 10.30 in the College Auditorium, the three sections of First Year High presented to the remaining classes of the High School a very well prepared, and needless to say, very interesting class specimen. The classes united number almost one hundred, and all are to be congratulated on the manner in which they acquitted themselves of the difficult task of displaying their knowledge in public.

The programme was opened by a well delivered introductory speech by H. Gomery, who assured his audience that they had no reason to fear; though they were to assist at a real exhibition of ordinary class work, all chance of monotony, which might so easily accompany an entertainment of this kind, and of course which every boy dreads, had been foreseen, but, for their benefit, removed. His prophesy was true, and nobody can deny.

Then followed a very tastefully selected piano solo, played by R. Bailey. The loud applause which followed, was sufficient proof that his musical ability was recognized and highly appreciated by all present. The third number was a Latin concertation between two of the classes, First High "A" and "B." Each boy had prepared five short questions which he asked his opponent in turn. First High "B" boys scoring the greatest number of victories, they were destined to meet First High "C," in a similar series of duels.

A declamation entitled "Casey at the Bat," was then given by A. C. Pelletier. It was with deep feelings of sympathy that the declaimer broke the sad news to his hearers, that "Mighty Casey" had struck out. The most interesting number on the

programme was a Latin dialogue, in which three boys took part: W. Rinfret, D. Sinclair and A. Stopes.

The next number was also well applauded. It was presented by the famous First High musical quartette: R. Close, J. Dunn, R. Ryan, and H. Quinlan, assisted by A. Wilkinson from Second High, who highly honored us by lending a helping hand. "The music was exquisite," was the remark of an impartial judge.

First High "B" then met First High "C," in a death struggle for final honors in a second Latin concertation. First High "B" again led by a few points. V. Nelson favored us with an old Irish song. He was

accompanied by D. Farrell. Victor imitated the Irish country boy to perfection.

A few questions on Physical Geography were asked in quick form, followed by a rapid contest in algebra. Jose Leon carried off the honours in locating accurately, any place in South America, while Lester Feeny and Patrick Donnelly starred in Algebra.

Rev. Fr. Rector congratulated the boys for their hard work, and assured them that their untiring efforts had been crowned with success.

John Dolan of Second High kindly furnished the final number by playing "O Canada."

A. C. Pelletier, H.S., '26.

KELLY OF THE KEYS

(*With apologies to Longfellow*)

Greek! Greek! thou fearful pest!
Why leave you me no rest?
Why with a written test
Comest to daunt me?
When I thy books survey
They fill me with dismay,
Wrecking each holiday—
Why dost thou haunt me?

I heard a gentle breeze
Whispering among the trees;
There was Demosthenes
Hostile and grumbling:
And like the drizzling rain
Upon a window pane
Came his sweet voice again
Greek phrases mumbling.

"I was a speaker bold
And, in those days of old,
To the 'hoi polloi' cold
Plain truths related;
Told of Great Philip's band
Seizing the Grecian strand—
All those orations grand
You have translated.

"Once as I looked in glee
At a translation free
Which had quite horribly
Disturbed the master

Young Kelly's eyes did shine,
Who for that day did pine,
When any works of mine
He could read faster.

"Then did that cursed man
All difficulties ban
To the youth pale and wan
Who Greek translated.
He was the man who wrote
All the good 'trots afloat'
For all the Greeks remote
Whose works he hated.

"Him would I like to see
Right here in front of me:
Soon a pale corse he'd be
Really and truly.
Then would no man re write
My volumes recondite
Lest my immortal might
Punish him duly."

Fled then that famous Greek
Ere I a word could speak:
Planning his wrath to wreak
On this translator.
But I'll tell Conan Doyle
His evil plans to foil
Against this son of toil,
His imitator.

Basil R. V. Cuddihy, '25.

Loyola School of Sociology and Social Service

THE year just closed marks a new step forward in the history of the School of Sociology and Social Service, founded in 1918, on the initiative of the Catholic Social Service Guild.

Under the joint auspices of Loyola College and Knights of Columbus, with the inauguration of a financial grant from the latter, the Extension Lectures, covering eleven courses, were arranged according to a new plan which proved satisfactory alike to professors and students.

The subjects were divided into two groups of which one part was taken before Christmas, the second after the new year. This arrangement permitting greater concentration on a few subjects produced more solid results than when six to ten subjects were attempted in one session. Examinations being held at the end of each session, the ordeal was robbed of half its annual terrors, with a visible upward movement in the health and spirits of the students.

It became also possible to reduce the lecture nights from three to two a week in the second half, without shortening any of the courses. This was a humane provision in an unusually severe winter, especially as most of the students were doing a full day's work in addition to these courses.

The total number of regular lectures given was one hundred. The attendance varied from ten to thirty, with an average attendance of twelve. Four students took the final examinations and gained the Diploma in Sociology granted through the University of Montreal. The first year students, for various reasons, were unable to sit for examinations. This was a matter of great regret to a number who were eager to obtain the first year's certificate, but, in each case, owing to illness, bereavement, or other unavoidable causes, the courses were interrupted to an extent that they could not be made up. Nothing daunted, the same students hope to return to the charge next term. Some also who were unable to follow the second year's course

this year have signified their intention to register in the autumn to complete the Diploma Course in 1923-1924.

The four graduates of this year have a remarkable record of attendance; and the attention of all the students at the lectures elicited favourable comment from the professors, who felt it a pleasure to give their services to students of such a sincere and satisfactory type.

The graduates are Mary E. Wall, Madeleine de Bury, Bridget Doheney and Bernadette Galarneau, the two first named having passed with honours.

The two years' course included the following subjects:—

First Session:—October 9th to December 20th, Social and Economic History, 10 lectures by Dr. W. H. Atherton, Ph.D., Litt.D., L.L.D.; Mental Hygiene, 10 lectures by Dr. F. E. Devlin, Medical Superintendent of the Hospital of St. Jean de Dieu; Child Welfare, 10 lectures by Dr. W. A. L. Styles; Community Health, 10 lectures by Dr. E. J. Mullally; Hospital Social Service, 9 lectures by Dr. Edward J. Semple; Statistics, 9 lectures by Miss L. E. F. Barry.

Second Session:—Ethics, 12 lectures by Reverend J. C. Brophy, D.D.; Field Work, 12 lectures by Miss L. E. F. Barry; Social Economics, 10 lectures by Reverend W. H. Hingston, S.J.; Social Law, 10 lectures by M. A. Phelan, K.C.

Four special lectures were given during the year by well-known speakers from other cities. The first was given on September 18th by Reverend Michael Earls, S.J., Professor of Literature at Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass. He took for his subject "Characteristics of Anglo-Irish Poetry" and charmed a large and enthusiastic audience with his fascinating theme. This was undoubtedly one of the most popular lectures given under the auspices of the Loyola School of Sociology and attracted wide attention in the press, both English and French papers devoting much space

to its review. Mr. R. H. Coats, the Dominion Statistician, on October 13th came from Ottawa on purpose to deliver a lecture to the students on Statistics. The title of his lecture was "Our National Statistical System, or Everybody's Business." Mr. Coats is a platform speaker of the greatest charm; his address was characterized by a wit and humour which was all the more enjoyable because so unexpected from the title and the subject. Statistics is a subject in which interest and even romance lies latent and the lecturer brought these unsuspected qualities of the supposedly dry science to the delighted attention of his audience.

On November 21st., Reverend Brother Barnabas, F.S.C., late Diocesan Director of Catholic Charities, Toronto, addressed the School on "The Big Brother Movement." This subject, being of great local interest to many non-Catholic organizations attracted a large audience and received much attention in the press. The Reverend Brother is an enthusiast on "Boys" and imparted much of his ardent zeal to his hearers. Definite results have resulted from his visit and lecture in the formation of a Catholic branch of the "Big Sister Movement" by the Catholic Women's League of Montreal.

The final special lecture of the course was given by Reverend Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., Dean of the Graduating School of Georgetown University, Washington, D.C., on April 6th. The subject was "Spiritism" or "Spiritualism." Father Gasson showed not only the dangers inherent in the practice of dabbling in "black magic," but also exposed many of the frauds and tricks indulged in by the professional charlatans who practice on the ignorance and superstition of those who foolishly consult them. Many of these tricks and duplicities had been witnessed by the lecturer, and his dramatic recital of some of his experiences caused his audience great amusement.

On April 13th, Dr. W. H. Atherton gave the students an interesting account of his recent visit to Europe, including his private interview with His Holiness the Pope. The School received a special blessing from the

Holy Father; it was inscribed on an illuminated parchment and brought back by Dr. Atherton. This permanent reminder of the visit and the blessing given to the school and the students has become a very precious possession and is treasured accordingly.

The courses given by the ten Professors who are lecturing regularly to the students are of the greatest interest as well as of permanent practical value. Where each Professor is an authority in his or her particular subject, it is impossible to single out any individual lecture or lecturer as being of paramount interest or importance. Reverend Father Hingston, the Dean of the School, and Reverend Father Brophy, D.D., gave the two most idealistic, and therefore the most difficult courses. The students however find them fascinating, perhaps because of this very difficulty, which entails much mental effort on their part to attain the necessary degree of knowledge to pass the respective examinations. The group of Doctors who give such practical and interesting lectures, Dr. Devlin, Dr. Mullally, Dr. Semple and Dr. Styles, are much devoted to the school, and the students greatly value their courses which they find inestimable use in their social service work. The course in Law is taken in alternate years by Mr. J. T. Hackett, K.C., and Mr. M. A. Phelan, K.C. Both of these professors are frequently consulted outside their lectures on knotty points of law, which they always willingly elucidate for the benefit of the student enquirer. Dr. Atherton's course on Social and Economic History is followed with the most intense interest; this course, more than any other, brings home the fact that Sociology is indeed a universal science, having its roots deep in the "dark backward and abyss of time." The wide view of history and the extraordinary inter-relationships of country with country, of age with age, which this course so ably brings out is an education in itself.

Miss Barry, honorary secretary of the Catholic Social Service Guild, lectures on two subjects, in both of which she is a past mistress. Statistics and Field Work are,

perhaps, of the most immediate practical use to an aspiring social worker, each of these subjects being used daily in the practical work of a sociologist.

The privilege of attending the first lecture in each course, which is extended to all persons interested, attracts a certain number of hearers, including teachers, nurses, and volunteers in social work.

Many of these have expressed a real regret that their engagements do not permit them to follow the courses. There is no doubt, that, given more favourable conditions, the regular attendance would be greatly increased. The fact that so many evenings must be sacrificed by students working up to a Diploma is a serious drawback, yet lectures given in the day-time do not attract as earnest a type of student as those who come in the evening.

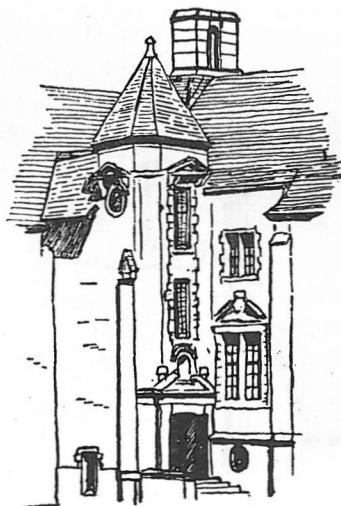
It is regrettable that more young women of leisure do not take advantage of this valuable means of preparation for professional work of such an interesting and useful character.

In the five years since foundation the School has produced twenty graduates,

most of whom are doing important work in the field, or training others to the right conception and practice of Catholic Social Service.

The slight prejudice against the trained worker which had to be met in some quarters at the outset has now disappeared and given way to a cordial recognition of her usefulness to the community. The ability to solve individual and family problems, through the knowledge of all the available resources, and how to use them; the art of making friends for the poor among the well-to-do and influential classes; the privilege of moving freely among all sections and degrees of the people (in some instances where even a policeman fears to tread), gives the social worker a sense of power and a breadth of sympathy that in themselves constitute a rich reward for the long hours of study and often hard conditions of service imposed on her.

The courses will be renewed in October, 1923. Any person requiring more detailed information about the School may apply to the Registrar, 22 Drummond Street, Montreal, either personally or by letter.



SUNSET

I saw the sun set yesternight,
 'Twas veiled in gold and glory bright,
 'Twas framed in amethyst and pink.
 How fair a couch on which to sink.

The clouds were piled in bright array
 To bid farewell to parting day;
 I lay in wond'ring extasy
 And watched the brilliant phantasy.

For I was lost in solemn thought,
 Such scenes to me the picture brought.
 What glory must in Heaven be,
 If here on earth such things we see.

J. D. McCrea, Arts, '26.

MY TOM

Beneath a tiny lonely mound
 My Tom is laid to rest,
 The songs so sweet of birds around
 His innocence attest.

The roses from his cheeks are fled,
 And cold his form so fair,
 O Lord, You know how my heart bled
 The day I laid him there!

And yet I know, in heav'n with Thee
 His soul at ease must be,
 Far greater happiness he'll see
 Than here below with me.

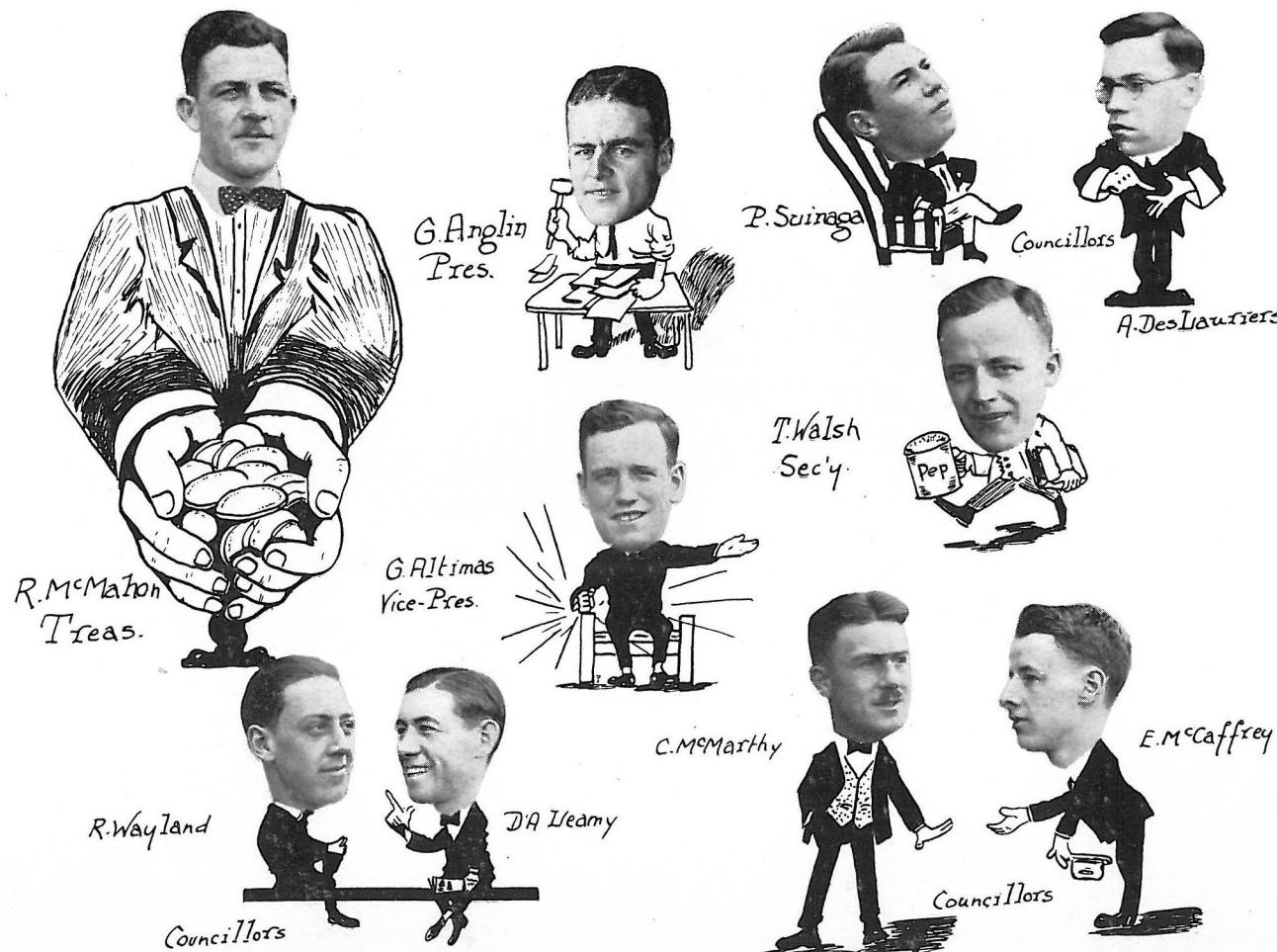
W. Donovan, '26.

SPRING

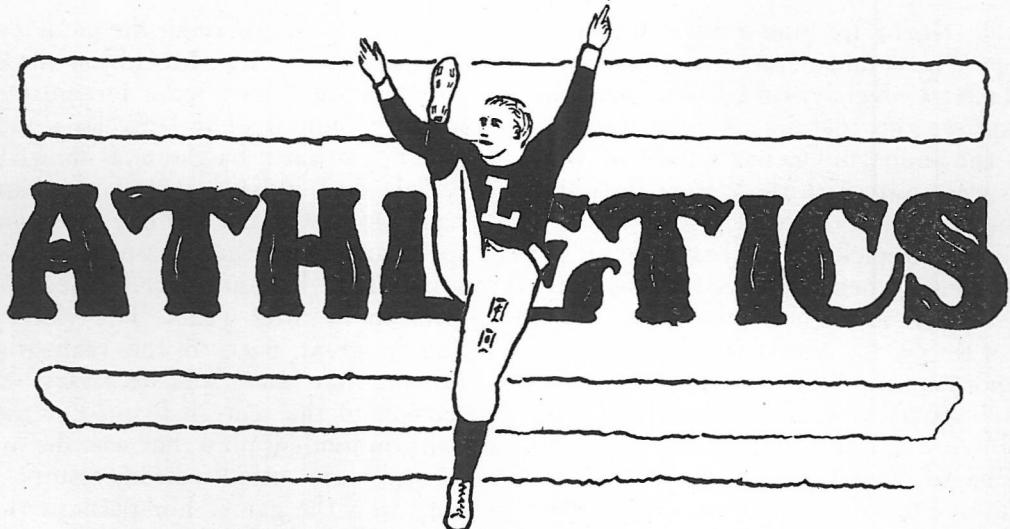
The happy days are come, that blossoms in the year,
 The sleepy winds, and softening showers make meadows green
 and clear,
 Heaped in clusters in the wild, the springtime flowers are glad,
 They dance to morning breezes and bow their graceful heads,
 The blackbirds and the swallows come from the south to stay,
 And from the tree the robin sings throughout the livelong day.

Harold McCarry, H.S., '23.





L.C.A.A EXECUTIVE



SENIOR FOOTBALL

ON the night of the thirtieth of November, at a meeting of the Province of Quebec Rugby Football Union, it was officially announced by the Loyola College Athletic Association that the senior Rugby team had withdrawn from the final battle for junior dominion honours in deference to the wishes of the College Authorities that athletics should not restrict legitimate and reasonable scholastic interests at Loyola. This decision on the part of the representative athletic board of the College was noteworthy inasmuch as the Loyola squad, by defeating McMaster University in the previous week, had earned the very enviable title of Junior Inter-collegiate Champions of Canada, and in the light of their past performances on the gridiron, were regarded by conservative Rugby opinion of Ontario and Quebec as the best contenders for dominion honours. Unhappily the Faculty decided that scholastic interests would be sacrificed by the contemplated move of the Rugby Football Union to extend the schedule into the month of December. The pressure of the oncoming examinations was too great, and this fact the student body and the Rugby squad themselves recognized; hence the final decision to withdraw from the play-off was easier to bear. The co-operation of the student-body of the College with the action

of the authorities was at no time lacking and when the promised blow at last fell, the courage of all, and especially of the squad that brought such honours to their Alma Mater, was wonderful, considering that the Canadian title was almost within their grasp. It was felt by all that the decision of the authorities to bring to an end any further ventures into the sphere of Rugby championship play-off was wise and the only thing to do under the circumstances. The primary purpose of Loyola's existence could hardly be relegated to the background for the mere whim of an athletic body of control. It has been quite generally recognized in collegiate circles in Canada this year that the athletic bodies that govern amateur sport should frame their schedules in such a way as to meet more fairly the requirements of Canadian scholastic interests. All praise to Loyola for having so courageously taken a stand on this issue, even though it meant the loss of the Canadian Rugby title.

The Loyola squad in the course of the autumn and early winter played a total of seven games, six of them being on their Quebec schedule with squads from McGill University, McDonald College, and Bishop's University, and the seventh and final battle being with McMaster University of Toronto for the inter-collegiate title. Loyola won all seven games, thereby setting an

enviable record for junior inter-collegiate Rugby. The result of the final tussle with McMaster University of Toronto went far to disprove the theories of those who call down the ability of Quebec squads to compete successfully with those from the sister province.

It is hard to pick out the best man on the Loyola team when all played consistently good Rugby throughout the schedule, a kind of Rugby the public never expected of a junior squad. There were on the victorious squad several out-standing stars of former years, not necessarily men who contributed most to the final victory, but who were most in evidence because of their positions or ability, in kicking, tackling, and plunging. The work of the men in the line was as fine and as brilliant as the display of the back field and the wings, only in the noise and confusion of the football battle, their silent contribution to the result was hidden in the outstanding play of the stars. In testimony to the work of the Loyola line it might be said that frequently through schedule games they held their opponents with the ball within Loyola one-figure territory.

Of the stars it is useless to say anything more than that their work was, for juniors, at times brilliant. These were the men that helped the team to victory by their repeated onslaughts on the score board, the wide margins in the scores being due in great part to the courage and ability of the back field to go further than was necessary. The performance of the remainder of the squad was as effective as the work of these few stars, except that it was inconspicuous and could be measured only in the number of times opponents failed to break through for first downs.

McGILL — LOYOLA

FIRST GAME

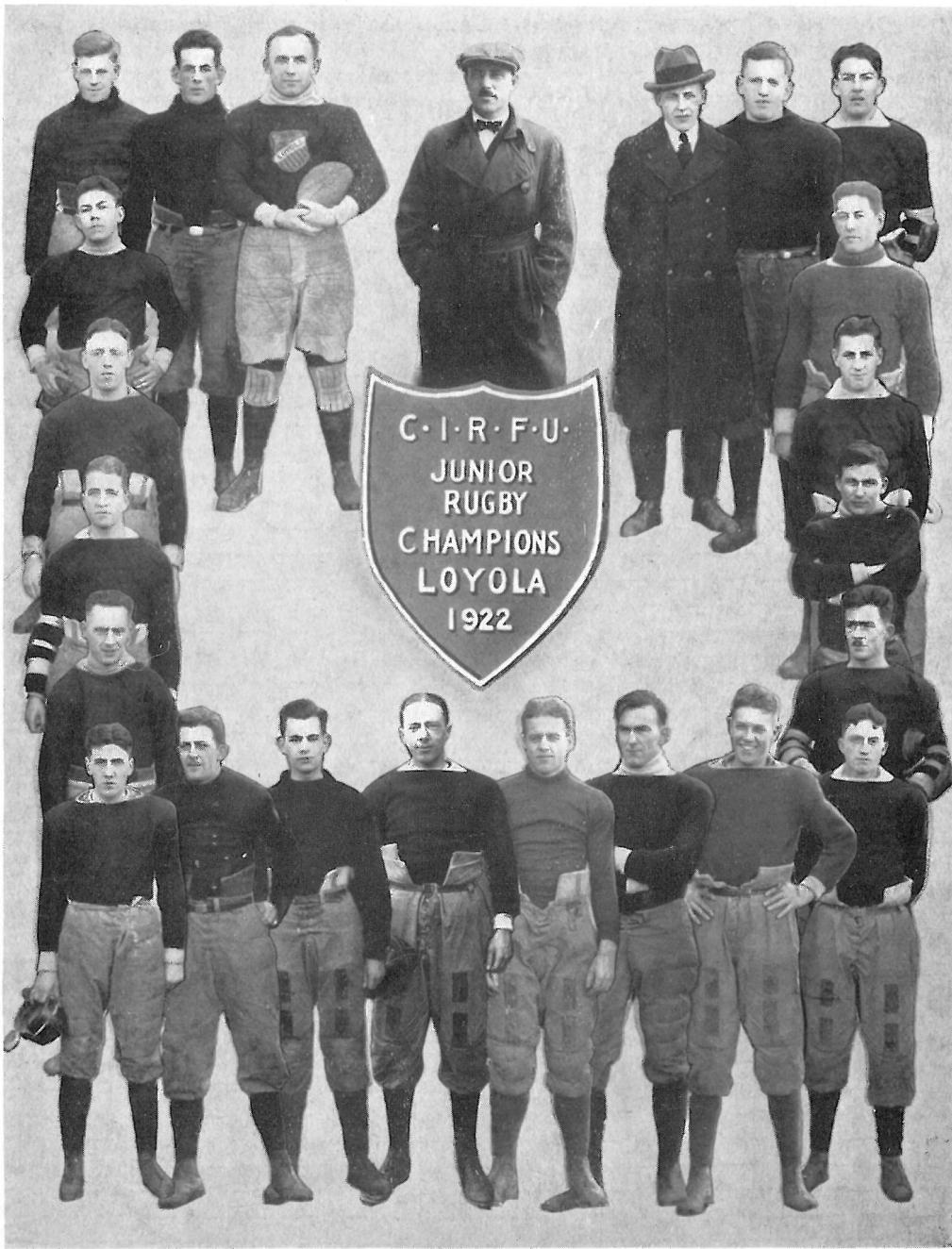
The Loyola squad began its schedule on the eleventh of October with a 13-5 victory over its traditional rivals from McGill. At only one time during the battle, when the Red and White slipped over for a touch, was the final result in doubt. Loyola came

back strong and, playing the game of their lives, they soon had McGill on the defensive and their own team foremost in the scoring columns. The University men did put up a hard battle and showed that Loyola had a hard job on its hands in trying for a win, but our boys possessed the speed and finish that was needed to best a squad that had not faced defeat on the gridiron in three years. The victory was due in great part to the realization by Loyola that what was necessary was attention to the score list and not the brilliant, individual play that was the order in former years with disastrous results. Team play won the game. For perhaps the first time a Loyola Rugby squad worked together as a perfectly co-ordinated machine, the individual standing back to give place to united efforts on the part of the whole unit. Still in spite of this there were some departments in which the stars showed what was in them. Suinaga's boot work was the greatest asset for Loyola in the game, while the plunging of McCarthy, Altimas, Montague, and Anglin supplemented the effects of our back kicking. This was the first victory of Loyola over a Rugby squad from McGill University.

MACDONALD — LOYOLA

1ST GAME

Loyola's next opponent was MacDonald College squad. The "Aggies" are ever an unknown factor in local Rugby circles and our boys took no chances but went to St. Anne de Bellevue with a determination to give the best in them. The day was very windy—hence kicking chances were really chances. Both teams played to the elements, MacDonald securing two of their five points in this manner. For Loyola the wind meant only one thing a factor to be used to supplement the labours of the men. The final result shows that the college boys guessed rightly. Our men crossed MacDonald's line five times, easily the superiors of their opponents in every department. In the later stages, Loyola let out a burst of speed that had their rivals completely baffled. MacDon-



Bottom, left to right: E. Brannen, R. McMahon, H. Phelan, M. Bannon, G. Anglin, L. Shiels,
W. Donovan, H. Mitchell

Left up: G. Carroll, C. Scott, W. O'Connor, P. Suinaga, E. Anglin, L. Skelly,
E. Montague, Capt. *Right up:* C. McCarthy, J. Maloney, J. Beaubien,
D'A. Leamy, D. Walsh, G. Altimas,
T. Walsh, Mgr.

Center: Dr. Donnelly, Coach

ald was at the mercy of the speedy Loyola ball carriers and it was then that Altimas, Suinaga, Montague and McMahon tore holes in the "Aggies" line and scored almost at will. Too much cannot be said for the pluck and play of the MacDonald men. Though they lost, the fight they put up was one worth while. The score was 27-5.

McGILL — LOYOLA

2ND GAME

Again the Loyola squad met and defeated McGill to the tune of 7-4, this time at the Percival Molson stadium. The condition of the field was poor owing to the previous rains and it was fairly well acknowledged that it was anybody's game. Loyola, however determined to take the battle and by hard effort and constant head work, managed to do so. It was evident that on such a field Loyola could not show its best form. The men contented themselves with darts at McGill's goal, and this earned them the few points necessary to win the game. Suinaga's kicking and the defensive work of the line furnished what was needed after Loyola had placed itself in the scoring list. At one time in the first quarter it seemed as if McGill would cross our line, but the line held a few feet from our goal and the ball came into our possession after McGill's last down.

MACDONALD — LOYOLA

2ND GAME

MacDonald put up a strong defense against the Loyola squad, weakened by the loss of Altimas, due to an injury in the previous game. Our boys managed to secure fourteen points to their opponents five. MacDonald's five resulted from a Loyola fumble, Brigham of the "Aggies" recovering and slipping over our line for his team's solitary touch. Montague and McMahon each went over for a touchdown; a converted try and two rouges making up our total.

BISHOPS — LOYOLA

1ST GAME

Loyola now entered the playoff with Bishops' University of Lennoxville for the Provincial title. The first game of the series of two was played at Lennoxville on the fourth of November, resulting in a 27-10 victory for our men. For the first half of the battle, Bishops kept our men on even terms, the score at the end of the second quarter standing at five all. The brilliant exhibition of Rugby as given by Rex Moore of the Lennoxville squad was the most outstanding feature of this period and the best that Loyola could do was to even the score. A considerable number of off-side plays injured the chances of the Loyola men to settle the issue in the first half. A great part of the play went to the Lennoxville students at this time. Johnston of Bishops falling on the ball for the only touch. Loyola's points were made by Suinaga's kicking.

Thus our men entered the second half with the result still in doubt. Bishops, by the work of Moore and Almond had managed to hold Loyola in check and at the sound of the whistle were giving our squad as much as they received. It was evident that the question would have to be settled in the final round.

The opening of the third quarter saw Loyola playing up to championship form at last. Time and time again our back field ripped open great spaces in the eastern township's line and tore through for yards. Montague finally started us in the scoring list by running forty-five yards through a broken field for a touch. He was soon followed by Maloney who plunged through for an additional five points, Suinaga converting for an additional point.

The final quarter found our men keeping their stride. Maloney repeated his performance of the third quarter. This was followed almost immediately afterwards by another touch. Then as darkness settled over the field, everybody looked for a lively last minute rally on the part of Bishops, but one which could have no influence on the score. Bishop's rally

materialized and Almond was sent over for the last touch of the game. Loyola thus entered the final tussle of the series with a lead of seventeen points.

BISHOPS — LOYOLA

2ND GAME

Not even the most ardent of Bishops' supporters expected that the result of the final battle on the Loyola Campus could be other than it was. Loyola had shown in the Lennoxville game that the championship form was not dormant in her. Still the closing tussle of the provincial Rugby season could be relied upon to attract some attention. The fans who witnessed this affair looked on Bishops fighting a gallant fight against heavy odds. Loyola went into the game with a lead of seventeen points and increased this lead to forty-three, while their opponents could not add to their total of ten, secured from the Lennoxville encounter.

Bishops played wonderful Rugby for three quarters, the score at the end of this period standing at 9-0 for Loyola. Up to this time our squad had not been holding as well as it should, and in the second quarter Bishops nearly crossed Loyola's line, losing the ball on downs. Before this Montague had started the scoring by running fifty yards for a touch. In the third period Suinaga's punting netted an additional two points.

The last quarter was to see the complete collapse of the Lennoxville squad. Loyola started on a jaunt of scoring that was to net them eighteen points thereby clinching the game and series. McCarthy contributed ten of the total, on a plunge that ended in a touch, and later by falling on Suinaga's attempted drop kick that Bishops fumbled behind their posts. Montague soon after placed the ball again behind the chalk. Suinaga closed the inning by adding a couple of points via the air route. Loyola had won the game 27-0 and with it the provincial title. It was a battle that sent our boys on to an inter-collegiate cham-

pionship and almost to the Canadian junior title. It gave our squad the confidence and bearing of veterans necessary to meet and defeat the Ontario champions.

McMASTER—LOYOLA

TORONTO

On the morning of the twenty-fifth of November, at Scarboro Beach, Ontario, Loyola defeated the McMaster University squad by the score 11-1, thereby winning the coveted dominion inter-collegiate title. As the result shows, Loyola was the superior of their opponents in almost every department of the game. The squad held the advantage in booting, due to the kicking of Suinaga, and the best efforts of the McMaster men could hardly equal the play and speed of Loyola's all star back field. Still in the first half of the game, the Ontario students played up well to the rushes of the Loyola wings, and coming back strongly nearly crossed our line in one or two occasions. But the line held, and backed by the spectacular work of Suinaga, they managed to keep their opponents off the scoring list. Shortly after the second half opened, the Bloor Street Collegians, fighting the game of their lives, succeeded in rushing close enough to the Loyola posts to engineer a kick, thereby starting the scoring with a solitary point. But the Quebec champions came back in the form that carried them to six previous victories. McMahon and McCarthy crossed the McMaster line for a total of ten points. One of the try's was subsequently converted, bringing our cluster of figures to eleven. The battle closed with the score at this standing. Loyola had shown the superiority of their squad over all other collegiate aggregations in Eastern Canada. It was hard to realize that as the final whistle blew at the McMaster game, a dominion title was ours, the first of all Canadian honours to come to Loyola in her short history.



2. GIANTS

1. COLUMBIANS

4. INTERMEDIATES

3. PEDRO SUINAGA

5. SHAMROCKS

INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL

ON account of the admittance of the Senior Football Team into the Canadian Inter-collegiate Rugby Union as junior members, a larger squad than in former years was required to cope with the superior brand of football practised by the new league. This necessitated the elevating of most of the preceding year's second team to senior positions, and in turn led to the promotion of many of last year's juniors to refill the shattered intermediate ranks.

Although the newly formed intermediate squad was light compared to those of former years, it cannot be said that it possessed less speed, grit, or college spirit than its predecessors. Of the five games that it engaged in as many victories resulted for the maroon team. The following games were played:

VERDUN INTERMEDIATES—
LOYOLA

○—20

This was the first game played; the eagerness with which the Collegians pressed the play is easily shown by the score, at no time were they in danger, but on the other hand continually hovered near their opponents territory. Leacy's line plunging coupled with Escandon's punting were the two important factors in the home team's victory.

NORTH BRANCH Y.M.C.A.—LOYOLA

○—16

The score of this game is, as in many other cases, no indication of the play. The north end aggregation were slightly heavier than their maroon opponents, but did not possess as much speed in carrying out the plays, or as much ability in stopping line plunges as the lighter team.

Loyola won the toss and were favoured by a very stiff wind which they used to considerable advantage, Escandon punting the pigskin across the deadline on three occasions. In the second quarter the visi-

tors were not quick enough in getting out their punts, and the college team had little difficulty in keeping them from scoring, while they in turn accounted for a field goal and a touch. Another try was added in the last quarter which raised Loyola's eleven points to sixteen.

With the exception of the second quarter the game was a most stubbornly contested affair, and interesting at all stages. Storen and Robinson combined well on the North End back-line while for Loyola Manley, Cannon and Escandon were the most aggressive halves being ably assisted by effective line work on the part of Chisholm and Leacy.

ABERDEEN HIGH SCHOOL—
LOYOLA

4—16

With the exception of the Verdun—Loyola game this was the easiest victory the team experienced of the season. After the game had progressed three-quarters and Loyola had piled up a 11—0 score, they became listless and over-confident while Aberdeen, quick to see their advantage, dropped a neat field goal from their quarter line and not content with this again punted across Loyola's deadline a few seconds later for their second point of the game. This thoroughly awakened Loyola and they retaliated a short time later when Chisholm went around the end for a try just before the final whistle.

NORTH BRANCH Y.M.C.A.
—LOYOLA

2—5

The second occasion of North Branch and Loyola's meeting again took place on the college campus. There is no doubt that this game was the closest of the year. Whether North Branch had practised very diligently for the game or not we couldn't say, but it certainly was a vastly improved team that confronted Loyola in their second engagement.

The North Enders won the toss and started off with a rush forcing the Collegians to their fifteen yard line and scoring a rouge before their bewildered opponents could realize what was happening. After this Loyola steadied down and the next two periods passed without any further scoring from either side. But in the last quarter Loyola fumbled and North Branch secured possession of the ball on Loyola's ten yard line. They could not gain yards on their first or second downs, however, and were forced to punt, thereby gaining another point. Things looked dark and North Branch were striving desperately to hold their two point lead. However, the thought of defeat filled the college squad with a new spirit and by determined efforts they steadily advanced toward their opponents' goal line where, with but three minutes to go, Manley plunged through the Y.M.'s line for a try.

The visitors doubled their efforts during the remaining few minutes but they were unable to penetrate the Maroon and White defense.

The game was too close to permit of much spectacular play, but two features that did provide thrills were Chishilm's tackling and McCormick's line plunging. These were the outstanding features of Loyola's play; for the splendid showing and determined spirit of the entire team each man is to be highly congratulated.

TENNIS

IN arranging the yearly intramural tennis championships, the committee in charge decided upon having both senior and junior, single and double tournaments. A juvenile league was also formed for those under sixteen.

No doubt the feature games of the season were the Senior Doubles. The games were inter-class to a great extent, so the honour of the classes was at stake. The couples were evenly matched and rivalry was keen. Fourth High indeed merited the victor's wreath, three of the strongest pairs being formed from members of that class. It must be noticed that eventually these

LOYOLA—LACHINE HIGH SCHOOL

5—10

The only outside game the team engaged in was with Lachine High School Seniors at Lachine. The teams were evenly matched except that the Lachine team had a slight edge in weight.

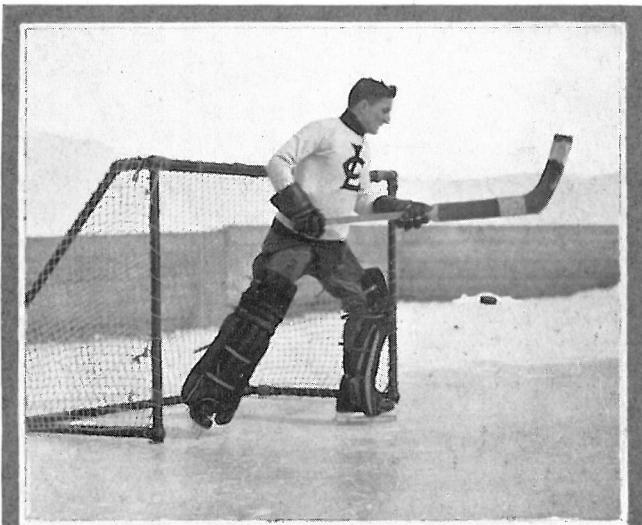
At the start of the play both teams fought cautiously as if to search for defects which they could use to their own advantage. Lachine evidently failed to perceive them first for in a short time, they had five points chalked up against them and had not yet tallied themselves.

Their continual earnest efforts, however, soon rewarded them with a touch, which evened the score. This livened up matters considerably but no further scoring resulted in the next two quarters for either side. During the last quarter, though, Cannon, the Loyola's left half-back made a sixty yard run around the end for a try which not only gave the advantage to Loyola, but also proved to be the outstanding feature of the game. Some moments later the final whistle blew ending the game and the intermediate's fifth consecutive win. This was the last game of a season which, considered from every view-point, had been indeed very successful.

J. F. Corcoran, H.S., '25.

teams had to eliminate one another, having won all their encounters with other classes. Especial credit is due Charlie Mill and Kenneth Courtney for defeating Desmond Walsh and Pedro Suinaga in the finals. Eustaquio Escandon and Donald Flood displayed great ability and promise to be an outstanding team next season.

On account of the inclemency of the weather during June and also on account of the short tennis season in the spring, the singles tournament was not decided. Chas. Mill and Donald Flood, having each defeated six sturdy opponents, were never matched. Both aspirants deserve our hearty congratulations.



ROGER McMAHON

GEORGE MILL

D'ARCY LEAMY

winter's sun, you will come upon a miniature world, whose inhabitants, bubbling over with joy and laughter, in a mad whirl shoot down from the dizzy heights of "Loyola Hill" to the sparkling plains below. Turning up the winding road, we see in the distance, majestically standing on the summit of the hill, Loyola's King of the Air, Joe Beaubien, monarch of all he surveys. Joe was Loyola's representative in the Canadian Cross-country Championships, and made a remarkable showing. Proceeding a little farther, we come upon a cross-country race about to start: the contestants being such distinguished personalities as Freddie Manley of Montreal, Hutch Mitchell of New York, Dick Benziger of Colorado, Emmet McManamy of Sherbrooke, Jose Leon of Porto Rico, and Amaury Gomez of Cuba. Suddenly a great shout rent the air, and turning, we saw high over our heads, sailing like some huge winged bird, our champion jumpers, Dessie Walsh and Cuth. Scott, practising for their glide over the Cote des Neiges jumps.

We have nearly completed our journey, but before we say Adieu, let us gaze around among those present. These stars of tomorrow have really taken up skiing in earnest, and form the nucleus of the fine

spirit that exists throughout the College in regard to skiing. This year has brought out many athletes who, by their manly bearing and sportsmanship, have elevated skiing from a minor to a major sport, and have by their untiring efforts and the splendid co-operation of our Prefect, Father McDonald, paved the way for a most enjoyable and prosperous year to come. Next year we hope to obtain official recognition from the L.C.A.A. and enter a team in the School Ski Championships as we will, no doubt, have sufficient material to form a team which will not only bring glory to themselves but also to the College.

Good fortune has not deserted us, for with the exception of the tragic episode of the breaking of George Daly's ski, we have had no serious accident. Besides, George always thought that the art of skiing was in the falling.

The evening hour is approaching, the sun is setting in the golden west, the crisp winter wind begins to whistle and moan its message of bitterness, and the skiers are slowly fading in the distance as twilight descends o'er the lonely hill; our journey is ended.

—Frank Burns, H.S. '23.

BASEBALL

THE Loyola Senior Baseball Team went through the 1922 season with but one loss, quite an enviable record. The season opened May 21st, when Loyola defeated St. Mary's by a score of 7—3. Next game came on May 30th, when the "Columbia Club Nine" went down to defeat by the score of 3—1. "Shannon" was the next group of ball players, who had to bow down to Loyola's superiority, admitting defeat by a 4—2 score. "Fashion Craft" (and they were certainly crafty) came up to Loyola confident of having the victory chalked up to their honour; but they were very much surprised to have Loyola go thirteen innings with a 3 all score. The game had to be called on account of darkness. It was on June 4th that "Eureka's" came out here to try to down Loyola, but all in vain.

Loyola coming out on the long end of a 6—2 score. June 10th saw Loyola and St. Mary's go three innings without a score, rain stopping the game. On June 13th Loyola lost to St. Laurent, 4—3, after a desperate and bitter fight, this being Loyola's only loss of the season. Loyola then travelled to St. Anne's, again showing superior ball-playing, by defeating their opponents 5—1. On June 16th Loyola completed the season by defeating The Old Boys 4—2.

Loyola put on the field at the beginning of the season a well balanced team, and before long it was working like a well-oiled machine. It would be hardly fair not to congratulate the team for their splendid performance and wonderful fighting spirit; more than once were Loyola's opponents leading when the rally came in

the last innings, to win the game by a safe margin.

For heavy hitting Malloy, Skelly, Wendling and McCarthy were the pick of the team, while Gain and Matanzo hit well in pinches. Kelly, McMahon, Leamy and Fregeau fitted in very well with the others. In the opinion of many this season was the most successful of any and much is expected during the summer of 1923.

It is impossible to give a full account of this year's Baseball Team, on account

of the "Review" going to press before the season is in full swing.

Prospects are excellent for a good senior team and up to date they are working fine, Fregeau and Choquette doing pretty work around the mound, and McCarthy "dead-sure" behind the bat. With such classy infielders as Wendling, Matanzo, McMahon and Leamy, holding 1st, 2nd, short and 3rd respectively; and with an outfield composed of Malloy, Malone and Skelly, the outcome of this year's success is certainly assured. —*Chas. Mill, '26.*

LACROSSE

ORDAINED by all to return to the proverbial dust, — Lacrosse staged a comeback last spring at Loyola. After much training and practice a game was arranged at St. Mary's on their own ground.

Although Loyola lost the only game played after six years' rest, still her players showed remarkable talent, speed and endurance. The fleet of foot were severely handicapped by the smallness of the ground.

This year promises to show even greater progress in Canada's national sport. Hardly had the snow left when many lacrosse enthusiasts were seen limbering up and attaining their old time strength and

smoothness of stick-handling. The committee began their work early. Every day practices were held and a team finally rounded into shape.

On Saturday, May 13th, Caughnawaga journeyed to the Loyola campus. The game drew a large crowd of spectators who were pleased with the fine exhibition. The play was fast and close throughout the four periods. The score ended eight-all. Shortness of time prevented a play off. For its first game the team played remarkably well. The starring of Beaubien, Casey, Mill and O'Connell, promises well for the coming games of the season.

—*W. E. Leacy, H.S., '24.*

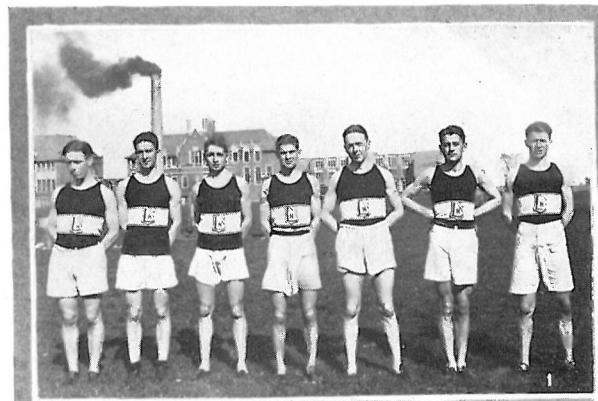
INTERSCHOLASTIC GAMES

THE first Dominion Interscholastic Championship was held in connection with the third McGill interscholastic track and field meet at the Molson's Stadium on May 26th. The meet was the biggest track event ever held in Montreal. All the local schools and colleges were entered and teams from a number of other Provinces brought the number of entries to 300.

The Loyola High School track team was represented by 18 athletes. Mr. E. Kerns consented to act as honorary coach for the team and the Forum indoor track was obtained every afternoon. Such a large number of boys turned out that handicaps were held every week to get the runners into condition.

The trials were held in the morning on the 26th, and the results were most satisfying. All our men qualified for the finals or semi-finals. In the afternoon most of the college turned out to encourage the runners. Loyola made a very good showing and led all the other Montreal Schools in the total number of points scored. We also had the distinction of being the only College in the Province of Quebec that gained any points in the Senior events.

In Junior Class "1," L. Stone, running against boys older and much bigger than himself, managed to capture third place in the 220 yds. dash. In Junior Class "2," our lads, although numerous in the finals, met with harder opposition and could not do any better than finish fourth.



1. SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM
2. TYPE OF MEDALS WON AT MCGILL INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET
3. WARREN MONTABONE, WINNER OF THE HURDLES
4. WINNERS OF THE JUNIOR CITY CHAMPIONSHIPS
5. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM 6. E. KEARNS, TRACK COACH

In the Senior events our runners gave Hamilton a close run for the honours and Montabone by winning the 120 yds. High Hurdles marked himself as one of the best athletes in Montreal to-day. Cannon got second place in the 220 and 440 yds. dashes. Pangman secured another point for us in the broad jump by getting third place.

The *Gazette* gave our team special notice as follows: "Loyola Team Strong. While the Ontario lads showed proficiency, there was excellent form shown by a number of Montreal scholars in the events. Loyola was very well represented by W. Montabone and E. Cannon. Montabone won a brilliant race in the 120 yds. hurdles; and Cannon was a good second in the 220 and 440 yds. races."

The *Star* says: "W. Montabone of Loyola was the outstanding competitor from the local school. In the hurdles race he covered the timber in 16 1-5 seconds, a time which compares favourably with the best that can be done by the seniors in this country. He is one of the best local athletes for the Olympic trials next summer."

The College relay team composed of O'Connor, Montabone, Leacy and Cannon finished third in the senior relay. All ran good races, especially Leacy. In the third lap he picked up a lot of ground and enabled Cannon to make a real battle for second place. The *Star* in referring to this race says: "Then Cannon, of Loyola, and Wanless, the last man of the London Collegiate team, challenged the leaders and a pretty race ensued around the track. Cannon was the first to pass into second place, ahead of the Hamilton second team, but was closely followed by Wanless and the latter passed him at the end of stretch, coming second."

We were very unfortunate in the fact that perhaps our best, and certainly our most reliable track man, Moore Bannon was taken seriously ill just a few days before the races came off. Happily he is rapidly recovering; though it is doubtful whether he will do much running for some time. Had he been able to compete, we would certainly have at least taken second

place in the relay, and captured another place or two in the Senior 220 yds. and 440 yds., as Bannon has already beaten the time made by the winners of those events.

Coach "Eddie" Kerns deserves a lot of credit for the good work he did and it is due to his efforts that the college team was so successful. Mr. Carrick also did a great deal for us and we wish to thank these two gentlemen for their assistance, and the encouragement they gave to the future record-breakers of Loyola athletic circles.

LOYOLA AT THE JUNIOR CITY CHAMPIONSHIPS

THIS year the Loyola colors were carried to the front at the Fourteenth Annual City Championships held at the M.A.A.A. grounds on Saturday.

Our junior athletes made a brilliant showing and won the aggregate cup emblematic of the school championship of the city. It might be remarked here that this victory was due not to individual stars on the track team but rather to the work of a well-balanced team. This is apparent from the fact that we did not get a first place in any event. The following secured places in the various events and consequently were instrumental in bringing the cup to Loyola.

T. M. Bannon who secured second place in the 120 yds. hurdles, and third place in the 100 yds. dash for boys under 18 years.

J. Hogan, who was third in the 75 yds. dash and in the 440 yds. dash for boys under 14 years.

M. Phelan, who came third in the 75 yds. dash for boys under 16 years.

A. H. Phelan, who captured second place in the 600 yds. dash for boys under 16 years.

K. J. McArdle who was second in the shot put for boys under 18 years.

The Editors wish to join with the Faculty in congratulating Coach Frank Kearns for his success and in thanking him for his untiring efforts on behalf of the members of the track team..

—Frank Burns, H.S., '23.

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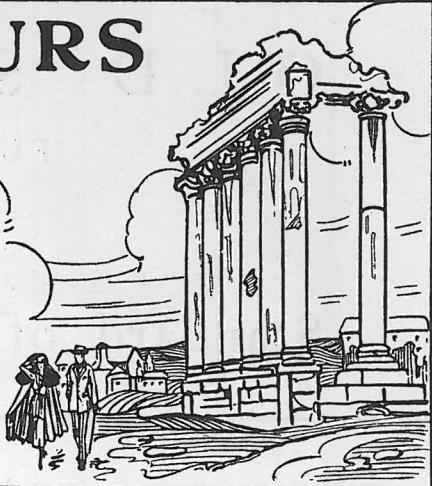


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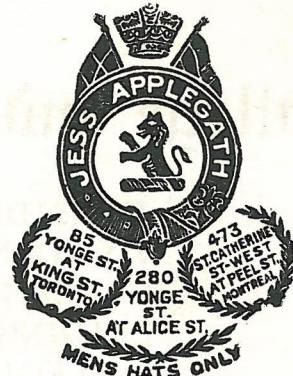
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